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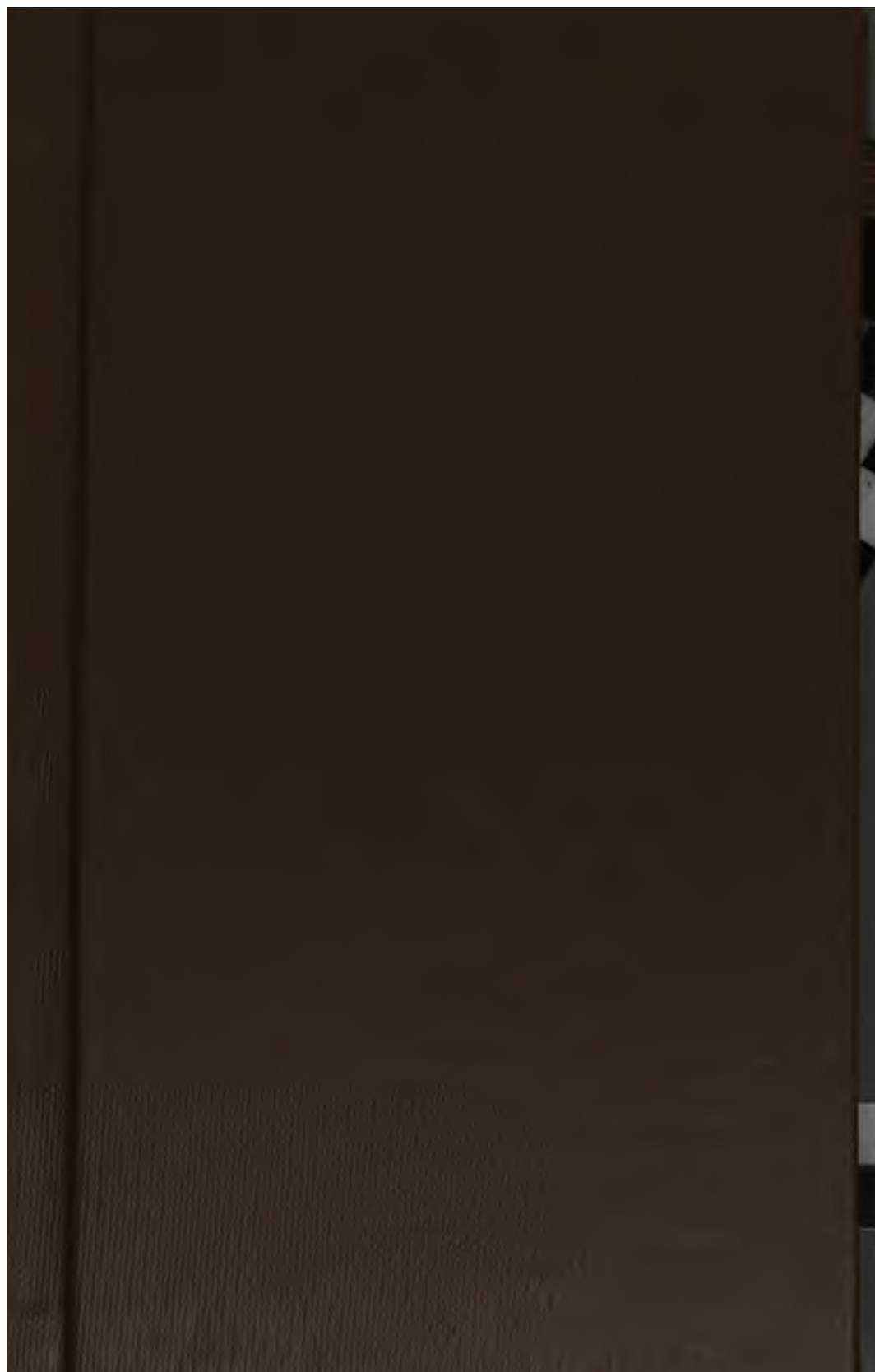
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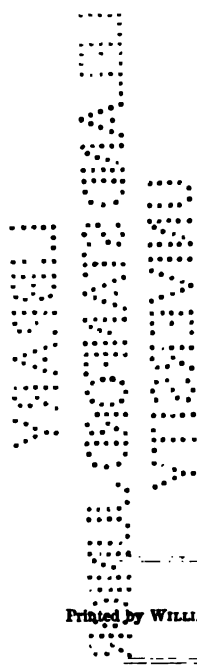
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WHENEVER the day shall arrive for writing the history of the great island-continent of Australia, the task will be one of transcendent interest, and the story one verging on romance. The historian will have to describe the first settlement of a country which by that time will probably be unsurpassed for its riches and inferior to none of the States of Europe in political importance; and to describe the early government, and trace the gradual changes which converted a transmarine gaol into one of the greatest communities of free men on the earth. He will have to relate the progress of that vast pastoral interest, the source of incalculable wealth, from the eight merinos imported by an enterprising emigrant* to the hundreds of millions of fine-woolled sheep which will then wander over its enormous plains; he will have to record the process of emigration, from a few scattered farmers and government officials, who for more than a quarter of a century

* M^rArthur.

formed the only voluntary additions to the population, to the time when emigrants were shipped by thousands and tens of thousands from the parent state ; he will have to note the price of land, from the period when the bribe of free rations and convict labour was needed to induce a colonist to accept it, until the time when lots were sold at the rate of thousands of pounds per acre ; the wonderful expansion of trade, from almost primitive barter to a steady export of many millions sterling in wool, tallow, copper, and gold ; and above all that marvellous transformation, by which a territory long known only as the despised and abhorred convict colony of Great Britain became the place in all the world in which labour was best rewarded, population most rapidly augmented, and life most easily sustained.

We are lost in astonishment when we look back at the early history of New South Wales. Under an absolute, and too often a tyrannical government, the first settlers were crowded together on a narrow strip of ground, a promontory partially cleared of a dense forest. The soil was a barren sand, and every yard required for cultivation had to be gained by felling enormous trees of a hardness that tried the temper of the keenest axe. On one side was an unexplored shore and a solitary sea ; on the other an apparently boundless waste, in which not a step could be taken without danger of being totally lost, and which produced no wild fruit or root fit for the sustenance of man, and, with the exception of a wandering kangaroo or a shy emu, no animal or game of any size fit for human food.

The want of enterprise which marked the career of the early colonists must doubtless be attributed to the moral peculiarities of their position. The mass of the community was composed of men who, transported to the Antipodes, might be there properly denominated slaves, and their slavery was of the most intolerable description,—incessant and unrequited toil, the more disheartening because altogether unproductive. These miserable outcasts, in the infancy of the transportation system, were alternately scorched by the fierce rays of a burning sun, and petrified with cold, and not unfrequently half starved by the insufficiency of their rations. ‘I have known,’ said a liberated convict, ‘a man commit a murder for a meal. I would myself have committed three murders for a meal.’ Death was often inflicted for the most trifling crime, and a sullen look or a reproachful word was punished without mercy by the lash. In one of the periodical visitations of famine to which the colony was exposed, it was said that a Governor, although he put his prisoners on quarter rations, ordered a whole ration daily for his dog. The fact is, doubtless,

doubtless, exaggerated ; but the general belief in the story strongly illustrates the state of feeling which prevailed. To add to the depravity of the people, for more than twenty years after the formation of the settlement, spirits were its ordinary currency. Almost all extra work was thus remunerated ; and the labour of convicts in unloading a vessel freighted with Government stores was generally stimulated by rum. Intoxication is still a very prevalent vice of the Australian population. Many modifications and improvements of the early transportation system were, from time to time, introduced, the condition of the convict was greatly ameliorated, and prospects were held out to him of an ultimate restoration of civil rights. The more respectable prisoners were granted many indulgences. One convict is said to have laid the foundation of an enormous fortune by selling his daily ration of rum. When well conducted and intelligent, these outcasts were occasionally taken into the confidence of their employers. They kept themselves, however, socially in the back ground, in order that their children might come forward and stand on an equal footing with colonists.

Banishment has been, from a very early period, an ordinary punishment among civilized nations. There is an instinctive desire on the part of every advanced community to get rid of its criminal population, for the sake both of its moral health and social security. It is extremely convenient, doubtless, to shoot our moral refuse upon distant shores ; and some countries have not been very particular in their choice of a locality for that purpose. It was once the custom of Guernsey and Jersey to banish their criminals to England ; that is to say, to land them at Southampton, and there leave them free to go where they pleased so long as they did not revisit the Channel Islands. In the same manner the smaller German Principalities have been known to pay the passage of criminals whom their forms of law prevented from executing without a confession of guilt, in order to save the expense of their maintenance during a perpetual imprisonment. At Hamburg a few years ago it was accidentally discovered that the official representative of one of the northern Dukedoms had arranged to despatch a small batch of murderers, burglars, and forgers, by an emigrant ship bound to New York ; but the 'exiles,' having made too free a display of pistols and daggers, with which, as stock in trade, they had provided themselves, the paternal intentions of the German Prince were frustrated, and they were sent back to their indulgent Sovereign with the shortest possible delay.

In England the Act of 39 Elizabeth, c. 4, first authorised the banishment of rogues and vagabonds. The Government of James I.

addressed a letter to the Council for the Plantations, commanding it to send to Virginia a hundred dissolute persons whom the Knight Marshal would deliver for that purpose; but, in the same year, as a kind of counterpoise to these 'dissolute persons,' the company sent 'ninety agreeable girls, young and incorrupt;' and again, in 1621, sixty more 'maids of virtuous education, young and handsome.' 'The first lot of females,' says an historian of the day, 'brought 120 lbs. of tobacco each, and the second 150 lbs. each.'

The first distinct notice of the modern transportation system is to be found in 18 Car. II. c. 3, which gives the judges power, at their discretion, to execute or to transport for life the moss-troopers of Cumberland and Northumberland. The punishment was inflicted frequently in an illegal manner up to the reign of George I., when its operation was extended and legalized. During the reign of James II. transportation, or rather reduction to slavery, was a favourite, and, to many parties, a profitable punishment. Dr. Lingard quotes a petition setting forth that seventy persons, who had been apprehended on account of the Salisbury rising of Penruddock and Grove, after a year's imprisonment, had been sold at Barbadoes for 1550 lbs. of sugar. Among them were divines, officers, and gentlemen, who were represented as 'grinding at the mills, attending at the furnaces, and digging in that scorching island, whipped at whipping-posts, and sleeping in sties worse than those of hogs in England.'*

Even before the commencement of the American war, the introduction of the negro to the plantations had made the proprietors averse to the further importation of convicts, and the accumulation of criminals in our gaols at its close became an embarrassing question for the Government. Projects for the renewal of transportation became subjects of frequent discussion among statesmen and philanthropists. Rebellious America resolved in future to employ no slaves who had not, at least, 25 per cent. of black blood in their veins, and to receive no more rascals from England except those who had escaped unconvicted. The annual accumulation of rogues was somehow to be got rid of, and Australia naturally presented itself as an eligible penal colony. Its remoteness afforded a security against escape, and its size a guarantee against the possibility of overstocking it with a convict population. From that period criminals were, to use a familiar term, shovelled out of the mother country by shiploads. It was believed, certainly at first on insufficient grounds, that the place of banish-

* Roberts's 'Duke of Monmouth,' vol. ii., p. 248.

ment could be made self-supporting, and the prisoners, at all events, would cease to be a nuisance.

It was only after an obstinate adhesion to a system of which the evils had long been glaringly conspicuous, and when discontent had been aggravated almost to insurrection, that transportation on system was finally abandoned. Our convict-ships were at last refused admission to the ports of their destination; the colonists of Port Phillip drove them from their harbour to Sydney; the people of Sydney ordered them to shape their course to Tasmania; Tasmania was equally resolute, and refused to accept the foul cargoes; and when the Government of the day, as a last resource, resolved to convert the fine settlement of the Cape into a penal reservoir, the spirit of resistance was so menacingly displayed that the Imperial Government abandoned with precipitation its ill-considered plans. The only colony which now receives convicts is Western Australia. In consequence of the scarcity of free labour the old system is gladly acquiesced in, for the present: indeed without it the land would be valueless, and the country would probably be abandoned. Transportation has two aspects: it may be made a punishment of terrible severity by the adoption of a system of which the unutterable horrors of Norfolk Island were the necessary result. If humanized and made endurable, it operates less as a penal infliction than as a bounty upon crime. The time, too, must arrive in every settlement when the respectable population will resent the further introduction of convicts who would at length convert the most promising region into a moral lazaret-house. The country has experienced the evils of both systems, and has now, properly, abandoned the practice of deporting her criminals to distant lands.

It appears that in the year 1792 there were only 67 free settlers in New South Wales. They held 3400 acres of land, of which only 400 were in cultivation and 100 more cleared. These settlers were generally victualled and clothed from the public store for eighteen months from the time of taking possession of their grants, furnished with tools and implements of husbandry, with grain to sow their land, such cattle as could be spared from the public stock, and as many convicts as they would undertake to clothe and employ. The difficulty of clearing the district on which the city of Sydney now stands was so great, that without compulsory convict labour, employed for nearly a quarter of a century, it probably would never have been accomplished. The tone of society was for a long period of the lowest possible description. 'In the towns,' says a trustworthy and accomplished colonial writer, 'it was horrible; no educated or honourable class;

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no church worthy of the name ; no schools except for the wealthy, and these taught chiefly by convicts ; slave-masters who sold rum ; slaves who drank it ; an autocrat surrounded by parasites, whose fortune he could make by a stroke of his pen : except military honour, and the virtue cherished by a few that lived apart, there was as little virtue and honour as freedom in this wretched, prosperous community.*

When the system of free grants of land was superseded by that of sales, the character of emigration to Australia, as well as the motives which directed it, materially changed. To Australia previous to 1824 had proceeded, in small numbers, the same class of persons who by thousands have resorted of late years to Canada and the Western States of America, namely, families with capital varying from fifty to five hundred pounds, desirous of living on land of their own. But the great want of the colony was a free labouring population, and an effort was made, by the instrumentality of an emigration commission, to supply the settlers with a sufficiency of workmen, the cost of their conveyance to the colonies being defrayed from the produce of land sales. The labour-market of England could thus, it was supposed, be relieved of its redundancy, and all classes both in the colony and the mother-country proportionably benefited.

The problem in colonization has always been to adjust the interests and settle the relative proportions of labour and capital. Without the former, land purchased at the rate even of a shilling an acre would be valueless ; without the latter, only the most rude and unskilful attempts could be made at agriculture. Without a sufficiency of labour to carry out his projects, the possessor of the finest domain which the noblest colony of the British Crown could supply would find himself in a position of miserable helplessness and isolation. There exists, in a work now out of print, a curious and very graphic description of the disappointment which an English gentleman experienced in Australia, after having invested a considerable fortune in land. In 'A Letter from Sydney,' which was published in the year 1830, and has been attributed, we believe correctly, to Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, of colonial celebrity, the writer says, 'I have got 20,000 acres for a mere trifle, and I imagined that a domain of that extent would be very valuable. In this I was wholly mistaken. As my estate cost nearly next to nothing, so it is worth next to nothing. The trees on my property, if growing in any part of England, would be worth at least 150,000*l*. The best thing that

* 'The Three Colonies of Australia,' by Sidney.

could happen to me would be the annihilation of all this natural produce ; but the cost of destroying it would be at least 15,000*l*.' He then proceeds to enumerate the mines of iron and coal which would make him 'a Peer in England,' but which are valueless for want of labour and roads. 'I do not, you know,' he says, 'intend to become a farmer. Having fortune enough for all my wants, I proposed to get a large domain, to build a good house, to keep enough land in my own hands for pleasure-grounds, park, and game preserves, and to let the rest, after erecting farm-houses on suitable spots. My mansions, park, preserves, and tenants, were all a mere dream. There is no such class as a tenantry in this country, where every man who has capital to cultivate a farm can have one of his own.' He then graphically describes the miseries of a solitary life to a man accustomed to the elegant luxuries of civilization. His 'own man' leaves him and invests his savings in a farm. He imports labourers and mechanics from England, and they quit him without repaying the cost of their passage. He observes to his friend, 'Were you a broken farmer, or a poor lieutenant, I should say come here by all means ; you cannot be placed more unhappily than at present, and you may gain by the change. But I am advising a man of independent fortune, who prefers his library even to the beauties of nature, and to whom intellectual society is necessary for his peace of mind. I thought at one time of establishing a dairy, but my cows were as wild as hyænas, and almost as wicked. I had no dairy-woman, no churns, no anything that was wanted ; and, above all, I wanted industry, skill, economy, and taste for any such pursuits, or, at least, a drudge of a wife to supply those wants.' He then paints an amusing picture of society in a small colonial town.

In the same work is contained an account of a Scotch gentleman of ancient lineage, affording a striking example of what may be done in a colony by industry and hard work, with the help of a large family, and without that amount of capital which, according to some theorists, it is indispensable that a settler should possess. He arrived in the colony the owner of an eighty acre section, with twelve children, one-half of whom were stout, well-grown 'lads and lasses ;' his whole property consisted of a little furniture, a gun or two, a very little ready money, and several barrels of oatmeal and biscuit. His section had been selected for him previous to his arrival. It lay on the other side of a steep range of hills over which no road had been made, ten miles from the town. He found out a fellow countryman, who lent him a team of oxen, and, having dragged his goods over the
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The Australian Colonies,

the hills to his land, he encamped the first night on the ground under a few blankets and canvas spread on the brush. The family worked at felling trees till there was timber sufficient for building a house. This house, situated on the slope of a hill, consisted of one long low wooden room, surrounded by a dry ditch to drain off the rain, and divided into partitions by blankets. The river ran below. When water was needed, it was brought in a bucket by one of the young ladies. A garden, in which many descriptions of vegetables, including tobacco and water-melons, grew apace, was laid out almost as soon as the house; an early investment was made in poultry, which required no other food than grasshoppers and grass-seeds. Until the poultry produced eggs and chickens, the guns of the lads supplied quail, ducks, and parrots. In due time a crop of maize, of wheat, and of oats was got in. Before the barrels of oatmeal were exhausted, eggs, chickens, and potatoes afforded ample provision, and something to send to market. Labour cost nothing, fuel nothing, rent nothing, 'keeping up appearances' nothing. First a few goats, then a cow, eventually a fair herd of stock were accumulated. Butter and vegetables found their way to the neighbouring town. The barelegged boys of the Highland gentleman soon became independent, and the daughters, who were 'pretty, proud, and useful,' obtained excellent husbands, and in another generation the family which commenced with a capital of a hundred or two hundred pounds will probably be found among the wealthiest of the colony.

The great increase which has taken place in the emigration to Australia since the discovery of the gold-fields has made all theories of colonization as applied to that country comparatively unimportant. Previously to the social revolution which gold has effected, the labouring class consisted chiefly of distressed agricultural peasants and their wives, whose passages were defrayed out of the rent and sales of waste land. A self-paying emigration has now, to a great extent, superseded the Government emigration. While the gold-fields are sufficient to attract a steady stream of self-supporting emigrants, those who discover that they are unfit for such laborious work find employment in tending flocks and herds. Every gold-digger, it is said, gives occupation to at least three other men in feeding and clothing him. Sheep, formerly almost worthless, except for their fleece, are now in steady demand for food; and land, which seemed likely to be unprofitable for ages, is acquiring a high and annually increasing value.

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In the history of the world there is scarce anything that can be compared to the rapidity with which these colonies have progressed in wealth and population. In 1788 the British ensign was first hoisted on the silent and solitary shores of Sydney Cove. The little colony, when first established, consisted of only 1030 individuals; it now numbers 310,000 souls. Its stock consisted of one bull, four cows, one stallion, three mares and three colts. According to the latest official returns the live stock of New South Wales numbered horses 168,929; horned cattle 2,023,418; sheep 7,736,323; pigs 105,998.* Sydney possesses a Royal Mint, which coined in the year 1857, 499,000 sovereigns, and 537,000 half sovereigns, or gold currency of the value of 767,500*l.*, and in 1858, of the value of 838,500*l.* A magnificent Protestant cathedral is building, though its progress is slow at present. The University is another noble edifice. The completion of its vast hall, with its gorgeous stained windows, was celebrated by a grand musical performance a few months since. A town hall is about to be erected that is intended to accommodate five or six thousand persons. Railways are making slow but steady progress, and the electric telegraph now connects the capital with the provinces and with the neighbouring colonies of Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania. The economical condition of a city is best known by the returns of its occupations. From the 'Directory of Sydney,' published in 1858, we find that there were 111 merchants, 31 importers, 8 custom-house agents, 84 brokers, 40 auctioneers, 25 warehousemen, 68 cornfactors and dealers in produce, 37 timber-merchants, 12 wool-brokers, 8 potato, and 11 coal and fuel merchants, 13 millers and 6 flour merchants, 32 wine and spirit merchants, 287 grocers, 193 butchers, 97 bakers, 84 greengrocers, 32 confectioners, 10 poulterers, 22 dairymen, 6 fishmongers (about 60 street salesmen), 487 *publicans*, 307 shoemakers, 183 tailors, 127 drapers, 15 hatters, 43 dressmakers, 38 milliners, 54 architects and engineers, 128 builders, 241 carpenters, 134 masons, 44 quarrymen, 8 brickmakers, 56 plasterers, 147 painters and glaziers, 108 upholsterers, 89 smiths, 18 brassfounders, 49 ironmongers, 27 earthenware dealers.

Eleven hundred vessels entered the ports of New South Wales during the year 1857, of a gross burthen of 351,413 tons, and manned by 18,728 sailors. The amount of shipping, taken as a whole, represents pretty nearly the extent of the internal and external commerce of the colony. The number of vessels re-

* 'Handbook to Australasia.'

gistered for the year ending 31st December, 1857, including steamers, was 500; the gross tonnage being 52,661 tons, employing about 3757 men and boys, and the imports at the port of Sydney have risen from 1848, when they were 1,182,874*l.*, to 6,729,408*l.* in 1857, and the exports from 1,155,009*l.* to 4,011,592*l.* The boundless supply of excellent coals from the Newcastle mines, within 80 miles of Sydney, will materially add to the exports. About 5000 tons are at present shipped weekly, and two new mining companies are on the point of commencing extensive operations.

But the province of New South Wales has been thrown into comparative shade by her brilliant daughter Victoria. Before the year 1851 Melbourne was an inconsiderable place, not much larger than a small English market town. It had been chosen as a site for an encampment in 1835. In 1837 Sir Richard Bourke, then Governor of New South Wales, paid it a visit, and found it rising into a prosperous community. The district possessed some pastoral advantages and a good soil, and he named the town Melbourne, in honour of the English premier. The infant city continued in a state of sluggish life until 1851, when it awoke to sudden animation on the astounding discovery that it was planted in a region thickly sown with gold, and in which fortunes might be realised in a few weeks by picking up the riches profusely scattered in many places even on the surface of the earth. The great discovery of 1851 was nearly anticipated in 1804 at a spot not far from where the city of Melbourne now stands. H. M. S. 'Calcutta' was employed on surveying duties in that year on the coasts of New Holland, and, in the course of a walk by the officers and some of the crew round the harbour of Port Phillip, a stream was discovered, where 'the hopes of the seamen were excited by the sight of sparkling sand which they took for gold, but *of course*,' the writer adds, 'it was only mica.'^{*} The shining spangles which Lieut. Tucker took for granted were only mica were in all probability the first flakes of Australian gold presented to the eyes of Europeans.

Amongst the records of the early attempts to form the settlement of Port Phillip, there is preserved a document which proves that it was actually abandoned by the first colonists. Colonel Collins, under the date of 31st Dec. 1803, wrote a General Order in the following terms:—'It has never been my wish to make the sabbath-day other than a day of devotion and rest, but circumstances compel me to employ it in labour. In

^{*} Lieut. Tucker's Voyage in H.M.S. 'Calcutta,' 1803-4.

this the whole are concerned, since the sooner we are enabled to leave this unpromising and unproductive country, the sooner shall we be able to reap the advantage and enjoy the comforts of a more fertile spot.' Colonel Collins directed his attention to Tasmania, whither he transferred the whole of his people, leaving behind him, in despair or disgust, a district which was to become one of the wonders of the world.

We know not how its amazing growth and rapid prosperity can be better realised than by the simple statement that the province of Victoria now contains 211 post towns, the most distant of which is 270 miles from the capital. In the year 1851 the population of the province was 77,345 persons, of whom 28,143 were congregated in the city of Melbourne. In March, 1857, the population numbered 410,766, of whom 99,345 were located in Melbourne. In June, 1858, the population of the province had increased to 477,345, and it now probably exceeds 500,000. In an excellent periodical, edited at Melbourne by the Assistant Registrar-General, and entitled 'Facts and Figures; or Notes of Progress, Statistical and General, for Australian Circulation,' are the following remarks:

'This is an age of marvels; and of all the marvellous facts of the nineteenth century, the rapid and solid growth of the colony of Victoria is not the least marvellous. The metropolis is a fair index of her extraordinary development. Two-and-twenty years since this city had no existence; and to-day its inhabitants are ten-fold more numerous than the forest-trees they have supplanted. The green sward, that was wont to be pressed by the indolent foot of the wild man, has disappeared beneath the steady, active, ceaseless tread of the white; and the birds and the beasts that afforded the aborigines a precarious existence have fled from the bustle and hum of some hundred thousand workers, who have swarmed from the old hives of civilization.'

It is not to the material greatness and opulence of this city which has risen, as it were, by enchantment on the banks of the Yarra Yarra, which lately rolled its turbid waters through sedgy banks and an unpeopled wilderness, that we are able to point with the greatest satisfaction, but to its intellectual and moral development, which appears now to proceed *pari passu* with its commercial importance. Melbourne is well provided with Episcopal churches and an effective working clergy; but, from the manner in which it was populated, and the unexampled eagerness with which persons of all classes and denominations rushed to its locality, it may be supposed that almost every form of religious belief has its representatives. The progress, however, of the Church of England in the colony of Victoria has been so far satisfactory, that it has gained upon a population
increasing

increasing with almost unparalleled rapidity.* Melbourne possesses twelve religious societies actively engaged in diffusing their respective tenets, and embracing the whole colony in the scope of their ministrations. There are thirteen benevolent, and several temperance societies. Freemasonry seems to thrive with extraordinary energy, the lodges in the Victorian metropolis amounting to not less than 60, some of which bear singular titles, such as the Sovereign Chapter of Knights of the Eagle and Pelican, the P. P. Princess Rose Croix, King Solomon's Lodge, the Lodge of Hiram, and the Lodge of Judah. The societies of Odd Fellows prove their loyalty and their patriotism by designating their lodges the Victoria, the Rose of England, the Britannia, the Rose of Brunswick, the Prince of Wales, and the Prince Albert; and to perpetuate the military glory of their native land, three are named respectively the Wellington, the Collingwood, and the Napier.

The cultivation of literature is increasing in a degree that could scarcely be expected from a city the normal state of which might naturally be conceived as one of all-absorbing commercial activity and intense thirst for gold. Yet we find that Melbourne possesses a public library containing 13,214 volumes, many of which are of a costly character. The Home Government has liberally contributed, and the Emperor of the French has given some munificent presents. The number of readers was in 1856, 23,769; in 1857, 49,226; in 1858, 77,924; and for the first three months of 1859 the number was 23,529, or at the rate of 85,724 per annum. The Assembly has recently voted 2000*l.* for obtaining casts of the best works of art. There are three daily papers published at Melbourne, eighteen weekly newspapers

* The following Table shows the number of persons and places of public worship belonging to the principal religious denominations in the years 1851 and 1857 respectively, according to the Census returns.

	1851.		1857.	
	Persons.	Churches.	Persons.	Churches.
Church of England	37,433	7	175,418	99
Presbyterians	11,608	8	65,935	55
Wesleyan Methodists	4,988	5	28,305	192
Other Protestants	4,318	2	27,521	59
Roman Catholics	18,014	5	77,351	64
Jews	364	1	2,208	4
Mahomedans and Pagans	201	..	27,245	..
Residue	424	..	6,774	..
	77,350	28	410,757	473

and

and other periodicals, eight monthly journals, one quarterly, and several annuals. Very great interest is taken in intellectual training; its importance is thoroughly recognised; and we find it stated, on satisfactory authority, that a superior education is now obtainable in Australia.

The wealth of Melbourne and the progress of Victoria will be best elucidated by a few figures. The assessed annual rental of property in Melbourne was in 1843, 91,270*l.*; in 1854, 2,330,947*l.* For the province of Victoria the total imports were in 1851, 1,056,437*l.*; in 1857, 17,256,209*l.* The total value of imports during seven years was 82,499,296*l.** The number of ships and vessels entered inwards at the Custom-house in Victoria in 1851 was 710; in 1857 it was 2190. The tonnage in 1851 was 128,959 tons; in 1857, 694,564 tons. The number of men employed in 1851 was 7785; in 1857, 34,777. The increase in the number of vessels has consequently been 208 per cent. The departures in 1851 comprised 657 vessels of all classes, having a total tonnage of 110,659 tons. In the year 1857 the number of ships cleared outwards at the various custom-houses in Victoria was 2207, with a tonnage of 684,826, and they were manned by 33,928 sailors.

It is in the character of a gold-producing country that Australia now excites the greatest attention. The great colony pours into the markets of Europe an annual supply of upwards of ten millions sterling of the precious metal, giving a stimulus to industry and an expansion to trade greater than has taken place since the discovery of America. It was long a common belief that Australia was a country but of yesterday, and the youngest of those continents that had been upheaved from the ocean bed. Further investigation has proved it to be one of the most ancient. The auriferous districts of Australia are encircled by vast ranges of granitic, porphyritic, and metamorphic rocks, crowned, in many places, by naked needles and tooth-formed peaks, which give a bold character to the scenery, and render the mountains in many places difficult of access.

* The imports in 1853 and 1857 were as follows:—

	1853.	1857.
Great Britain	£8,288,226	£10,122,201
West Indies	14,973	Nil.
North America	13,560	13,111
Other British Possessions	5,036,311	5,588,730
United States	1,668,606	784,643
Foreign States	820,961	747,524
	£15,842,637	£17,256,209

These

These mountain ranges once formed gigantic barriers against the intrusion of winds that blew over a wild waste of waters. From Mount Kosciusco, the loftiest of the Australian Alps, the eye sweeps over an area exceeding 7000 square miles. The whole of the low interior was unquestionably once a sea-bed, and the process of slow elevation has so changed the configuration of the whole as to make a continuous continent of that which had once been an archipelago of islands. Viewed from almost any very elevated point, the greatest portion of this enormous country presents an appearance like that of the ocean seen from a lofty cliff; the undulations and refractions of the atmosphere presenting the semblance of waves, while estuaries and bays seem to penetrate the bases and wind between the spurs of the hills. Impetuous currents must have once swept along the shores of multitudinous islands, depositing the accumulated detritus which they carried along with them in their tumultuous course. The interior, in various places, possesses vast stony deserts and sandy plains which exhibit a regularity and a surface that water alone could have given. Captain Sturt, in one of his exploring expeditions, encountered one of these remarkable wastes, which he thus describes:—

‘The stones with which the earth was so thickly strewed, so as to exclude vegetation, were of different lengths, from one inch to six; they had been rounded by attrition, were coated over with oxide of iron, and were evenly distributed. In going over the dreary waste the horses left no track, and that of a cart was only visible here and there. The fragments covering this singular feature were all of the same kind of rock—indurated or compact quartz.’

In another part of his work he says:—

‘Our ride was over a singularly rugged country, of equally singular geological formation; nor can I doubt that one time there were currents sweeping over it in every direction. At one place that we passed there was a broad opening in a rocky but earth-covered bank. Through this opening the eye surveyed a long plain, which at about two miles’ distance was bounded by low dark hills. Along this plain the channel of a stream was as distinctly marked in all its windings by small fragments of snow-white quartz as if water had been there instead.’*

As this kind of surface extends over enormous areas, the superficial extent of Australia affords no true index to the territory really available for colonization. A great portion of the interior is more hopelessly barren than the deserts of Africa,

* ‘Narrative of an Expedition into Central Australia,’ by Captain Charles Sturt.

being in summer a hollow basin of burning sand, and in rainy seasons a vast shallow inland sea. But if the action of water has done much to impoverish a large portion of this great country, it has, in another sense, abundantly enriched it. Water has been the principal agent in those grand *débâcles* that, in ages of indefinite remoteness, have broken up, pulverised, and dispersed the great mountain masses and their mineral contents, that are now superficially diffused over the continent, or buried deep under its trackless sands.

Australia has been the theatre of igneous action on an enormous scale, and to that action and its influence upon the contiguous strata may probably be chiefly attributed the formation of gold. The most prolific gold-fields in Victoria are in regions where the old formations are pierced by igneous rocks which have flowed from extinct volcanoes, and some of the richest alluvial deposits have been found covered by beds of lava, many feet in thickness, through which the miner has had to sink his shaft. By what exact agency, and at what geological epoch, gold was formed in the submarine mountain chains must probably always remain a secret. It exists chiefly in quartz veins which are seen extensively traversing the Lower Silurian strata, and was probably elaborated by thermo-electrical action induced during the period of the vast igneous eruptions.

In Victoria the gold-drifts constitute at least three distinct deposits, the result of successive upheavals and depressions, and these three auriferous deposits sometimes occur in the same locality, and the miner finds, in the course of his working, a first, second, and third bottom, the last being always on the solid and unmoved palæozoic rock, from which all the gold has been derived. The richness of some of these deep drifts or 'gutters' of gold almost exceeds belief. In a visit which the author of one of the latest works on the Victoria gold-fields paid to the celebrated shafts called the 'Jewellers' Shops,' he ascertained the following extraordinary facts:—

'I made my first descent in what was called the "Blacksmith's Claim," being opened by a person of that craft. It was about the most slovenly and ill-sunk shaft I ever ventured down, being so far from the perpendicular that at times the half of the orifice above was obscured; and it was slabbed in so insecure a manner that flakes of stuff were being constantly forced through the wide slits, falling down to the imminent danger of the people below. The danger was fearfully aggravated by the partial tipping over of the buckets while ascending, from their contact with the irregular sides of the shaft, at times upsetting half their contents. The blacksmith's party was composed of eight persons, most of them novices in their new profession, which accounts for the faulty construction of the shaft. When they

they reached the gutter on the bottom, being ignorant of the proper mode of carrying on the workings, they washed out all the stuff they could reach without opening a regular *drive*, and after dividing 1600*l.* per man (12,800*l.*), they offered it for sale. Several parties of inspection went down without making a bid, being frightened at the appearance of the shaft, as well as at the wetness and rottenness of the ground below. At length one party plucked up courage, purchasing all right and title to the claim and utensils for 77*l.* They entered into possession at noon, and on the same day (Saturday) divided 200*l.* per man (2000*l.*). Charmed with their luck, they continued working in spells night and day, until the following Monday, when they declared another dividend of 800*l.* per man (10,000*l.* in all), when they sold out for a week, then to regain possession.

'The succeeding party, whose purchase-money I could not ascertain, were regular bred miners, who went about their business with their eyes open. They spent the first four days of their term in opening two regular drives, one at the point where the gutter entered the shaft, and the other where it made its exit. It was during their occupation that I descended; but if I was offered 10,000*l.* for twenty-four hours' work at the bottom I would have declined the employment, for, what from the falling dirt splashing in the water around me, the cracking and straining of the bent slabs, and the thin line of light to be discovered at the top, I thought I was certain to defraud the undertaker; and when I came above ground I felt like a person who was released from a coffin which had been prematurely nailed down. Not so, however, the temporary proprietors, who, before the three remaining days had elapsed, took out an amount of gold which divided 1200*l.* per man to a party of twelve men (14,400*l.*). The other party then re-entered, and, after digging out 900*l.* per man (9000*l.*) in a week, principally by day-work, they sold out to a well-known storekeeper, Mr. N—, for 100*l.*, who put in a gang of men to work it in shares. After a fortnight's irregular work they divided 500*l.* per man (5000*l.*), when one of them, an old hand, undermined the props on a Saturday night, and before Monday morning the whole workings fell in. This fellow then marked out a claim on the surface of the ruin, and went down straight as an arrow on the old gutter, having engaged a hired party. The first tubfull (four bucketfuls) they raised turned out 40 lbs. weight of coarse gold, and two others yielded 10 lbs. each, after which he took gold amounting in the aggregate to 4000*l.*, raising the value of the whole amount taken out to the prodigious and unprecedented figure of 55,200*l.*, from an area of twenty-four feet square, an amount unequalled in the annals of gold-digging, and which may never be again paralleled.*

It is a remarkable fact that these rich gullies are seldom traceable to any existing quartz-reef, but evidently originated in the *débris* of older mountain masses, which have undergone a

* 'Life in Victoria.'

process of disintegration, and were doubtless deposited by strong currents, in remote ages, in the spots where they are now found. This leads us to remark a conspicuous difference between the gold deposits of Australia and California, which has a great geological significance.

The gold of California is found in the midst of, or contiguous to, the existing great mountain ranges, amidst regions of peaked, jagged, irregular crests and upheaved and distorted strata, the undoubted effects of internal convulsions. It has not, however, selected as its resting-place the smooth levels and hanging slopes of the contiguous hills. The metal, ground finer and finer as it is carried forward by the torrents that year after year tear up the river-beds, finally settles in the form of fine flakes or dust along the banks and at the bottoms of the great streams of the country. The diggers of California have not, like those of Australia, to penetrate into the earth for the drifts of the precious metal, but find them in the strata immediately under the surface, either associated with the subsoil or in the holes or 'pockets' of water-worn rocks. They rarely go lower than a few feet, and almost always close to the margins of rivers or brooks, whereas at Ballarat and most of the other prolific gold-fields of Australia, the gold is found on the pipe-clay bottom of flat wide-spread plains, or settled in great subterranean gutters deep under broad elongated slopes, which the miner can only reach by sinking his shaft through stratum after stratum, from fifty to three hundred feet down, before he reaches the buried treasure. The inference necessarily is that much of the gold-drift of Australia is of an earlier origin than the deposits of California, which are the products of the existing mountain-ranges, and therefore will be exhausted in a comparatively brief period.

The auriferous drifts of the deep alluvial deposits may, and it is probable will, be worked out in a comparatively short period. Rich as they are frequently found to be, they must be necessarily limited, having been deposited by currents and the continuous action of waves not far from the localities where the gold was originally formed. But the alluvial gold of Victoria and New South Wales is not confined to drifts and 'gutters;' there are hundreds, probably thousands, of square miles where the clay, earth, and sand are impregnated with gold in sufficient quantities to pay well for washing. In one district of the Goulburn an area exists of such an extent that it could not be washed over in half a century. The Alma, Avoca, Dunolly, and Ararat districts are known to be sufficiently auriferous to be well worth working under improved processes. Mr. Hardy, formerly the gold commissioner of the Turon gold-field, thus reports of its capabilities:—

'In the whole course of the Turon valley the production of gold
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appears as regular as wheat in a sown field. It does not matter where you work; any steady working man can earn ten shillings a day with the utmost regularity. In short, from the top of the bank across the whole bed of the river (from fifty to one hundred yards wide), and for nine miles at least, the result is as absolutely to be depended on as weekly wages, and 5000 workers would be nothing in that space. There are, moreover, many partially explored, but highly promising and almost illimitable territories, such as Gipps' Land and the Wimmera, where there is every probability that the surface-washings will not fall short in productiveness of the districts which have already been found more or less remunerative.'

Although the rich deposits of the Australian gold-fields are doubtless owing to the disintegration of pre-existing quartz veins and decomposed rocks, more or less impregnated with the metal, there are vast *reserves*, if we may so express it, of gold locked up in the great mountain-ranges both of Victoria and New South Wales, the hidden wealth of which can only be brought to light by the skill and energy of the systematic miner. And this leads us to the consideration of a question which at one time excited considerable discussion—the question whether gold-bearing quartz veins can be profitably worked, or whether, by reason of their asserted poverty at certain distances from the surface, every attempt to pursue the metal in depth must be attended with loss.

The progress of mining both in Australia and California has clearly proved that there exists *no* immutable law by reason of which quartz-reefs are rendered richer near the surface and poorer as they descend. The special correspondent of 'The Times' in California, in a communication dated 10th April, 1858, thus expresses himself:—'Quartz mining is no longer a speculation, it is a certainty; and is destined to be the paramount lasting interest of the country; and this improved success is attributable to the greater depth of the sinkings. Great confidence is entertained, much capital is laid out, and new buildings and improved machinery are always on the increase.' In reference to Australia we shall quote a few examples of successful deep quartz-mining for gold, which are certainly very remarkable and calculated to give great confidence to the miners and capitalists of Victoria.* The narratives are so extraordinary, that

we

* It must, however, be added, that as yet no mine has been sunk into the solid rock of Australia, which a miner of Cornwall, South America, or Transylvania would term otherwise than shallow. Again, at the depth of 200 or 300 feet, to which the Victorian shafts have extended, no large lump or nugget of gold has been discovered, the ore in the lower parts being finely disseminated in the quartz matrix. The downward diminution in the size of the lumps of gold is, therefore, distinctly opposed to the enthusiastic expectation of the colonists, that rivers of solid gold will reward their *deep* sinkings. Those who desire to understand the main distinctions

we should have hesitated to quote them had we not found the general statements of the writer confirmed by concurrent and independent testimony:—

'A Mr. Ballersted, in the district of Sandhurst, attracted by the richness of the surface, followed down his reef for 200 feet and found no gold, but went down an additional 100 feet and found the reef richer than at first, in one of the galleries of which he had the honour of entertaining Sir Henry Barkly and suite at a champagne luncheon, amidst the blaze of twelve hundred wax candles and the coruscations of the gold-bespangled walls of the cavern. Mr. O'Farrall's reef, on Specimen Hill in Sailors' Gully, was only moderately rich at the top, but kept improving as it went down. At a depth of 180 feet he gave 800*l.* for three yards of the claim to a partner who wished to sell out, and the whole continued improving as he descended. At a depth of 250 feet the reef was 4 feet thick and more promising than ever. During the sinking it frequently ran out, but was always recovered again at a greater depth each time, proving better and better. It has already led to the accumulation of a large fortune, and where it will end neither science nor experience can conjecture.

'Johnston's Reef, as it is called after the first person who opened it, was worked by successive parties for upwards of two years, and never showed a symptom of promise for 120 feet. After every one else deserted it, a butcher named Dawborn organized a small party, who set to work again: he supplied the funds from his trade earnings, getting his wife to keep the shop; but after the shaft was down to 145 feet without finding a speck of gold, his resources became utterly exhausted, and the spirit of the party was broken. It is the common practice amongst quartz miners to finish up the day's labour by firing off the evening blasts just before leaving off, so that the work should not be retarded in the morning by waiting for the smoke to clear away, and, in accordance with this custom, Dawborn's party, late of an evening, fired their last blast as a sort of farewell to the claim that had impoverished them all. Dawborn the same evening went to a public-

tions in Victoria (as in other countries) between the highly-remunerative auriferous superficial drift, or accumulations of broken materials, and those old slaty rocks (Lower Silurian) which have been the chief original seat of the gold-veins, should refer to the last edition of Murchison's '*Siluria*,' pp. 489 *et seq.*, which is the great authority on the subject. We there learn that, whilst Sir Roderick modifies one of his earlier views, in which he inferred that the mining downwards in the solid rock of Australia would probably turn out as profitless as it had already proved in all other auriferous countries, he still affirms, from facts and experience, that gold has not 'yet been found to expand downwards like copper and lead; such a phenomenon being as yet unknown in any country.' The ideas of Sir Roderick on this topic, as founded upon all the knowledge acquired previously to the discovery of the gold-mines of Australia, are recorded in the '*Quarterly Review*' of 1850, vol. lxxxvii. p. 429, in the article '*Siberia and California*,' in which he pointed out the extent to which our own great Australian colonies were, in his opinion, destined to become gold-bearing regions. For his still earlier allusion to this topic see his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society, 1844; '*Transactions of the Royal Geol. Soc. of Cornwall*,' 1846; '*Journal of the Royal Institution*,' 1849, &c.

house and strove hard to sell his fourth share for 15*l.*, but his proposition was received with derisive laughter. However, the next morning having visited the reef for the purpose of gathering and carrying away the tools, he went down the shaft to take a "last fond look," and was well nigh overwhelmed by the gorgeous sight he encountered. The first crushing of six tons yielded 370 ounces of gold, or about 1480*l.* Since then the party have gone on amassing wealth rapidly, and the share which they could not find a purchaser for at 15*l.* would now sell for 10,000*l.* In the next claim to Dawborn's, on the same reef, a twelfth share was foolishly disposed of for 500*l.*, and reimbursed the purchase-money in three small crushings.

'Wetherall's Reef, likewise called after the person who first "prospected" it, was perfectly barren for a great depth. Mr. Wetherall was a gentleman by birth and also a University man, still he worked as hard and as steadily as any Cornish miner, but was for a long time very unlucky, being almost at the end of his tether before any ray of hope came to cheer him in the prosecution of his daily toil; however, when it did come it was in a full blaze, for in an incredibly short space of time he took out gold to the value of 8000*l.*, but got so unfortunately elated by this sudden acquisition that he went to the Victoria Hotel in Sandhurst to celebrate his success, and, in a fit of delirium, jumped from a window and broke his neck. This poor fellow only began to find his gold when, in accordance with scientific theory, it ought to have failed altogether.

'The Nelson Reef was paying well at a depth of 200 feet, and the great Victoria Reef yielded the greater part of its almost fabulous wealth at a lower level. The Clarence Reef was found by following down a number of spurs or veins for 90 feet, at which level they all met in the solid concentrated reef, yielding an average of 10 ounces to the ton, thence downwards. The splendid New Chum Reef, from which so many fortunes have been extracted, after paying in all places at a high level and then becoming poorer, increased in richness again as the deep sinking was persevered in. The great reef running into Bendigo Flat gave no decided proofs of richness until the sinkings attained a depth far in excess of the scientific limit, and then one poor fellow, in coming to his claim in the morning to examine the effects of the previous evening's blast, was so overpowered by the golden spectacle which presented itself, that his senses fled on the instant, and his insanity afterwards became so deplorably confirmed, that the warden felt it his duty to employ a keeper to ensure his safe custody.

'In Tarrengower, a German named Weisenharem has a claim, from which at a depth of 300 feet he took 4 cwt. of gold in the space of a week. At Steiglitz the reefs are found to pay at great depths; and at Maryborough, Blackman's Reef paid well at 240 feet, and is improving as it goes down; one bucket of stone from Mr. Meredith's claim having yielded so much as 15 lbs. weight of gold at that depth.' *

* 'Life in Victoria.'

We could multiply proofs that the idea of reefs running out as they descend, is now abundantly refuted by experience. Trusting to the evidence of their senses, the merchants, bankers, and professional men of the city of Sandhurst have expended enormous sums in the erection of splendid shops, banks, and edifices of a most enduring character, in the firm persuasion that when the coal-seams of Newcastle are exhausted, fears may be entertained of the continued productiveness of the gold quartz reefs in their neighbourhood, and not till then.

Amongst the marvels of Australia are the sudden fortunes that have been acquired by some of the poorest emigrants, who, entering the country with the stock in trade of only a few simple implements, their brawny arms, and indomitable wills, have suddenly stumbled upon wealth beyond their wildest dreams, and picked up from almost the surface of the ground, in a few hours, riches that would have more than rewarded a life of skilled and persevering labour at home. Children even have been known to return to their homes tottering under a weight of gold of which they knew not the value. The following instance of juvenile quartz-mining is both amusing and suggestive:—

‘I remember,’ says the narrator of the incident, ‘one morning, after our mill was at work, seeing two children loitering about the engine-house with bags on their backs. At first I thought it was curiosity, but observing that the elder made one or two efforts to engage my attention, I inquired what he wanted, when, in a silent, cautious way, the wily manikin asked leave to use a pestle and mortar that was kept in the canvass workshop for testing quartz samples. I gave the child permission, but instead of instantly availing himself of it, I remarked that he and his comrade waited until the dinner-hour, when the carpenter was sure to be absent; and even then they entered upon their little business with a degree of wary circumspection that made me exceedingly curious. So, after a short lapse of time, making a slight circuit, I came noiselessly to the tent entrance, and found this pair of Lilliputian miners laboriously at work, pounding quartz pebbles in the mortar. My entry was a surprise; but, when they peeped out, and ascertained that none of the men were approaching, they became reassured, without, however, entering upon any explanation or confession, until I put the mortar on edge towards the light, and saw its glittering contents. The elder child then told me, with reluctant candour, that he and his mate, when at play the other day, found a “little quartz reef with a lot of gold in it, and without telling father and mother, they picked out the two little bagfuls, and came round to the mill by a back gully for fear any one should get upon the scent.” I could not help smiling at their acuteness while commending their prudence, and promised most faithfully to keep their secret,—an obligation, however, from which they relieved me by keeping it to themselves. According to my estimate, the two parcels of stuff they had
with

with them would not have weighed together much over twenty pounds, certainly not thirty pounds. It was very dark and disintegrated, with little nodes of iron slightly interspersed throughout, but linked together almost like so many rude necklaces, by ragged straps of shaggy gold, which seemed as if it ran in a molten state through a layer of gravel, which caught the particles in its embrace as it cooled. Anxious to ascertain the result, I took the pestle and pounded the remainder in a short time, and made them carry the produce up into my private tent, when, to my astonishment, I found that it reached within a few pennyweights of thirteen pounds of pure gold,—or within a fraction of the value represented by 624*l*. Think of such a sum in the hands of two little ragged urchins, graduating amongst the wild gullies of Victoria, you juvenile men of the world, who imbibe your knowledge together with your partiality for cheroots and gold latch-keys at Eton or Harrow-on-the-Hill! why, its subdivided moiety is as much as any individual “governor” puts upon the estimates as the privy-purse allowance of his son and heir at either academy.

‘The brace of millionaires smiled me their thanks for the service I had rendered them, and departed with their treasure in a direction which I very well knew, by their previous tactics, was not likely to lead them to the neighbourhood from which they came; and as if they had become introduced to the surrounding scenery for the first time, they sat down on every eminence to take a survey of the country behind them. About ten days afterwards the same pair made their appearance again, escorting a wheelbarrow driven by a lad more advanced in years, in which there was a good-sized, well-filled bag. After entering the yard the trio squatted on the barrow, waiting, as before, for the coming dinner-hour; but as I had, in the mean time, been talking of the occurrence, the men determined to forego their meal to see the result, and when the hour arrived, they made a ring round the barrow, produced the pestle and mortar, and offered their services in pounding the stuff. Seeing there was no averting the result, the boys assented; but, on opening the bag to commence operations, there was a simultaneous start, as if all the gazers received sharp electric shocks; and really it was a sight to produce a shock of utter surprise, even to men accustomed to golden marvels, for the contents were only comparable to large honeycombs of gold, dotted with quartz and ironstone. Mr. S., a wealthy citizen of Sandhurst, who had some of his own rich quartz under process at our mill at the time, offered the lads a cheque for 1200*l*. for the contents of the barrow, and he was a person both qualified to form a correct opinion of its value, as well as constitutionally disposed to bid considerably below the intrinsic worth of any article he desired to purchase. I did not weigh the proceeds on this occasion, but even taking them at Mr. S.’s estimate, it was a startling sum in the pockets of this juvenile triumvirate. Every effort that coaxing, cajoling, or cross-questioning could suggest was tried in order to discover the El Dorado without effect.

‘I lost sight of the lads for some weeks, until one evening the original pair turned up to make stringent terms for crushing seven
tons

tons of quartz. However, the stuff they got carted to the mill, far from exhibiting any similar signs of richness, looked as if it would not defray the cost of crushing—so much so, indeed, that the men whose duty it was to throw it into the receiving hopper advised me to demand payment before the conclusion of the process. On clearing out the rubbish, as we supposed it, from under the stamp heads, we found a quantity of coarse gold too large to go through the gratings, and this, together with the finer portions contained in the amalgam, weighed seventeen pounds some ounces. The result of this crushing made me very slow afterwards in discarding quartz that was deficient in surface indications, for not a single speck was seen throughout the entire heap, though it was scrutinised with the closest care. In fact, had it been mine, I would have preferred handing it over to the road contractor to incurring the liability of 8*l.* per ton for crushing; and I make no doubt that, owing to similar deceptive appearances, thousands of tons of highly auriferous quartz have been dispensed as road metal, and now lie buried in the highways of Victoria, which,—at least, in some parts,—may most truly be described as “paved with gold.”*

The inference to be drawn from the above facts is strengthened by statements of unquestionable authenticity from other quarters. In a letter from the Melbourne correspondent of ‘*The Times*,’ dated May, 1859, is the following statement:—

‘The application of capital and costly machinery to the production of gold, especially to quartz mining, is rapidly increasing, and some very rich quartz reefs have been lately opened. At the Reedy Creek, about twenty miles from Kilmore and about fifty from Melbourne, in a rough hilly country, quartz reefs of a very rich character abound. In some cases the yield has been as high as 31 ounces to the ton. In some specimens that I have seen the gold was so minutely distributed through the quartz as to be only here and there visible, yet the weight of the specimens betrayed their richness, and they yielded 16 ounces to the ton. Last month the papers noticed a lump of amalgamated gold weighing 730 ounces, as the largest yet produced, but since then a lump of 1230 ounces has been produced from one crushing. It was obtained from 45 tons of quartz taken from Iron Bank Gully, at Bendigo. The labouring diggers now perceive that the old mode of independent digging must in time wear out, and in many cases they are becoming reconciled to working for wages.’

In consequence of the high price of labour three tons of quartz at least are at present thrown away to one that is crushed. Quartz that will not yield one ounce and a half to the ton, on an imperfect system of crushing and amalgamating, is abandoned for road metal; ‘nor is it any fable to say,’ remarks a temporary resident in the district, ‘that many a fine and precious specimen has come to light under the pulverising influences of the waggon-wheel, especially on the line of road from Castlemaine to Sandhurst,

* ‘*Life in Victoria*.’

which

which is principally—in many places entirely—metalled with gold-bearing quartz.

If mining in the veins of auriferous quartz should, as there is every reason to believe, with an increased application of capital, become generally and permanently productive, it would be in vain to attempt to fix any limit to the quantity of gold capable of being raised in Australia. The treasures opened to the world by Cortez in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru become insignificant when compared with the apparently inexhaustible riches of this vast region, where a few years ago no gold was supposed to exist, but which was heedlessly trodden upon daily by the wandering shepherd, and even now probably lies scattered in profusion over the slopes of mountains on which even the wild man had never placed his restless foot, or has glittered unseen, for ages, on the crests of rugged hills which only wait the keen search of civilization and the skill of practical science to yield up their hoarded wealth. The gold produce of Victoria is exhibited in the following Table, compiled from official returns:—

Year.	Quantity.	Value.
	Oz.	£.
1851	145,137	438,777
1852	1,998,526	6,135,728
1853	2,497,723	8,644,529
1854	2,144,699	8,255,550
1855	2,751,535	10,904,150
1856	2,985,991	11,943,458
1857	2,762,460	10,987,591
1858 to 30th June	1,279,767	5,119,069
Total	16,565,838	62,428,852

The estimated net quantity and value of gold exported from the two colonies of Victoria and New South Wales from May, 1851, to 31st December, 1857, is as follows:—

Quantity.		Value.
Oz.	Dwts.	£.
17,023,413	14	64,122,360

To show the change that has taken place in the method of mining from the first rude process to the present scientific system, we give, from official returns, the statistics of the machinery employed in the gold-fields in the month of May, 1859; viz., 282 steam-engines, 4256 puddling machines, 135 quartz-crushing machines, 906 toms, sluices and dams, 508 whims and whips, 66 horse machines, 200 water-wheels, 13 boring machines, 1 smelting machine. We may add that so great has the produce

produce of the quartz reefs become that it is estimated that 60 per cent. of the gold brought from the Bendigo district alone, one of the oldest and most celebrated of the gold-fields, is at present obtained from quartz taken from considerable depths.

The systematic character which gold-mining has assumed, and the formation of numerous joint-stock undertakings for its prosecution, have divested the pursuit of much of that excitement and spirit of gambling which characterised the first operations in the gold-fields. Never probably in the history of the world was a population thrown into so violent a state of ebullition as in the first year or two of these remarkable discoveries. The rush from one district to another, as fresh fields were opened up, was extraordinary. Twenty thousand people, earning high wages, or meeting with fair success, would rise *en masse* in a day, abandon their claims, strike their tents, and precipitate themselves, frenzied with the anticipation of sudden wealth, upon the new tract, often to meet with the bitterest disappointment. The passions of human nature were roused by one of the strongest of its instincts; and madness and suicide, arising from excess of joy or wild despair, were far from uncommon occurrences. Before we conclude the subject of gold-production, we will quote two instances of enterprise, one resulting in great success, the other in deplorable failure.

Two youthful Cornishmen went out, in humble capacities, on the staff of the Colonial Gold-mining Company, but, the establishment having been reduced, they commenced an independent career by taking out a claim on a portion of a quartz reef that had been relinquished by their superiors. In their first essay upon the stone they crushed as much as 30 lbs. weight of gold from a single ton of quartz.

'Their candid admission,' says the witness of their good fortune, 'far exceeded all my previous ideas of auriferous quartz; and when, at their desire, in order to remove my scepticism, I raised the little canvass apron in front of the stampers and took a handful of the crushed stuff from the receptacle communicating with the amalgamator, it positively required an effort to lift it, so largely was the pulverized quartz commingled with gold. I was invited into their dwelling tent, which was as trim and tidy as a woman's hands could make it (for Mr. N. had another treasure besides his reef), and while his hospitable wife was preparing luncheon, he amused himself by exciting my amazement to its uttermost bounds, as he pulled cake after cake of solid amalgamated gold, like so many Dutch cheeses, from under his bed, until I absolutely thought either that I was labouring under an optical illusion, or that he was practising a clever trick, like that of pulling a market-cartful of cabbages out of a single hat.'

hat. However, it was neither the one nor the other, but a palpable reality, a marvellous fact, of the most stubborn description. As soon as I got power of utterance I upbraided Mr. N. for his temerity in keeping such an amount of treasure within the reach of any man carrying a knife in his pocket, but he seemed devoid of all apprehension, and I never heard of his having suffered by his excess of confidence. He informed me that numerous other parties on the same reef were taking out large fortunes likewise.

Few, we think, will read without emotion the companion narrative of a tragedy at the diggings:—

‘There was at —— a spot which was respected as sacred ground. On Sundays and holidays people visited it, but there was an air of mournful silent respect in their manner as if they conversed in sighs within the precincts of a hallowed tomb. The oath of the reckless digger was there never heard, and the finger of the thief never dared to touch the various implements strewed around the grim windlass that marked the scene of an unhappy emigrant’s fate. The party to which it belonged came out together, schoolfellows, brother collegians, all of them with gentle blood in their veins. They had a moderate joint-stock of capital at landing in the country, which they carried direct to the diggings to escape the allurements of city life. They were remarked wherever they went to work as most temperate and industrious in their habits, acquiring esteem and popularity from their kind and obliging dispositions. But they were not favourites of fortune; they always came down on a barren bottom, and their neighbours at length came to remark on their ill-luck and to sympathize in their adversity. Their capital, under the strictest economy, quickly dwindled away, but they were too proud to admit their poverty or ask for credit, so when their money failed they disposed of their little trinkets and jewellery to lucky diggers in order to procure the merest necessities, never in their sorest trials evincing the slightest gloom or impatience; even when the last locket, emptied of its sacred contents, was transferred to the rugged bosom of an unwashed purchaser to enable them to carry out their last experiment, they went to work with all their wonted cheerfulness and serenity. On, on they worked; down, down they went, with a steady rapidity as if assured of success; and one day as the evening hour was approaching, a cry, a tone as of exultation, came up from the bottom of the shaft, “Haul up, my boys; the time is come at last!” and his mates did haul away with glad some hearts—the more heartily from the great weight coming up. But alas! alas! when it came to the surface, instead of a bucket of gold it was the dead body of their dear companion. He had struck the barren bottom during his spell below, and detaching the bucket, he fixed a noose round his neck and was strangled by his dearest friends. Never was there so large or sorrowing party at the diggings; and ere the next sun arose the remainder of the party had departed, no one knew whither. Had they remained, and could have been prevailed upon to accept

accept it, a thousand pounds in gold-dust would have been collected in an hour to start them afresh, for they possessed troops of friends and not a single ill-wisher.*

The social changes wrought by the gold discoveries of Australia were more sudden and remarkable, probably, than any other country has ever been exposed to. The whole order of society was inverted, and the labourer became of more importance than the employer of labour. Life became a wild orgy in the intervals of a toil more exciting even than dissipation. The immense immigration utterly 'swamped' the old residents, many of whom fled, terror stricken, at the aspect which society had suddenly assumed, and their establishments were broken up by the social convulsion. The scum of the adjoining colonies boiled over and deluged the land with vice and crime. Bush-ranging extended over every portion of the country, and robbery, not unfrequently murder, was perpetrated in the streets of Melbourne. The diggers were of all nations—Germans, French, Italians, Chinese, American-Irish, and, worse than all, Californians, who imported their peculiar institutions as well as their manners to complete the horrible pandemonium. No surprise could have been felt when an *émeute* broke out which required military repression. The best conducted, and, notwithstanding certain grave faults, the best disposed portion of this mixed population were the Chinese, who amounted, at a recent date, to 50,000. Notwithstanding some restrictive measures forced upon the Legislature to check the influx, the temptations of gold-digging and high wages are irresistible; the number is increasing; and one of these people, when asked how many more of his countrymen might be expected in Australia, said, 'They are *all* coming.' There is, unfortunately, a great antipathy to them in the gold-fields, and assaults and maltreatment are frequent. At Ballarat a newspaper in Chinese was established in May, 1856, and in the same year a Joss-house was erected in Melbourne. There are several wealthy Chinese merchants in the capital, who have large transactions with their countrymen on the different gold-fields. Few women accompany them, but they are said to succeed in obtaining wives among the Irish. It is to the Chinese that the greatest of all the recent gold discoveries is due. The immigration-tax drove them to a surreptitious mode of entering the colony; and landing in Gurchen Bay, in South Australia, and taking a course thence over the frontier across the Gramscian ranges, they came upon a deposit of marvellous richness

* * Life in Victoria.'

in the neighbourhood of Mount Ararat. In one of their first encampments, while picking up the roots of grass and prying for gold, they found the celebrated 'Chinaman's hole,' which yielded 3000 ounces in a few hours. This led to the greatest 'rush' which had ever been known at the gold-fields, for 60,000 people congregated there in a few weeks, and before a month had elapsed an immense town was systematically laid out, and shops, hotels, and restaurants arose, like the mystic trees of Indian jugglers; these were quickly followed by theatres, billiard and bagatelle rooms, a daily mail and a daily newspaper. Thus, within the space of two months, a wild mountain gorge was converted into a teeming city, where frontages were nearly as valuable as in the heart of London. It is believed that the golden 'lead' is traceable all the way from Ararat to Avoca, a distance of sixty miles, through a country flanked by auriferous ranges.

It is doubtful whether, but for the previous discoveries and the excitement consequent on the great success in California, the treasures of Australia might not have been still unrevealed, and the gold have remained unknown for centuries to come. Count Strzelecki, in his important work, the 'Physical Description of Australia,' merely notices the existence of an auriferous pyrites of no commercial value, though he previously alluded to the existence of gold in a letter which bears the date of 1839. The Rev. W. B. Clarke detected gold when crossing the dividing range to the westward of Paramatta. In 1844 he addressed Governor Sir George Gipps on the subject, but without any result. The matter was regarded only as one of curiosity, and systematic search was discouraged from an apprehension of the effect which any important discovery might have on the convict population.* But there is reason to believe that gold had been discovered at Forest Creek long before it was found in any other part of the colony. It is said, on good authority, to have been seen by a Mr. Campbell on the bank of a stream where his sheep were being washed. At the first glance, like Lieutenant Tucker in Hobson's Bay in 1804, he imagined it was *mica*, but on closer inspection he found it was pure scaly gold, lying under a thin covering of sand. Astounded at the discovery, he revealed it to his uncle, a great flockmaster in the district, but, fearing the total desertion of his people and the consequent ruin of his fortune, he enjoined the strictest secrecy. Neither Count Strzelecki nor Mr. Clarke had printed a word upon

* 'Further Papers on the Discovery of Gold in Australia, 1855.'

the subject when Sir Roderick Murchison put forth his grand generalization. Without any other guidance than his own sagacious deductions from geological facts, this eminent geologist boldly predicted the truth. In 1846, a year before even the Californian discoveries, when addressing the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, he strongly recommended the unemployed Cornish miners to emigrate to New South Wales and dig for gold in the *débris* and drift of what he called the Australian Cordillera, where he anticipated, from their similarity with the Ural Mountains, that it would certainly be found in abundance. The visions revealed to the prophetic eye of science have never received a more remarkable fulfilment.

The facts which we have adduced in reference to the gold production of Australia appear to us to establish the propositions:—1. That it presents a boundless field for industry, and for a period to which it is impossible to assign a limit. 2. That the quartz reefs are likely to be the sources of an enormous gold production, and that this branch of enterprise will be steadily pursued, subject to the fluctuation attending all mining, but offering prizes of the most splendid kind.

The great social disorganization which distinguished the first few years of the Australian gold discoveries has completely passed away, together with much of the excitement that was natural to a transition state. Order now universally prevails, and the occupations of life are pursued with as much regularity as in the oldest states. Nor have we any apprehension that the monetary transactions of the world will be seriously disturbed by the probable large increase of the precious metal. As in all the other gifts of Providence, the time of the great discovery has doubtless been determined with the highest wisdom and with an exact appreciation of its influence upon the progress and happiness of the world. An astonishing impetus has already been given to commerce and industry; competence and wealth have been diffused over many lands; and from the local chaos, inevitable from so great a revolution, order and virtue are being rapidly educed. A vast continent, long regarded only as a convict prison and an abode of one of the lowest forms of savage life, has been elevated into a social consideration almost commensurate with its geographical importance, and has become a seat of industry, progressive refinement, freedom, and Christianity.

The improving agriculture, sheep-farming, commercial progress, and political institutions of Australia would each require a special article for their complete discussion. It is difficult to realize the fact that in 1835 the first acre was fenced in and sown with wheat

wheat in Victoria. The spot is now the site of a vast foundry in the city of Melbourne, vomiting smoke by day and by night, and turning out daily tons of implements for economising agricultural labour or for extracting the mineral riches of the soil. According to the statistical returns, prepared in March, 1858, the quantity of land under crop in the province amounted to 237,729 acres, and the produce of the harvest of that year was as follows:—Wheat, 1,808,438 bushels; maize, 6,558 bushels; oats, 1,249,800 bushels; potatoes, 51,115 tons; while 401 acres were planted as vineyards, which yielded 5,761 gallons of wine and supplied the markets with 318,463 lbs. of grapes. Pre-eminent as Victoria is for its mineral wealth, it is scarcely less remarkable for its corn-producing qualities in comparison with those of several other countries. The following table, extracted from the 'Australasian Handbook,' showing the average produce per acre, speaks for itself:—

Countries.	Bushels per Acre.		
	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.
Victoria, average of the years 1855-6-7	23·1	20·3	29·3
Tasmania, 1850	16·5	24·2	23·7
South Australia, 1857	12·0	22·0	25·0
New South Wales, average of 3 years	15·4	16·7	16·7
State of New York	14·0	16·0	26·0
State of California	20·0	31·5	20·2

The extent of land under crop in the years ending respectively in March, 1852 and 1858, is exhibited in the following Table:—

Year.	Total Number of Acres Cultivated.	Acres under Wheat.	Acres under Barley.	Acres under Oats.	Acres under Potatoes.	Other Crops.
1852	57,298	29,623	1,327	6,426	2,273	Acres. 17,547
1858	237,729	87,230	5,409	40,222	20,697	84,281

With respect to the agriculture of New South Wales, it appears that from the 1st January, 1857, to the 31st January, 1858, the total number of acres in crop was 185,007. The produce consisted of wheat, maize, barley, oats, rye, millet, potatoes, tobacco, and sown grasses. The production of wine is estimated at 138,216 gallons; being an increase in 1856 of 42,568 gallons.

But South Australia is more especially the agricultural colony of Australia. With a population of about 110,000 it has 187,560 acres

acres in wheat alone, from which were obtained last year, notwithstanding its low average of productiveness, 2,250,000 bushels, from which 30,000 tons of flour were exported, chiefly to Victoria, which requires about 42,000 tons annually from external sources. The flour of Adelaide secures for South Australia a greater share of Victorian gold dust than any other natural production.

The production of wine is making great progress in many parts of Australia. In 1857 there were 1128 acres of land in New South Wales converted into vineyards, and the native wine in the same year amounted to 108,174 gallons, and the brandy to 1414 gallons. The province of South Australia, however, appears to be the best adapted for the cultivation of the grape. Some of the wines of that district which were sent to the Paris Exhibition were pronounced by the Judges superior to any sample shown of Rhenish wine, and a demand for them has already arisen in the English market; but the wines on which the greatest hopes are founded have, it is said, more the character of the Spanish than the French or German. They are now produced to a considerable extent for consumption in the colony, and are displacing second-class foreign wines in Australia. A great stimulus was given to agriculture by the enormous prices paid for all descriptions of farm produce on the first irruption of the digger population, when hay brought 50*l.* per ton, potatoes 25*l.*, cabbages brought 2*s.* 6*d.* each, cauliflowers 5*s.*, a couple of fowls 30*s.*, eggs 18*s.* a dozen, and a turkey 2*l.* 10*s.* or 3*l.** But all produce has now found its level. The competition in agriculture rather tends to the unnatural depression of prices than their enhancement, and it seems to be the general opinion that farming on a large scale will not pay at present. Gold and wool are, and must long continue to be, the great staples of the country.

The production of wool next to gold will be the great permanent source of wealth to these colonies, and tends even more

* We give from colonial authority, and as a curiosity, the expense of keeping a horse at that period:—

	£.	s.	d.
Hay at 40 <i>l.</i> per ton, 10 lbs. per day at 4½ <i>d.</i> , 3 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i> , or per year ..	68	8	9
Oats at 20 <i>s.</i> per bushel (very low), 14 lbs. per day, 7 <i>s.</i> , or per year ..	127	15	0
Straw at 15 <i>s.</i> per cwt., 1½ ton for a year's consumption ..	22	10	0
Shoeing at 36 <i>s.</i> per set, removing 15 per year ..	27	0	0
Groom's wages 80 <i>l.</i> , keep 30 <i>l.</i> ..	120	0	0
Stable-rent ..	25	0	0
Stable-furniture, veterinary, &c. ..	5	0	0
Saddles, bridles, whips, spurs, &c. ..	10	0	0
Interest at 10 per cent. on cost of horse ..	10	0	0
Total ..	£415	13	9

rapidly

rapidly than gold to increase the area brought under the dominion of civilization. Stock rather more than doubles itself in two years and a quarter, so that at the end of that period it occupies double the space of territory, at the end of four years four times, at the end of six years eight times, at the end of eight years sixteen times, and thus at the end of ten years thirty-two times the space originally taken up. There is something sublime in this steady and regular, yet peaceful and almost unconscious spread of civilised man, with his flocks and herds, over the wilderness which he appropriates to his use.

‘At his advance,’ says one who has himself observed the process, ‘the indolent aborigine retires with spear and boomerang into the far bush, even as the tawny dog had led the way, oft pausing with backward stare at the white-faced intruder,—preceded himself by the more timid kangaroo, with high uplifted ears, as he passes, in long-arched bounds, towards the security of the mallee scrub; while the black swan rises vertically, and dashes over head with retreating trumpet-cry to seek his loneliest swamps. Before his footsteps the savage desert of sand, of stones, or marsh, or bog, of grim forest, of rank luxuriance, or of choking weed, becomes a station and a farm, a homestead, a smiling pasture, where order reigns, and where the unbroken silence which once menaced the imagination of the lost man with famine, and fever, and delirious death, now only suggests the tranquillity of peace and plenty. Where the gaudy-painted parrots or flocks of snow-white cockatoos flew by with discordant and insulting screech, the domestic canary now sings in his cage of Chinese cane-work, and the native magpie on the fence warbles with upturned eyes, presenting an equal mixture of the ludicrous and devout, or addresses you familiarly in broken English. On the brow of the hill, so recently the scrubby haunt of the dull and diminutive native bear, or the mild-eyed opossum—in the bed of the valley, last year, perhaps, a rushy marsh, only diversified by patches of coarse and cutting kangaroo grass, or a mournful lagoon,—whether on the sunny slope or the sunny level—there we find the absolute and incontrovertible result of labour well directed. Before the footsteps of man the torrent ceases, or turns aside to fertilise instead of to frustrate; the swollen river of winter is made passable with safety to men and cattle at all seasons; and on its winding banks, a few years ago so utterly destitute, where the platypus basked in the water-grass and rushes at sun rise, and the fabulous bunyip was believed to wallow at night with appalling gasps beneath the moon,—in those despairing solitudes new townships arise, and already aspire to municipal institutions.’ *

* ‘Australian Facts and Prospects,’ the latest work which has issued from the press on the Australian colonies. Mr. Horne gives, in a condensed and agreeable form, the results of a somewhat varied experience, having been successively Commander of the Gold Escort, Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Gold-fields, and Territorial Magistrate.

The demand for shepherds is necessarily continually on the increase, and as it is an employment which commands a fair remuneration, it is rather eagerly sought. It has one peculiar advantage—that of being suited to almost any man of respectable character. The wages of this class of persons have risen considerably since the gold discoveries. There have been emigrants who aspired to be at once flockmasters instead of shepherds, with very little knowledge of what they were about to undertake. A ‘spirited’ young gentleman, a short time ago, arrived at Sydney with a large capital, and a desk full of introductions. At the end of a month of *fêtes* and dissipation he bought 10,000 sheep, but when he had paid for them he found that he had forgotten to secure a run, and was obliged to re-sell them immediately at an enormous sacrifice to escape being utterly ruined. Many men of good education and refined tastes, who had no capital to lose, fascinated at first by the attractions of the gold-fields, but disappointed in their hopes, or unable to bear up against the exhausting toil, have taken to ‘the bush,’ and found competence and peace of mind as veritable shepherds,—the fevered life of a gold-digger being succeeded by the repose of the silent plains! Life in these vast unpeopled solitudes has in it, for many, an inexpressible charm. The shepherd rises just before the sun, and after making a breakfast that would be a substantial dinner to an agricultural labourer he follows the sheep all day, just keeping them in sight, letting them wander wherever they please except into the thick scrub; at noon he directs them towards water, where they camp or lie still in the shade. As evening closes in he turns his flock homewards, and arrives at his hut just as the sun is sinking below the horizon. If he has a hutkeeper, or an assistant, his work is done for the day, and he may attend to the little garden which he has fenced in from the wilderness, or prepare the evening meal. If the dogs are good, no special attendance is required before midnight, when a watchman takes his seat in a box beside the sheep. We have heard of a young Oxford undergraduate, who, under the pressure of family difficulties, struck out his own path to independence, and now has the management of 3000 sheep in one of the remotest stations of Australia. He kills and cooks his own mutton, saves nearly the whole of his salary, and lives in plenty and content. The love of literature, which he has carried with him from the University, cheers his days and nights, and an occasional newspaper, and the regular packet of letters from home, are read by the light of a tallow lamp with a zest that only a ‘gentle shepherd’ in the Australian wilds can know. Many of the great grazier lords of

Australia, the owners of seventy or a hundred square miles of pasture, and the proprietors of hundreds of horses, thousands of bullocks, and tens of thousands of sheep, lived formerly in a state almost as barbarous as civilised man could sink to—‘Ancient Britons,’ as was once said of them, ‘in everything but paint.’ There are now many squatter families of superior education, who, emulous of the old country, have their orchards, plantations, and ornamental gardens, and are setting a good example to such of the shepherd lords as remain in their bachelor condition, and consequently retain many of those uncivilised habits which a long residence in the bush is too apt to engender.

In tracing the progress of Australia it is impossible not to notice the services of a class of men to whom the colonies are much indebted for the rapidity of their advancement. We refer to the overlanders, or speculators, as we may define them, in stock on an enormous scale, the magnitude of whose operations was at one time so great that whole fortunes were staked in the wilderness. The occupation of these persons, who were generally in the prime of life, and often of the highest education, Etonians and University men, was to convey large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle from the interior to the coast, and to find out practicable routes from districts capable of supplying stock at a cheap rate. The attractions of this life are said to have been irresistible for certain characters. It combined the excitement of gambling with the love of adventure. Twenty thousand pounds have been known to be embarked in sheep, cattle, and horses, and driven for months over a trackless country with a precarious subsistence and uncertain supplies of water, on a journey, as it may be termed, of discovery, and amidst wastes almost as inhospitable as the ocean. But the port to which the adventure was directed once reached, its success was assured, as well as the prosperity of the station; mercantile enterprise was immediately stimulated, abundant supplies of stock were obtained on favourable terms, and the unknown pioneer who entered the district a leader of large flocks and herds, was hailed as a public benefactor. The rough-looking stranger generally underwent a speedy transformation. Having disposed of his stock and realised a profit of perhaps a hundred per cent., he resumed the habiliments of social life, public entertainments were got up in his honour, he was cordially welcomed in the ‘first society,’ and the manners of the sturdy drover were often found to be as polished as if he had just arrived from the precincts of May Fair. But settled life had few charms for him. New plans were quickly formed, new enterprises matured; and, after a few

few weeks of enjoyment or *ennui*, he plunged again into the wilderness.* The overlander still exists, but the area of his operations is becoming gradually more contracted; and although it may be long before roads or railroads will completely traverse the great interior, communications with distant stations are now opened with comparative facility wherever a remunerative market is to be found.

The absence of large navigable rivers was for a long period thought to offer an insuperable impediment to the progress of Australia. A great portion of its interior is a treeless desert of sand-swamps and jungle, where streams are converted, in summer, into stagnant pools by the rapid evaporation. In the province of Victoria, however, this absence of water communication, which must have made the settlement of the greater portion of its territory a very slow process, has, by a beneficent arrangement of Providence, been rapidly and completely opened up, throughout its whole extent, to the industry of man. The want of rivers has been compensated by the presence of gold. Population has spread over the province, and railways traversing the length and breadth of the land are beginning abundantly to supply the means of transport. The Government of Victoria has not found the smallest difficulty in raising eight millions sterling in the London market for the construction of its iron roads, and the confidence of the mother country in the soundness of the security is manifested by the high premium which it bears. But Australia possesses several magnificent streams that are now beginning to assume important functions in the commerce of the country. The Darling is a noble river, and the Goulburn and the Murray are navigable at the same period of the year. Thus the traders of South Australia are now able to transport their goods for a distance of upwards of two thousand miles by water, discharging their cargoes and securing return freights of wool at the very threshold of the north-eastern gold fields of Victoria.

South Australia is, as we before observed, *par excellence* the agricultural district. Of gold it can show but small returns; but it possesses other mineral resources of the most important character. The Burra Burra Mines in their extraordinary richness are equivalent to gold, and history can furnish no parallel to their productiveness. In a late number of the 'Adelaide Advertiser' it is said, 'Hundreds of miles in the northern districts abound in copper of great purity—in fact, it only requires the proper adjust-

* Sir George Grey, in his 'Australian Discoveries,' gives a striking picture of the overlanders and their habits.

ment of capital to labour, and the application of both in due proportion to this colony, to result in the opening of half-a-dozen Burra Burras. Our copper mines are practically exhaustless; were our population increased tenfold, and were capital supplied in proportion, all might find remunerative occupation in raising the vast accumulations of copper, which nature with lavish hand has buried beneath the soil in almost every part of this land.'

Of the whole continent of Australia not more than one-fourth is, as yet, known; but that the interior contains many a fertile oasis and rivers sufficient for the purposes of a civilised people is not to be doubted. In the course of the recent exploring expedition undertaken from Adelaide, under the direction of Captain Stuart, a new country was found of a natural fertility and richness unsurpassed by any in Australia; and its extent was so great that Captain Stuart was obliged to return without having ascertained its limits, for none were visible from the furthest point that he was able to reach. The settled districts now occupy as large a space on the globe as Great Britain, Ireland, and France; with a climate quite as healthful and genial as that of the latter. There is every reason to believe that the climate of the colonised portion of Australia has of late years undergone a sensible amelioration. The annual mean temperature may remain the same, or with only a slight variation, but the distressing hot winds and dust blasts are becoming, from year to year, less frequent, inasmuch as the sand hills and deserts, at least in the neighbourhood of the towns, which were one of the sources of the evil, are now under cultivation or have been built upon, and are traversed by hard metalled roads. In Victoria there are three separate districts with strongly marked atmospheric distinctions. Gipps Land, warmed by the breezes of the Pacific, shielded from the hot desert winds by a boundary of highlands, and from the chill polar winds by the opposite Tasmanian Mountains, possesses almost a tropical vegetation; but the northern districts are said more to resemble Andalusia, Naples, or Greece; and the southern and western are more peculiarly adapted for the harvests of central France and of Britain. Australia, in truth, is capable of the growth of most of the finest productions of the globe. 'If,' says the 'Melbourne Herald,' 'oranges and lemons will not flourish in Victoria, they will in New South Wales; if pine-apples, bananas, and cocoa-nuts cannot well be grown in the neighbourhood of Sydney, the three Australian colonies can be amply supplied from Moreton Bay; and similar advantages of exchange exist with regard to many other valuable products of nature.'

It is pleasing to find the people of Victoria, notwithstanding
the

the absorbing character of their pursuits, keenly alive to the attractions of nature, and intent upon the pictorial, no less than the material progress of their country. We presume a writer in the '*Argus*' gives expression to a common sentiment on this subject. 'Nothing,' he says, 'can be uglier than most of our colonial trees, so ragged in form and monotonous both as regards the character and colour of the foliage; but if we substitute for it the numerous varieties which are capable of flourishing here, the whole aspect of the country would undergo a transformation. We should combine the vivid verdure of England with the luxuriant vegetation of southern latitudes, and a land as fair as Italy would bask beneath a sky as blue and a climate more benign. The progress of the seasons would be more distinctly marked, and new charms would be conferred on each. Spring would clothe our forests with a tender green; summer expand their foliage, so as to convert the woodland coverts into cool umbrageous shelters from the heat; and autumn, "laying a fiery finger on the leaves," would impart to the landscape a richness of colour with which our eyes are unfamiliar here. The chesnut-tree would strew the ground with snow, shed from its pyramidal blossoms; and the elm, as in the days of Virgil, afford support to and receive a new grace from the clinging vine; autumnal paths would be aromatic with the odour of fallen beech and walnut leaves; and art would derive fresh inspiration, nature a periodical renovation, and British literature a new meaning, when we had surrounded ourselves with the forest trees which communicate so much both of grandeur and loveliness to the face of England.'

The exploration of the interior of Australia has not yet made much progress. The numerous expeditions penetrated as far as their means permitted, but they are now known to have been utterly inadequate. The horse will probably in future be superseded by the camel, and parties will be able to pass through the central regions with fewer difficulties to surmount than heretofore. A passage across the interior once established, roads, tramroads, and ultimately railroads will follow, and a grand trunk line will doubtless at no very distant day connect the southern with the northern coasts, and open the whole of the great unknown territory to our investigation.

One of the most unsatisfactory features in Australia is the excessive commercial speculation of which it is the field. In the early period of the gold discoveries such a spirit was inevitable and uncontrollable. No representations would have been sufficient to counteract the expectations of extravagant gains that would attend the first exportations to the land of gold. Enormous profits were made, but they were followed by enormous losses;
and

and even now when a normal state of commercial intercourse may be considered as established between England and Australia, there is, it is to be feared, much reckless speculation and miscalculated adventure. The remark applies equally to commercial firms in Australia and in England. Over-trading in and to Australia appears to be an inveterate evil. We suppose no country in the world could show such a balance sheet of insolvency as the one which we append for the province of Victoria,* and we regret to observe that time does not appear to have mitigated the evil. But there is a character of which the legitimate Australian trader has good reason to complain, namely, the exporting British manufacturer, who is justly regarded, in the colony, as a commercial nuisance. The goods sent out are generally less suited to the market than those selected by the regular importer, or by his partner or agent at home; and when the consigning manufacturer, as is too often the case, breaks down, his ruin is of course attributed to 'a failure of remittances from the colony.' The Australian banks have, to a certain extent, the power of checking the spirit of speculation in the colony, and we believe they exercise their discretion with great intelligence, and a firmness becoming their high position and character; but the incautious or unprincipled speculator at

* INSOLVENCY.

Year.	Number of Insolvents.			Liabilities as shown in Insolvents' Schedules.			Assets as shown in Insolvents' Schedules.			Deficiency.		
	Voluntary.	Compulsory.	Total.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
1842	104	10	114	212,805	1	9	148,852	0	0	68,943	1	9
1843	110	4	123	468,467	8	0	215,410	7	5	253,057	0	7
1844	43	3	46	94,097	0	4	78,881	1	8	17,212	18	8
1845	11	..	11	37,405	16	9	12,117	9	9	25,288	7	0
1846	24	2	26	127,024	15	8	5,098	3	5	121,926	11	3
1847	11	2	13	2,106	18	11	1,001	5	2	1,105	12	9
1848	21	3	24	17,452	3	8	4,068	18	2	13,383	5	6
1849	29	1	30	35,721	18	8	6,089	0	1	29,623	12	7
1850	27	9	36	32,323	18	4	17,154	9	6	15,169	8	10
1851	18	3	21	16,060	2	2	10,703	5	2	5,356	17	0
1852	6	2	8	12,856	9	4	4,274	8	2	8,881	11	0
1853	17	6	23	38,430	9	6	23,364	14	7	15,065	14	11
1854	175	29	204	974,955	9	9	758,178	9	11	216,776	19	10
1855	175	53	228	827,701	17	2	680,795	17	3	146,905	14	11
1856	65	46	111	363,663	1	4	211,337	13	5	152,265	7	10
1857	164	46	210	846,394	10	8	447,843	8	11	398,551	1	9
1858												
to												
30 Sept.	399	35	434	582,709	0	0	376,158	2	2	212,281	16	11

home

home is comparatively uncontrolled, and, unfortunately, he has it in his power not only to ruin himself, but to baffle the most careful calculations of others.

Malte-Brun, in his great geographical work, notices as a remarkable fact, that in 1816 the city of Sydney possessed a bank with a paid-up capital of 20,000*l*. There are now in Australia nine banks, Colonial and British, with a paid-up capital of 5,898,835*l*. The most singular feature presented by the bank returns of the province of Victoria is the enormous proportion which the deposits bear to the number of inhabitants, being 12*l*. 16*s*. 3*d*. per head for the whole population. Several of these banks are now paying dividends at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum; one or two, for a short time, paid dividends of forty per cent. per annum, and reimbursed their original capital to the 'fortunate shareholders' in three years. But those were the days in which the gold-digger was, as a favour, offered 2*l*. per ounce for his 'dust' at the gold-fields or at the bank counter, and which was, a few months after, sold in Threadneedle-street at the standard price. But the times have changed, and the successful digger is now importuned to accept 2*s*. per ounce *above* the standard price. How, it may be asked, can the banks do this and yet pay handsome dividends? It is believed they find it their interest to buy up all the gold at a price beyond its intrinsic value in order to prevent the merchants from making their home remittances in bullion, and thus compel them to purchase drafts at such a rate of exchange as the banks, by a mutual understanding, think proper to fix.

There is another unfavourable feature in Australian society to which we must briefly advert. It has its strikes and combinations. Agitation for objects both impracticable and unjust has found support from large masses of the people. 'Class legislation' is a cant term too often heard in England, and is generally applied with as much ignorance as injustice; but can any legislation be more intrinsically unjust than a law for the support of self-imposed idleness, and for the prohibition of further immigration? 'Monopoly' is another term of reproach in the mouths of some popular leaders at home; but we have never heard any denunciation of a monopoly of labour. In Melbourne a fierce outcry was raised against the Chinese immigration, and a combination was formed for reducing the hours of labour to eight hours, on a pretence that the exhausting nature of the climate rendered it detrimental to work for a longer time. Having obtained this object, the workmen soon discarded the hollow pretext by proposing to labour extra hours for extra payment. The presumption and injustice of the movement reached its height

height when a demand was made on the Colonial Legislature by the labouring classes for a law prohibiting all further grants of public money for immigration purposes, lest their brethren, the struggling paupers and unemployed artizans of England, should swarm over to the land of promise, and put an end to the extravagant profits which the colonists were resolved not to surrender without a struggle. We hear that an agitation has again been recently set on foot in Victoria, the 'cry' of which is—'Eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' play!'

In consequence of the enormous immigration occasioned by the attractiveness of the gold-fields, there is for the present rather a redundancy than a deficiency of labour in the Australian colonies, although the construction of railways will doubtless absorb much of the surplus; and the rapid development of every description of industry precludes the supposition that any disproportion between labour and the means of employing it can be other than a very transient state of things.

New South Wales was governed from 1828 until 1842 by a representative of the Crown, aided by a nominated Legislative Council. In the year 1842 the Legislative Council was increased by the addition of elected members to the extent of two-thirds of the whole. In 1850 the province of Victoria was separated from New South Wales, and Lord Grey introduced some slight changes in the constitution of the latter, chiefly by giving to the Legislature a greater control over the civil list, and power to alter their own Constitution, if they thought proper, by the establishment of an Upper House, either elective or nominated. South Australia has passed through much the same constitutional phases as New South Wales and Victoria. Western Australia is governed by a nominated Legislative Council. The history of this colony is one of a settlement long struggling for a bare existence. It did not possess sufficient capital to make available its natural resources, which were inconsiderable, and it had a scanty population. In 1850 immigration almost ceased, and the colony existed upon the Imperial expenditure and a very limited commerce. Under these unfavourable circumstances the settlers, as the only probable mode of emerging from their difficulties, petitioned the Home Government to make the colony a penal settlement. The request was granted; and since that period the colony has progressed, exports have increased, and the farmers obtain a ready market for their stock and produce. Although this improvement has chiefly arisen from the introduction of convicts, the statistics of crime show a remarkable absence of offences against the peace and good order of society. The new colony of Queensland, or the Moreton Bay district, is just commencing

mening its independent career, and starts with the fairest prospect of future wealth and importance. In this portion of Australia Great Britain possesses a colony that stands in the same relation to her cotton, that her colonies in the south do to her wool, manufacture. It is a country most favourably situated for the growth of almost every description of tropical produce, besides having in its southern territory some fine sheep-pastures, and its great resources will doubtless be speedily developed.

In the Constitution conferred by the Imperial Legislature on Victoria was included a power for enlarging its basis, if desired. Mr. Haines, the Prime Minister in 1857, accordingly introduced and carried through the Legislature a reform bill, the essence of which was manhood suffrage. The new law placed 160,000 names on the roll—an enormous number, certainly, in a population of 512,000 souls, showing a very large number of adult males in proportion to the whole people. Property qualification was at the same time abolished, but no person can be registered as a voter unless he can read and write. Elections are conducted by ballot. The Legislative Assembly originates all money-bills. The Assembly may be prorogued or dissolved by the Governor, but twelve months cannot intervene between the last day of one session and the first day of the next. The mass of the people in Victoria are ardent politicians, but the return in consideration and influence is not, we presume, yet sufficiently great to make a seat in the Legislature an object of supreme ambition to the successful merchant or extensive landholder. Candidates are not always to be found by constituencies, and some Members have been treated with extraordinary liberality, and received marks of extravagant appreciation. A Mr. Cameron was elected Member for the Ovens in 1855. The electors subscribed the qualification then required, in an hour, and had his horse shod with shoes of solid gold when he rode, in procession, to attend the official declaration of the poll.

That the governments which the liberality of the mother country has conferred upon these most promising and important dependencies will escape the evils inseparable from all human institutions cannot be reasonably supposed. There are questions even now unhappily open which may set class against class, interest against interest, man against man, and throw the colonies into confusion, unless they should be dealt with in a spirit of perfect fairness and liberality. The problem, how to manage the great national estate which has been made over to the country, with justice to all parties having usufructuary or proprietary rights, is yet to be solved; and the questions to which it gives rise constitute,

constitute, at the present time, the basis of almost all the political combinations that have been formed in the different provinces. Much, and, we fear, irreconcilable, difference of opinion exists as to the mode in which the land question shall be dealt with; and until that is settled, both the surface and the depths of society will be more or less agitated. If we can believe the local organs of public opinion, opposition in the Legislature is already often carried beyond the bounds of fairness and moderation. 'The opposition lose no opportunity of imparting into the debates of the Assembly the most extraneous and irritating topics.' 'If the opposition finds itself in sufficient force at the opening of Parliament a vote of no confidence will be tried. The succeeding Ministry will be at first welcomed, then tolerated, then worried, and then defeated.' The result has been that there have been four Administrations in less than three years, and the one just formed is likely to be as ephemeral as its predecessors. New South Wales is not less excited and divided in its politics. 'Amid the discordant opinions and confused clamour of a general election,' writes an able correspondent from Sydney, 'it is impossible to foresee what sort of land-law will pass—it is even doubtful whether any will be passed, and whether public opinion is yet sufficiently matured, and whether any possible Ministry can propose any bill that shall enlist the support of a majority in both Houses.*' In South Australia party spirit appears to have been carried to extremes almost incompatible with the existence of government:—

'The principle of ministerial responsibility,' (we quote from the 'Handbook for Australasia'), 'for the first time introduced into the constitution, led to the overthrow of three successive Administrations at a comparatively early period of the Session. At the inauguration of the New Constitution the old occupants of the Treasury Benches retained their seats and their offices, with Mr. B. T. Finnis as Premier. Early in August the Finnis Ministry were compelled to retire, having been defeated on almost every question of importance during their career as responsible ministers. His Excellency then sent for Mr. John Baker, a member of the Legislative Council, who associated with himself Messrs. Gwynne, Bagot, Hart, Blyth, and Milne. Mr. Baker's Ministry was sworn in on the 21st of August. On the 25th of August the New Ministry first appeared as such before the Legislature, and were met, within an hour of taking their seats, by a no-confidence notice of motion, tabled by Mr. Torrens, the Treasurer in the preceding Government. The hostile motion came on the very next day, and was carried by a majority of seventeen. Within twenty-four hours the Baker Ministry was at an end, and Mr. Torrens, the mover of the fatal resolution, was empowered to form an Administra-

* Letter from 'The Times' correspondent, Sydney, June 14.

tion. On the 1st of September Mr. Torrens' New Government was sworn in; Mr. Torrens made a more successful *début* than did Mr. Baker, but he mismanaged his position, and was overthrown in a motion by Mr. Hanson, affirming that Mr. Torrens' Government, by repealing certain regulations affecting Crown lands by proclamation, instead of by enactment, had acted in an illegal and unwarrantable manner. The assailed Ministers made a desperate defence, and their overthrow was only effected by a majority of three votes.'

The succeeding Cabinet is said to possess the elements of stability. It is impossible to read the local organs of opinion without perceiving that Australia has a crisis to go through which will severely test her principles and her patriotism. But, living in a huge glass-house ourselves, we are not in a position to throw stones at our kindred beyond the seas; and we are bound to admit that the late working of our own constitutional government does not present the bright example that we could desire for the imitation of our political offspring.

What is to be the future of this great country, which, from its size, may be justly termed the fifth continent of the earth? A century of active colonization cannot develope its resources to their fullest extent. Yet there can be no such dense populations concentrated in Australia as are found in the more civilized states of Europe, or as may be found at some distant day in America. The quality of a large proportion of the soil completely settles this point; yet tracts of inexhaustible fertility and enormous extent are known, and others will doubtless be speedily discovered. It possesses all the requisites for the highest industrial development. Its coal is abundant and accessible; its harbours are numerous, and many of them unsurpassed by any in the world. Who then shall venture to fix a limit to the progress of a people with such vast resources, in a continual course of augmentation from the great Anglo-Saxon hive of commerce and industry, engaged in pursuits capable of an almost unlimited expansion, presenting the greatest possible attractions and crowned with the highest success? And if the material grandeur of Australia is, as we believe it to be, certain, it would be treason to our race to doubt that the political and the moral will be worthy of the economical future. The best feeling exists on the part of the people of these magnificent colonies towards the land of their fathers, and the government under whose protection they have grown up to political manhood. Their attachment to England has been recently exhibited in the most gratifying manner. The munificent contributions from the Australian Provinces to the Crimean Fund proved that they were as profoundly interested in the events and consequences of the war as any inhabitant of the British Isles; and on a more recent

recent and affecting occasion they were second to none in their manifestations of sympathy and in the liberality of their remittances. 'I cannot,' wrote the Governor of South Australia in transmitting the contribution of the colony to the Indian Relief Fund, 'conclude without expressing the personal pleasure I derive from being made the medium of communicating this further proof of that loyal attachment to the British Empire which emphatically and honourably distinguishes South Australia. In no colony is the general sympathy of the community more instantly awakened by events which touch the honour or welfare of the mother country, and the handsome contribution now transmitted springs from the same feeling which had previously stirred the hearts of Her Majesty's subjects here to assert, by their resolutions and subscriptions, their inalienable birthright to be associated, even from this distance, in the glories and sufferings of British soldiers.' Similar and equally gratifying communications were received from the capitals of Victoria and New South Wales. But as relates to the great question of the future it would be impossible to use more impressive language than that of the late Secretary for the Colonies, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a speech, worthy of himself and of the subject, delivered on the occasion of the last celebration, in London, of the foundation of the Australian colonies. 'You, gentlemen of Australia,' said the brilliant orator, 'took with you from this country no bitter or angry resolutions, no associations of the reigns of the Stuarts, but, on the contrary, you carried with you the feelings of affection for a free country and for a benignant Queen, and the tie has been all the stronger because it has been more gently felt. The time may come when these new colonies of ours will be great states and nations—when they will find it easier to raise armies among them than they now find it to raise a police—when, instead of that single armed steamer for which the colony of Victoria now so nobly pays, she will have in her harbours forests of masts, and in her waters a navy of her own. It may so happen at that distant day that England may be in danger. It may so happen that the great powers of Old Europe may then rise up against the venerable parent of many commonwealths. If that day should arrive, I believe that her children will not be unmindful of the tie which binds them to the dear mother-country, and that to her rescue across the wide ocean vessels will come thick and fast, among which there will be heard but one voice—"While Australia lasts, England shall not perish."'

While the connexion subsists (and may it long subsist!) between the mother-country and the great communities which she has founded, the British flag will wave over the rich argosies that float

float the golden treasures of a richer Mexico to the commercial emporium of the world; and the whole power of Great Britain will be pledged for the protection of the country. But England cannot expect to retain for ever as dependencies colonies that have grown into populous, rich, and self-supporting commonwealths. Whenever the importance, the dignity, or the interests of the communities to which she has given birth shall demand a nominal as well as a substantial independence, it will be conceded, we doubt not, without hesitation; and whatever form the new governments which may then be established shall assume, we are persuaded they will present some of the best characteristics of the British Constitution. We can only trust that the great interests of Australia will then have become so identified with each other that its political amalgamation will be solid, enduring, and complete; and that the mighty continent may never be aptly symbolized by the great composite image which the King of Babylon saw in his troubled dreams—the head of gold representing its riches and its splendour, but the legs of iron and toes of clay, strength enfeebled by want of coherence, and power separated into democratic fragments by the violence of faction.

ART. II.—1. *Statistical Illustrations of the Past and Present State of Lancashire, and more particularly of the Hundred of Salford.* Read before the British Association at Manchester, 1842. By Henry Ashworth.

2. *Cotton: its Cultivation, Manufacture, and Uses.* A Paper read before the Society of Arts. By Henry Ashworth. London, 1858.

3. *Some Account of Lewis Paul and his Invention of the Cotton-Spinning and Carding Machines, and his Claim to the Invention, to the exclusion of John Wyatt.* Read before the Meeting of the British Association at Leeds, 1858. By Robert Cole, F.S.A.

4. *The Life and Times of Samuel Crompton, Inventor of the Spinning-Machine called the Mule.* Being the substance of two Papers read to the Members of the Bolton Mechanics' Institution. By Gilbert J. French. London, 1859.

SOUTH LANCASHIRE exhibits one of the most remarkable illustrations of the force of industrial energy to be met with in the history of the world. But a few centuries since, the district was little better than a howling wilderness. The army of the Conqueror could with difficulty penetrate its dense forests or struggle across its destructive morasses. The few inhabitants who contrived to subsist in it, retired to the wild and inaccessible country, now teeming with population, situated near the sources
of

of the Ribble and the Irwell, where in seclusion they cherished their independence. At that time the forest of Rossendale was the resort of deer, wolves, and wild boars. As late as the early part of the sixteenth century, its area of twenty-four square miles contained only eighty inhabitants, and these dwelt in booths.

For a long time Lancashire continued to be regarded by the rest of England as an almost impenetrable district, peopled by a half-savage race. Camden vaguely described it, previous to his visit in 1607, as that part of the country lying 'beyond the mountains towards the western ocean.' This traveller acknowledged that he approached the inhabitants 'with a kind of dread,' but he determined at length 'to run the hazard of the attempt,' trusting in the Divine assistance. He was favoured in his visit beyond his expectations. He succeeded in making his Survey of the county, and returned within the bounds of civilization in safety. He was even surprised to find towns within the district he had visited, of which Manchester, Preston, Bury, and Rochdale seem to have been the most important, though scarcely ranking above the condition of villages. But Salford, Oldham, Ashton, and numerous other places, now of very large population, were not even mentioned by him; and if they existed at all, it was only as obscure and insignificant hamlets. Liverpool was a mere fishing village, its principal distinction being that it was 'the most convenient and usual place for setting sail into Ireland.'

Camden's 'Survey,' however, must necessarily have been very imperfect, as the district—by nature rough, rugged, and boggy—was then absolutely without roads; and it was more difficult to reach a village twenty miles out of Manchester in any direction, than to make the journey at present from Manchester to London. Its inaccessibility long continued to render Lancashire, beyond most other districts, a safe retreat for fugitives from the law; and it is a curious fact, that about the very time that Camden was on his visit to the county, the Irish Earl of Tyrone was lurking concealed in the valley of the Roch near Heywood, at a place now within sight of numerous cotton-mills, and still known amongst the people of the neighbourhood as 'T'yerl at Throan's bed.'

Among other exiles who took refuge in Lancashire in the sixteenth century were some Flemish artizans, driven out of Belgium by the persecutions of the Duke of Alva. The political and religious bigots of the Continent have in all times been, though unintentionally, the effective promoters of the manufacturing prosperity of England. The most skilled and self-reliant men of France and Belgium were Protestants; and, when persecution raged there, many were driven forth into the wide world, carrying
with

with them nothing but their industry, their skill, and their character. England was their place of refuge, and England always gave them a cordial welcome. They formed settlements at Canterbury, Spitalfields, Norwich, Bristol, and various other localities, some even penetrating as far north as Lancashire, and settling down as spinners and weavers at Manchester and Bolton. Hence we find the making of 'cottons' an early feature of Lancashire industry. These 'cottons' were, however, but imitations in woollen of the goods known on the Continent by that name; the importation of cotton wool from the Levant having only commenced, and then in comparatively small quantity, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

But spinning had long before this time been a common domestic employment throughout the kingdom. The distaff, and afterwards the spinning-wheel, were plied in every dwelling. In country places the task of providing clothing necessarily devolved upon the matron of the household. There were few or no shops in the towns; the roads or tracks between place and place were in certain seasons barely passable; and every family was, therefore, under the necessity of relying mainly upon its own industry for its stores of food, and fuel, and clothing. The wool was purchased in a raw state, carded and spun in the house, and woven into cloth by the village weaver. In the same way stockings, shoes, and linen were all of home make. Any little articles of female finery were purchased of packmen, who travelled about the country in summer when the roads were dry, carrying their shops on their backs. In many of the remoter districts this state of things continued almost down to the end of the last century; and there are persons still living whose first shirts were spun for them by their mothers or sisters. The pleasant picture of the cottage dame employed at her spinning-wheel is now become a thing of the past. Less than eighty years have worked an extraordinary revolution in all our domestic occupations. Within that time spinning by machinery has entirely superseded spinning by hand; our young and unmarried women are now 'spinsters' only in name; hand-wheels, which before found a place in every cottage and farmhouse, have become useless, and are banished into lumber-rooms, or have been used up as firewood.

In South Lancashire, about the middle of last century, the number of persons was comparatively small who devoted themselves exclusively to artizan labour; the manufacture of clothing being for the most part regarded as subordinate to other employments. Probably the unusually stubborn and ungenial soil of the district compelled the families of the peasantry and small farmers of that county, more than any other, to resort to spinning

spinning and weaving as a means of eking out a living. Almost the only grain grown was oats. The first field of wheat raised in the district towards the end of the last century was regarded as a wonder. Oatmeal formed the staple food of the people, and the oat crop was accordingly regarded with great interest. The 'gudeman' worked at his farm-patch in summer-time, to which he added a little gardening and cow-keeping; in winter plying the handloom, and selling the produce at the nearest market-town; thus often contriving—to use the common phrase—to 'pay his rent through the eye of the shuttle.' The 'gude wife,' assisted by her children, had to pick, clean, and unravel the wool or cotton with their fingers, before it was ready for the spindle; and what yarn could not be worked up by the husband at home was sent to market and sold. Depôts for the sale of yarn gradually began to be established at Bolton and other central places, where weft was purchased at weekly periods by the weavers in small quantities; it was then woven and brought to market again, when it was sold to the buyers who came from Manchester with their packhorses to carry it away:—

'When the Manchester trade began to extend,' says Aikin,* 'the chapmen used to keep gangs of packhorses, and accompany them to the principal towns with goods in packs, which they opened and sold to shopkeepers, lodging what was unsold in small stores at the inns. The packhorses brought back sheep's wool, which was bought on the journey, and sold to the makers of worsted yarn at Manchester, or to the clothiers of Rochdale, Saddleworth, and the West Riding of Yorkshire. On the improvement of turnpike-roads, waggons were set up, and the pack-horses were discontinued; and the chapmen only rode out for orders, carrying with them patterns in their bags. It was during the forty years from 1730 to 1770 that trade was greatly pushed by the practice of sending these riders all over the kingdom to those towns which before had been supplied from the wholesale dealers in the capital places before-mentioned.'

In course of time particular towns and districts began to be distinguished for the special articles which they manufactured,—Blackburn for its 'checks' and 'greys,' and Bolton for its 'herring-bones,' 'barragons,' 'thicksets,' 'velveteens,' and such like. The distaffs of Ireland and of Germany supplied the linen warp for these goods, and the Lancashire cottage spinning-wheels the cotton weft. The articles produced were still of the commonest quality; all the finer fabrics, such as calicoes and muslins, were imported from France, Belgium, and India. The demand for the English-made articles, however, seems to have grown

* A Description of the Country from thirty to forty Miles round Manchester. By J. Aikin, M.D. London. 1793.

considerably;

considerably; and an increasing number of families came to devote themselves exclusively to the operations of manufacture. Many weavers established themselves on the outskirts of the principal towns, and looms were set up in the cottages scattered over the hill-sides and in the valleys of South Lancashire. The custom of the merchants was, to give out to these weavers a certain quantity of linen warp, together with a proportionate quantity of cotton wool, which they had to get spun into weft either by their own families or by spinners hired for the purpose. So long as the old and tedious process of throwing the shuttle by both hands alternately was employed in weaving, the productive power of the handloom kept pretty equal pace with the tedious and irksome process of spinning between the finger and thumb a single thread at a time. But this state of things was considerably altered by the invention of the Fly-shuttle, which formed the commencement of a series of inventions in spinning of the most extraordinary character, which we are now about briefly to pass in review.

John Kay was a native of Bury, in Lancashire, from which place he removed to Colchester, in Essex, then a principal centre of the cotton trade, where he carried on the business of a loom-maker. He was an ingenious person, and had already distinguished himself by numerous improvements which he had introduced in the dressing, batting, and carding of wool. He had also made several important additions to the Dutch drawboy and the inkle looms, which his father had brought over from Holland. Kay's reeds soon became celebrated all over the kingdom, and were highly appreciated by the weavers. But his principal invention was the fly-shuttle in 1733. A string and handle were so placed as to enable the weaver to work it both ways rapidly by the jerk of one hand only, by which means he could easily produce, in a given time, more than double the former quantity of cloth. The weavers of Colchester and Spitalfields resisted the introduction of the new shuttle, but it was generally adopted at Leeds, whither Kay removed, for the purpose of levying royalty under his patent. But the Yorkshire clothiers, though ready to adopt Kay's contrivance, were not willing to pay him for its use; and they formed themselves into an association called 'The Shuttle Club,' for mutual defence against the successive actions which he brought against them for openly manufacturing and selling his shuttles. The Yorkshiremen having shortly succeeded in ruining Kay by the expensive law and Chancery suits which followed, he removed from Leeds to Bury, and from that time forward they carried on their robbery of the patentee without further molestation. Notwithstanding

this bad success, Kay proceeded with his inventions. He is supposed to have devised a spinning and carding machine, as he certainly did a power-loom, which is described in the patent he took out for it in 1745, though it is not known that it was ever brought into use. It seems that one of Kay's workmen at Bury was seen at work upon the model, when an alarm spread abroad amongst the spinners that the contrivance would deprive them of their bread. A mob collected to destroy the machine, and were only prevented by the timely interference of the magistrates. At a later period, however, the people succeeded in wreaking their vengeance on 'the schemer,' as he was called. In 1753 his house was broken into, and every machine it contained was knocked to pieces. The ruined inventor, who barely escaped with his life, was conveyed to a place of safety by two of his friends, wrapped in a wool-sheet. He fled to Paris, where he died, after a few years, in great poverty, and his daughter took refuge in a convent. Robert Kay, of Bury, the brother of John, was also an inventor. He added, in 1760, the drop-box to the fly-shuttle, and thus enabled the weaver at pleasure to use any one of three shuttles, each containing a different coloured weft, without the trouble of taking them from and replacing them on the lathe.

These improvements were soon adopted in all the weaving districts, and the new power of production which was the consequence shortly displayed itself in an increasing demand for weft. It was clear that the handloom, with the fly-shuttle, had outstripped the power of the handwheel to supply yarn to keep the weavers in work. In some places half their time was spent in idly waiting for weft. If they went in search of it, they had perhaps to walk three or four miles in a morning before they could collect enough to serve them for the remainder of the day; and when a piece was required to be woven in a shorter time than usual, the promise of a new ribbon or a gown was found necessary to quicken the operations of the spinner. The Manchester merchants, who had always abundance of orders on hand, had the greatest difficulty in supplying the demand for goods. When Arthur Young was there, in 1770, he found them expressing much gratification at the high price of food, 'for then,' he says, 'the people are forced to work.'

It is a remarkable circumstance that no material change had taken place for centuries in the implements employed in spinning. The primitive spindle and distaff, and the common spinning-wheel, had undergone no improvement. These agencies were indeed found sufficient for the ordinary wants of society in its early stages. But when the communications of the country had been
opened

opened up by the formation of roads and canals, and facilities provided for the transactions of trade and commerce, a demand for manufactured fabrics of all kinds set in, which the ordinary means of production were altogether unable to supply. Hence the contrivance of a spinning-machine which should spin more threads than one at the same time, began to occupy the attention of ingenious persons at an early period of the last century. It is well known that Sir Richard Arkwright brought the invention to a successful issue about the year 1769, and that distinguished manufacturer for some time obtained almost the exclusive credit of having solved the difficult problem. It is only of late years that the prodigious extent and importance of the textile manufactures of Great Britain have caused inquiries to be made into the early history of the remarkable inventions by means of which they have been established. Mr. Guest, in his *'History of the Cotton Manufacture,'* first disputed the claim of Arkwright to be regarded as the inventor of the cotton-spinning machine, attributing the merit to one Thomas Highs, a native of Leigh, in Lancashire. Mr. Baines, in his *'History,'* maintained, that not Highs, but one John Wyatt, of Birmingham, was really entitled to the credit. It has, however, been recently ascertained that not Arkwright, nor Highs, nor Wyatt, was the inventor of the first spinning machine, but one Lewis Paul of London.

Mr. Robert Cole, F.S.A., an indefatigable collector of old manuscripts, in the course of his search for curious and 'unconsidered trifles,' found one day at a dealer in old stuffs eight sacks of waste paper, which he purchased. They proved to be the weedings of some lawyer's office, and many of the documents were more than a hundred years old. There were bonds, deeds, and a multitude of letters to and from one Lewis Paul, which evidently related to some spinning machine that Paul had invented, and the licences to work it which he had sold to various persons. Amongst the letters were several from Edward Cave, editor of the *'Gentleman's Magazine,'* Dr. James, the patentee of the celebrated *'Fever Powder,'* Warren, a bookseller at Birmingham; John Wyatt, of Birmingham, and many others. Thirteen of the letters were from Dr. Samuel Johnson; and Mr. Croker, who published them in his edition of Boswell,* pronounced the whole correspondence to be 'very obscure,' but thought it probable that 'it might be hereafter cleared up.' This expectation has since been fulfilled.

* The only edition of Boswell's *'Life of Johnson'* in which these letters are to be found is the last which Mr. Croker put forth, and which was published in 1 vol. 8vo. in 1857 and 1860.

Lewis Paul was left by his father, one Dr. Paul, under the guardianship of Lord Shaftesbury and his brother the Hon. Maurice Ashley Cooper, about the beginning of the last century. Paul married, and acquired some little property by his wife. He seems to have occupied himself a good deal with mechanical contrivances, invented a machine for pinking crapes, tam-mies, &c., and he took pupils to whom he taught the art of pinking. Amongst them was Miss Swinfen, a protégée of Dr. Johnson, afterwards Mrs. Desmoulins. In 1738 Paul took out a patent for a machine 'for the spinning of wool and cotton in a manner entirely new.' In the specification of this patent, the process described is clearly akin to that afterwards reinvented by Arkwright; the sliver 'is put betwixt a pair of rowlers,' 'which, being turned round by their motion, draws in the raw mass of wooll or cotton to be spun, in proportion to the velocity of such rowlers,' and 'a succession of other rowlers, moving proportionately faster than the rest, draw the rope, thread, or sliver, into any degree of fineness that may be required;' in addition to which 'the bobbyn, spole, or quill, upon which the thread is spun, is so contrived as to draw faster than the first rowlers give, and in such proportion as the sliver is proposed to be diminished.' There can be no doubt that these words embody the fundamental idea of all that has since been effected in spinning by machinery.

While perfecting his machine, Paul, like many other inventors, was overtaken by poverty. The expenses connected with the prosecution of his experiments and the completion of his patent swallowed up his available resources, and he skulked about from one public-house to another, under a false address, to avoid his creditors. At Birmingham, where he went to have his first machine set up—attracted thither by the superior class of workmen in that town—he borrowed money of Warren the bookseller, and of Wyatt, who worked at the erection of his machine. To the one he owed 1000*l.*, and to the other upwards of 800*l.* Warren agreed to take a licence to erect fifty spindles, and Wyatt to take the experimental machine which had been erected, in lieu of the debt due to them. Paul returned to London and endeavoured to sell more licences, in which he seems to have been tolerably successful. The fortunes which he showed might be made by the use of his wonderful device attracted several purchasers; amongst others, one Johnson, a weaver in Spitalfields; Cave, the editor of the 'Gentleman's Magazine;' and Dr. James, the patentee of the 'Fever Powder.' The Doctor especially was dazzled by the project, and writing to Warren at Birmingham, he said, 'The sight of the thing is demonstration enough: I am certain that if Paul could begin with 10,000*l.*, he must, or at least might,

might, get more money in twenty years than the city of London is worth.' Paul, however, pursued the safer policy of selling his licences, and was soon enabled to pay off all his bonds. He afterwards retired to a house at Brook Green, Kensington, where he lived in good style for many years, and died in 1759.

It does not, however, appear that Paul's machines proved commercially successful, or produced cheaper and better yarn than that made by the common spinning-wheel. In every case the attempt to work them brought their owners into difficulty. Wyatt's spinning-engine was a very humble affair. It was set up in a large warehouse 'near the Well in the Upper Priory, Birmingham:' it required only ten girls to attend to the work, and was turned by a pair of asses walking round an axis. Wyatt soon got into debt, and in two years we find him a prisoner in the Fleet. He never claimed to be more than a 'principal agent' in producing the spinning-machine. He finally consigned his spindles to a person at Northampton to whom he wrote, 'You have here-with a reversion of *old gimcracks*, and I heartily wish Mr. Yeo better success than any of his predecessors have had.' Johnson and Dr. James succeeded no better: the first had his machinery accidentally destroyed by fire, and the other got into debt, from which Dr. Johnson endeavoured, by negotiation with Paul, to release him. The concern in which Mr. Edward Cave was interested was set up at Northampton. The machinery was driven by a water-wheel, and employed about fifty pair of hands. That, too, proved a failure; and Cave's brother, Joseph, to whom the property devolved on the death of Edward in 1754, became so disheartened by its bad success, that he let it. The new owners seem to have been unable to pay their rent, as well as certain sums which were owing to Paul. Upon this Cave put in a distress, and again we find Dr. Johnson a negotiator between the parties. Paul, in 1758, obtained a renewal of his patent; but it does not appear that any further trial was made of the contrivance. This ingenious man was also the first inventor of a carding cylinder, which he patented in 1748, and which may be regarded as the original of the machines for carding now in use.

Other attempts were probably made about the same time to invent a spinning-machine, or perhaps to improve upon that of Paul; and it is supposed that the one introduced into Yorkshire by John Kay, the inventor of the fly-shuttle, was of this latter character. It is certainly remarkable that Dyer, in his poem entitled 'The Fleece,' which was published in 1750, describes such a machine as actually at work in a Yorkshire house of industry:—

'Patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious,

Sagacious, has a spiral engine formed,
Which, on a hundred spoles, a hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom.

A circular machine, of new design,
In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,
To every member of the harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,
Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.'

These machines were probably found unprofitable, and hand labour was still cheap. The workmanship too must have been very imperfect in those early days, when no highly-skilled mechanical class could be said to exist. The one-thread spinning-wheel, therefore, continued to hold its ground, and was busily plied from morn till night in thousands of cottages, though found less able than ever to keep pace with the speed of the weaver's shuttle. It does not appear that the knowledge of Paul's invention extended to Lancashire: if it did, the imperfections in the details of the machine, and its practical failure in the hands of its inventor and the others who had tried it, must have effectually precluded its introduction. Thus thirty years had elapsed from the date of his patent, and his contrivances had become all but forgotten, when certain weavers, mechanics, and other poor men of Lancashire, stimulated by the increasing difficulty of obtaining weft, entered anew upon the question of improved methods of spinning, and by dint of great ingenuity, application, and perseverance they eventually succeeded.

The contrivance of the Spinning Jenny was a memorable event in the history of manufacturing industry. Some doubt seems to exist as to the author of this important machine. As in most other cases of inventions contrived to supply any extensively felt want, many minds are found brooding over the same idea, and sometimes simultaneously arriving at nearly the same results. The production of a machine that should spin more threads than one was first accomplished by means of the jenny, which has by some been attributed to Thomas Highs, a reedmaker at Leigh, but more generally to James Hargreaves, a weaver at Stand-hill, near Blackburn. The probability is, that both were original

original inventors, pursuing their separate and independent methods, without any knowledge of each other's proceedings; and the difference between their respective jennies seems to favour this supposition.

Hargreaves was well known in his neighbourhood as a highly ingenious workman. Before he invented his jenny, he had greatly improved the stock cards which succeeded the hand cards formerly employed to clean, unravel, and arrange the fibres of the cotton previous to spinning. The cards originally used consisted of a kind of brush made of wires stuck through a sheet of leather, the wires all pointing one way at a certain angle. Hargreaves' improvement, although ingenious, was shortly superseded by the cylinder cards, which were gradually introduced throughout Lancashire. It appears that the first cylinder machine constructed after Lewis Paul's patent of 1748 was employed in Mr. Cave's mill at Northampton, and on that concern being broken up it was sold to a Leominster hat-maker to card wool for hats. In 1760 it was purchased by one Mr. Morris, a manufacturer in the neighbourhood of Wigan, and reapplied to its original purpose of carding cotton. Mr. Robert Peel, the father of the statesman, was about this time engaged in cotton-spinning at Blackburn in a comparatively small way. Having probably heard of this carding cylinder, he had one constructed in 1762, with the help of Hargreaves; and adopted, it is said, for the first time the admirable expedient of the crank and comb for releasing the sliver. By this improvement no difficulty was experienced in carding sufficient cotton for the supply of the spinners, and there was still less difficulty in working up, by the improved appliances of the weaver, all the cotton that could be spun.

The general and increasing cry throughout Lancashire continued to be for 'more weft.' While Hargreaves was brooding over this subject one day in his cottage, idle for want of weft, it is said that the accidental overturning of his wife's spinning-wheel flashed upon his mind the first idea of the spinning jenny. Lying upon its side, he observed that it continued in motion—the spindle being thrown from a horizontal into an upright position; and the thought struck him, that if a number of spindles were thus placed, side by side, several threads might easily be spun at the same time. He proceeded to work out his idea by experiments, commencing from about the year 1764; but, as he was a poor man and had to earn his living chiefly by weaving, he made but slow progress. By the year 1767, however, he had completed a spinning-frame, in one part of which he placed eight rovings in a row, and in another part eight spindles driven by hand from a horizontal wheel. By means of this frame, the spinner extended with his
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left hand the threads from the spindles to a wooden clasp which held the rovings, and, turning a wheel with his right, he was enabled to spin eight rovings at a time into yarn with considerable ease and rapidity. Such was the first rude jenny, which he is said to have named after his daughter or his wife, though it is also averred that no member of his family bore that name. Mr. Guest alleges that the machine was called after the daughter of Thomas Highs, whom he claims to have been the inventor. There can be no doubt, however, that in his own neighbourhood Hargreaves was identified with the contrivance. A mob of spinners, conceiving that their employment would be taken away if the jenny were introduced, broke into his cottage, destroyed his machine, and compelled him to fly for his life. We next find him established at Nottingham, where he assisted various persons in setting up spinning jennies; and there, too, he was assaulted and injured by a mob. He contrived to take out a patent for his jenny in 1770; but an association was formed amongst the manufacturers against him, and as it appeared that, before leaving Lancashire, he had sold jennies to customers 'to obtain clothing for his children,' he was unable to prosecute his claim for royalty, and hence lost the benefit of his invention. He became partner in a small spinning-mill at Nottingham, and contrived to earn a subsistence during the remainder of his life. At his death in 1778 the small property which he had laboriously accumulated was left to his family; but they shortly sunk into poverty. Two of his daughters were living in Manchester until within the last few years, when the late Mr. Brotherton, hearing of their condition, endeavoured to raise a subscription in their behalf; but he had great difficulty in collecting sufficient from the wealthy manufacturers of that town to preserve them from destitution.

Thomas Highs was a reed-maker of Leigh—a quiet, contemplative, and unobtrusive man, full of projects upon which he was constantly meditating. Those who remembered him described him as very studious and thoughtful, often standing for a long time together with his back to the wall, and his eyes half-closed. If disturbed, he would exhibit considerable impatience. He was deficient in that strong practical quality which enables a man to overcome difficulties—that quality for which Arkwright was so pre-eminently distinguished. Perhaps, too, he did not possess the gift of making friends and securing helpers amongst those best able to assist him. Whatever was the cause, he reaped no benefit from his inventions. He appears to have been occupied with the contrivance of a spinning-machine at Leigh, at the same time that Hargreaves was engaged upon his jenny at Blackburn.

burn. He had frequent consultations on the subject with one John Kay, a clockmaker, who lived a few doors from him; and the two were accustomed to employ themselves in Highs' garret until late at night, after their ordinary day's work was over. The first machine made by them seems to have proved a failure, for, after it had been a long time in hand, it was thrown into the yard and broken; and the neighbours laughed a good deal at the 'conjurers' disappointment. One of the wheels was wrested from the machine by a boy, who used it for a hoop, and the whole thing seemed likely to be abandoned, when Highs, who could not dismiss the subject from his mind, brought back the wreck into his garret, and, after much labour, completed his machine about the year 1766. It had six spindles placed in front, which were turned by springs from a drum revolving on a perpendicular axis. The clove, or that part of the machine which grasped the rovings, rose perpendicularly when they were drawn out and twisted, and was drawn down by the hand of the spinner, when they were copped or wound upon the spindles. It was a rude machine, but it was pretty successful; and it is then that Highs is said to have named it 'Jenny,' after his favourite daughter, who was a well-known singer in the choir at Leigh church. Shortly after the machine was completed, John Kay removed to Warrington, where he settled as a clockmaker. Highs meanwhile continued to work at his own trade, to which he added the making and selling of his spinning machines. He gradually increased the number of spindles to twenty and upwards.

Highs is also supposed by some to have re-invented the method of spinning by rollers; though it does not appear that he did more than conceive the idea of the process, which, as we have seen, had already been invented and patented by Paul some thirty years before. Highs seems to have been of a roving disposition; he removed to Manchester in 1770, and never afterwards settled long in one place. When in Manchester, he constructed what may be called a double jenny, with twenty-eight spindles on each side, turned by a drum or roller placed in the centre. On the occasion of its being publicly worked in the Exchange, the Manchester manufacturers presented Highs with a purse of two hundred guineas as a reward for his ingenuity. A few years later, in 1773, we find him at Bolton, where he was often in the society of Samuel Crompton, then spinning upon a jenny of Hargreaves' make. Returning to Manchester, he began a spinning factory with a partner, but, not succeeding, he removed to Nottingham to construct spinning-machines for some firms there. He afterwards proceeded to Kidderminster for the same purpose.

Next

Next we find him at Balbriggan, in Ireland, in 1780, engaged in making and superintending the cotton-machinery set up in Baron Hamilton's manufactory at that place. Returning to Manchester after the expiration of about a year, he occupied himself with making machinery until 1790. The later years of his life were a protracted struggle, and he died full of infirmities, only preserved from destitution by the assistance of his children. Like many other originators of useful inventions, to whom we are indebted for the luxury and ease of actual life, he left to others all the profit and benefits of his ingenuity. He died in 1803, at the age of eighty-five, and in Manchester and the neighbourhood his name is already all but forgotten.

It will be observed that a uniform want of success had hitherto attended the inventions made for the purpose of spinning by machinery. Paul's machine ruined every projector who had to do with it. Kay's improved machine never came into use, and he was mobbed and compelled to fly from Lancashire before he could bring it to completion. Hargreaves also was driven forth from his native county, and he derived little or no advantage from his contrivance. The life of Highs, as we have seen, was a succession of failures. We next come to the inventions, or rather the adaptations, of Richard Arkwright, who gave the most powerful impulse to the cotton manufacture which it had yet received. Arkwright possessed in abundance what most of the inventors who preceded him in this department of industry seem to have lacked—great force of character, indomitable courage, much worldly shrewdness, and a business faculty amounting to a genius. Yet he was originally but a poor barber, who began business in a cellar in Bolton, over which he announced upon a rude board that he gave 'a clean shave for a penny.' He carried on this business until he was thirty years of age, gradually rising from the cellar to a small shop in a passage leading to the old Millstone mill, Deansgate, and afterwards to another shop in Churchgate. One of his townsmen still preserves the lead cistern in which he washed his customers after he had shaved them. A shop is also pointed out in the town of Halifax, in Yorkshire, which he is said for a time to have occupied in the course of the numerous changes which he made from place to place in carrying on his business. To his shaving and hair-cutting he added peruke-making, and he was for several years accustomed to travel about the country collecting hair and selling wigs. One part of his business was to attend the hiring fairs frequented by young girls seeking service, for the purpose of buying their long hair to be worked up into perukes, and he is said to have been unusually expert in such negotiations. The copper-plate from which his
invoice

invoice headings were printed is still in the possession of a commercial gentleman at Manchester, and upon its margin are engraved the most grotesque representations of the wigs and perukes worn by the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the period. He also dealt in a chemical hair-dye, which acquired considerable celebrity. But he does not seem, notwithstanding his pushing habits, to have done more than earn a bare living. One gentleman, near Bolton, has informed us that his grandfather, having ordered a wig of Arkwright, was required to pay a guinea for it in advance. Before the wig could be made, Arkwright had left the town in pursuit of his spinning-machine project, on which the whole energies of his mind had become bent.

It is not known at what precise time Arkwright directed his attention to the invention of spinning by machinery, but it is probable that he only followed the example of many other ingenious poor men at that exciting period, who forsook their own calling to follow the business of a 'conjurer,' as it was popularly termed. Many broke their hearts over their schemes, whilst others found their ideas appropriated by those who were stronger and less scrupulous than themselves. Arkwright launched his little bark upon this sea of invention with the rest. He was an ingenious man, occupying much of his spare time in mechanical contrivances, having tried, among other things, to invent a perpetual-motion machine. From this the transition to a spinning-machine was easy. It is supposed that he obtained his first idea from what he heard of the proceedings of Highs at Leigh. As Arkwright married his first wife, Margaret Biggins, from Leigh, and frequently went there in the way of his business, obtaining orders for wigs through the influence of his father-in-law, who kept a public-house in the town, it is probable that he was there made acquainted with his predecessor's experiments, and also with their failure, which was the 'town's talk.' It was at that time probably that he formed his first acquaintance with John Kay, the clock-maker, who lived a few doors from Highs, and constructed the machinery for his models. Kay removed to Warrington to carry on his business; and, shortly after he had settled there, Arkwright called upon him one day in the year 1767, ostensibly for the purpose of showing him a plan of perpetual motion. After looking at it, Kay expressed his surprise that Arkwright should 'bother his head about such nonsense,' and told him that his ingenuity might be much better employed in finding out some method of spinning to supersede the common one-thread wheel. This led to some conversation respecting the various plans which had been proposed for the purpose, and Kay proceeded to communicate the result of his labours in connexion with Highs.

Arkwright

Arkwright now seems to have turned his attention more exclusively to the subject, and we shortly after find him giving up his barbering trade altogether, and devoting himself to that of 'conjurer.' He visited Kay from time to time, and eventually a model of a machine was begun under his directions; but Kay being unable to complete it, the two went to Mr. Atherton, an instrument-maker of the same place, to order the remaining parts. The poverty of Arkwright's appearance, however, was such, that Atherton declined to undertake the job; but he consented to lend Kay the help of a smith and watch-tool maker to finish the heavier parts of the machine, Kay making the clockmaker's part and instructing the workmen. The machine made, it was removed to Preston, and Mr. Smalley, a spirit-dealer in that town, was so strongly convinced of its merit, that he consented to join in the venture. Arkwright had by this time become reduced almost to his last farthing; and when a contested election took place in the town (of which he was a burgess by birth—for he was born in Preston) his clothes were so ragged, that a number of persons raised a subscription to put him in decent plight before he appeared in the poll-room, when his vote was rejected on the ground of non-residence. The spinning-machine was eventually set up for exhibition in the grammar-school of the town, and many persons went to inspect it. But ominous murmurs began to be heard rising amongst the people outside; and as Hargreaves' spinning-jenny had just been destroyed by a mob at Blackburn, Arkwright and Smalley, fearing a similar outrage at Preston, hastily took the machine to pieces, packed it up, and departed for Nottingham, accompanied by Kay as their principal workman.

The machine was as yet in a rude and impracticable shape, little better than other contemporary projects, which seemed successful while in the stage of experiment, but were found wanting when employed in practice. It was Arkwright's great merit, however, to possess the energy requisite to work out his idea, and embody his invention in a profitable working machine. The difficulties which he encountered were sufficiently disheartening. At Nottingham his friend Smalley seems to have deserted him, and Arkwright was left without money or influence. Fortunately his enthusiasm for his machine attracted the notice of some men of capital in that town, who eventually introduced him to monied partners, in the persons of Mr. Need and Mr. Jedediah Strutt. It was thus that, in 1769, he was enabled to take out his first patent for spinning cotton with rollers. It is curious to note the active march of improvement at the time, and the almost contemporaneous origin of those capital inventions which have since exercised so important an influence in the development

development of British industry. Thus we have seen that Hargreaves contrived his spinning-jenny in 1767, the same year in which Arkwright contrived his machine for spinning by rollers. Hargreaves took out his patent in 1770, and Arkwright in 1769, the same year in which Watt took out the first patent for his steam-engine. A long time, however, elapsed before Arkwright and his partners derived any pecuniary advantage from their invention. The first mill, worked by horse-power, was erected at Nottingham. The next, much larger, was put up at Cromford, in Derbyshire, and for economy's sake was driven by water. Not less than 20,000*l.* were expended by Arkwright's partners, and five years of additional labour and anxiety were undergone by himself, in experiments, alterations, and contrivances, before any remunerative results were obtained. But for his remarkable force of character, and the implicit faith which his friends had in his ability and integrity, Arkwright must have failed, as so many others had done before him, in establishing the merits of his invention.

The originality of Arkwright as an inventor has, it is true, been strongly disputed. Indeed, as we have already seen, spinning by rollers was no new idea. But the mechanical details of Arkwright's machine are so different from those of Paul, that it is probable he never saw either the plan or model of the latter. As for Highs, who is also said to have invented spinning by rollers, no one is known to have seen a model of his machine, and it is probable that the project never got beyond the experimental stage. Whether or not Arkwright invented by himself the machine which he patented, he certainly made it practicable and profitable, which no one before him had been able to do. Without great mechanical genius, he could not have effected this much. It is true he was always ready to import into his machine the devices of others, for he was remarkably quicksighted, and detected the merits of any new adaptation at a glance; nor was he at all scrupulous in availing himself of the offspring of another's brain. He was thus enabled to effect for the spinning-frame what Watt did for the steam-engine and Stephenson for the locomotive, gathering together the many scattered threads of ingenuity which already existed, and combining them into one successful whole. He possessed in addition a remarkable knowledge of character, which enabled him to select the fittest agents for carrying out his ideas. Joined to all this, he was a first-rate organizer of labour on the largest scale, was unsurpassed as a man of business, and in his own person was an unsparing worker. Everything that passed through his hands underwent improvement, as, for example, the carding cylinder as it had been invented by Paul,
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and modified by Hargreaves for Mr. Peel. In that machine the cotton was detached by women with hand cards. This was afterwards effected by the application of a roller with tin plates, like the floats of a water-wheel, which, revolving with a quick motion, scraped the cotton off the cards; but in the operation both the cotton and the cards were injured. In place of the roller with tin plates, Arkwright substituted a metal plate, toothed at the edge like a comb, which, instead of being made to revolve like the other, was moved rapidly in a perpendicular direction by a crank, and, with slight but reiterated strokes, detached the cotton from the cards in a uniform fleece. Moreover, he employed narrow fillet cards, wound round the doffing cylinder in a spiral form, and by this means a continuity of the fleece was produced, which, as it left the card, was gradually contracted by the conductor, and delivered by the rollers into the can in the form of a continued carding, called a card-end—one of the most beautiful and curious operations in the whole process of cotton-spinning.

The grand idea, however, embodied in Arkwright's patent, was the process of spinning by means of rollers. By passing the cotton between two pairs of rollers, and making the front pair revolve faster than the back ones, it might be drawn to any extent required.* This beautiful operation was precisely the same in effect as that previously performed by the spinner with the finger and thumb in drawing out and disengaging the fibres of the wool, so as to bring the thread to its proper grist, whilst it was much more equal, regular, and rapid; and it was the combination of this invention with the spindle and flyer of the common domestic spinning-wheel that formed the basis of all Arkwright's improvements. The idea was simple, and may often before have occurred to various minds; but there was the greatest difficulty in successfully working it out. He brought the process to a state of the highest efficiency, laid the foundations of his immense fortune, and initiated that vast expansion of the cotton manufacture which has so entirely changed the face of South Lancashire during the last eighty years. His first spinning-machines having been driven by water power, they came to be generally known as water spinning-frames, the yarn produced by them being called water twist. What is called the throstle-frame is only an improvement of the water-frame, both machines being the same in principle. In the throstle-frame all the rollers on either side are connected together, whereas in the other each head has a distinct set of gearing, and is driven by a

* The same principle was first applied by Arkwright in the can frame, by which the cotton-wool is drawn out by rollers revolving at different velocities, and delivered into a revolving can made in the form of a truncated cone.

separate

separate motion: hence the throstle requires considerably less power to drive it.

The general adoption of these inventions of Hargreaves, Highs, and Arkwright gave an importance to the cotton trade which it had not before possessed. The old hand-wheels were everywhere thrown aside, and large numbers of jennies and water-frames were set up and driven by water power. The principal works were erected on the falls of rivers, of which South Lancashire possesses many of considerable importance. The tract of country lying between the Ribble and the Mersey is surrounded on the east and north by high ranges of hills, from which numerous streams descend rapidly towards the level country in the west. Hundreds of mills were erected along the valleys, and the water was made to pay a tribute in power to each as it passed. The two branches of the Irwell alone gave 900 feet of fall between Bacup and Bolton, and the valley was soon fully occupied, until it became what it remains to this day, the hardest worked stream in the world. The water no sooner passes from the works of one manufacturer than it is caught up by another, and so on in succession almost to the sea. Many of the yeomen and farmers now gave up farming, and devoted themselves to manufacturing as a distinct business. Such were the Peels and the Yateses, who embarked all the capital which they could raise in this new industry, and shortly laid the foundations of great fortunes. The country squires, who occupied the fine old halls of the Elizabethan era scattered over South Lancashire, gradually disappeared. Many were bought out and removed elsewhere, and those who remained derived largely increased revenues from the additional value given to their land, the rents of which doubled and trebled within a few years. All hands were in request, either to work the spinning-machines, or to weave up the yarn into cloth, the demand for which went on increasing even faster than the supply. The old loom-shops being found insufficient for the accommodation of the artisans, every lumber-room, old barn, cart-house, and outbuilding was repaired and put in order for the purpose. When this source of accommodation was exhausted, new cottages, with loom-shops, rose up in every direction, and were immediately filled with weavers. Then more mills were built along the valleys, and more jennies and water-frames were set to work to supply them with twist. The demand increased, and production struggled to keep up with it. Numbers of new men appeared as manufacturers, many of the most successful springing directly from the artisan class. The greater part began with slender capital, but they were persons of quick views, great enterprise, and much practical sagacity. Embarked
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in a lucrative trade, on which their energies were concentrated, they made money rapidly, and often spent it grossly. As tradesmen, these early manufacturers were industrious, active, and far-sighted; as men, they were often uneducated, coarse, and sensual. The low and irregularly built farm-house, or cottage attached to the mill, disappeared, and in their stead rose large, showy, and commodious mansions, to which were transferred the manners which would perhaps have better become the more humble dwelling. But wealth gradually brought refinement and facilities for culture, and the manufacturers of the present day can exhibit specimens of as accomplished men as any other class of our commercial community.

The modern manufacturing system, the growth of which we have thus briefly sketched, was not established without considerable disturbances amongst the working classes, greatly though those classes themselves were benefited by the mechanical improvements in which it originated. Whilst the spinning-jenny and the water-frame were being introduced, increasing alarm spread abroad amongst the hand-spinners, who feared that their employment would be completely destroyed. Ominous mutterings of discontent were heard, which at length, during a period of temporary distress in 1779, broke out in machine-breaking riots. A mob rose and scoured the country for many miles round Blackburn, destroying all the jennies, carding-engines, and every machine driven by water or horses. Mr. Peel had his machinery at Alton thrown into the river, and he himself with difficulty escaped personal violence at the hands of the rioters. Many of the machine-spinners were driven from Blackburn to Manchester and other towns, and years elapsed before machine-spinning was resumed at the former place. Even the upper and middle classes in those days entertained a great dread of machinery, and they connived at, and even actually joined in, the opposition of the working classes to its extension. On some occasions the magistrates, at the head of a body of soldiers, stood quietly by watching the outrages; and they were afterwards found ready to screen the rioters from punishment. It was thought a bold thing at the time for Mr. Rasbotham, a magistrate near Bolton, to publish an address, urging that it was for the interest of the working classes themselves to encourage inventions for abridging labour. Even the clergy were warned against interference with the mob-law of the day. Among others, the minister of the parish of Mellor, a man eighty years old, felt it to be his duty, in the course of one of his forenoon sermons, to caution his parishioners against taking part in those lawless proceedings, on which his churchwarden, a respectable yeoman, rising up in the church,

church, called out in an excited voice and manner, 'Sir, it would become you better to follow your text, than to ramble away about such temporal affairs.' It was with difficulty that the cheers of the audience could be repressed. The clergyman, overwhelmed with sorrow, immediately descended from the pulpit. Instead of the diminution of employment, in a few years it was found that never had there been such a call for labour in Lancashire before. The increased production of weft enabled the manufacturers to meet the increased demand for their fabrics; and the persons formerly employed at hand-wheels and hand-cards found full employment on machine-made yarn at advanced wages. In illustration of the extraordinary prosperity of the district towards the end of last century, the following testimony of a local writer may be quoted. Dr. Wright, speaking of Manchester in 1785, said—

* In the beginning of this century it was a small, mean, dirty village; now it is a large, splendid, and clean town, containing near fifty thousand inhabitants. The country around was then sterile, contemptible, and not worth at an average five shillings an acre; now it is covered with houses, and rents from two to seven pounds, and is worth at least three pounds ten shillings at a mean proportion. The people were ignorant, indolent, ill-clothed, poorly fed, and not better housed; at this day the commonalty, and even their infants, are all bred to business, are active and industrious, and are better fed, clothed, and housed than those of almost any other part of the world.*

But the prosperity of South Lancashire was still to receive a further impulse, greater than any that had yet been given to it; and again, as in the case of Hargreaves, Highs, and Arkwright, the individual who was instrumental in effecting it belonged to the humbler ranks. We allude to Samuel Crompton's invention of the Spinning Mule, which enormously facilitated the operations of the manufacturer, and, by the superior quality of its products, shortly superseded to a great extent both Jennies and Water-Frames in all the manufacturing districts. Crompton has been more fortunate than his predecessors in an intelligent biographer, Mr. French, who has embodied in an unpretending volume not only a faithful record of the life and inventions of his hero, but a large amount of valuable information relating to the origin and progress of the cotton manufacturing system of South Lancashire.

The Crompton family belonged to the small proprietary or yeoman class, to whose enterprise and sagacity the England of

* An Address to the Members of both Houses of Parliament on the late Tax laid on Fustian and other Cotton Goods, &c. By John Wright, M.D.

this day owes so much. The father of Samuel rented a small farm at Firwood, near Bolton, of which he had formerly been the proprietor, but having sold it to an adjoining owner, he remained upon it as tenant, and the future inventor was born there on the 3rd of December, 1753. His parents combined the occupations then so usual in the county, of small farming and small manufacturing. They had grass enough for two or three cows, and sufficient oats were raised to provide the year's store of oatmeal for cakes and porridge. In winter time, and during the hours in summer not occupied in field or garden work, they eked out a living by carding, spinning, and weaving. The same employments were continued after their removal from Firwood to Hall-in-the-Wood, which is an interesting specimen of the old rural mansion before Lancashire had become manufacturing. It is Elizabethan in style, small compared with modern mansions, but commodious and snug, and shows the advancing wealth of the owners by the successive additions which have from time to time been made to its accommodation: first, the roomy kitchen or hall, with sleeping apartments above, lit by latticed windows; then the addition of a dining-hall and drawing-room, with their large oriel windows of stained glass. The situation is very fine, on a plateau once covered with timber, from which it derived its name. The little river Eagley, a tributary of the Irwell, runs deep in the valley beneath, the high land descending precipitously in some places almost to the banks of the stream. Even at this day, in spite of the long chimneys within sight, and the sky dimmed by smoke, the neighbourhood of Hall-in-the-Wood exhibits one of the best specimens of South Lancashire scenery.

The Cromptons carried on their humble business of farming and manufacturing in the old Hall for many years. On market-days at Bolton—then a mere village, literally ‘in the moors’—the father carried, in a basket hung upon his back, the week's produce of his loom, which was sold in the open street to Manchester dealers; and he bought and brought back in its stead sufficient raw cotton and Irish warp for the ensuing week's carding, spinning, and weaving. Old Crompton died while Samuel was only five years of age, and the mother was left to bring up her family of three children in the best way she could. She was industrious, stout-hearted, and prudent, like the women of her county. She was besides a religious woman, believing in the promised help of Providence. In this sure trust she went on courageously, fearing nothing. She did the farm work which her husband had done before, took his place at the treadles, and set Samuel and his two sisters, as they became older, to card
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and spin. A clever manager, her butter always fetched the top price in the market. She was even appointed overseer of the poor for her township, which brought her in a few pence yearly as percentage; and in all ways she was a most industrious, hard-working, pious woman. Nor, small though her means were, did she neglect her boy's education, but sent him to school at Bolton, where he was well trained in the common branches of education. Leaving day-school, Samuel began his working life as a weaver at Hall-in-the-Wood, but continued for some time to attend a night-school, at which he advanced himself in algebra and trigonometry.

It might naturally be expected that such a youth as Crompton, with such a mother, would aim at excellence in his productions; and he soon became known as an expert and skilful weaver. Among the articles most in demand at the time, and which fetched the highest price, were the imitations of the fine muslins imported from India, then very fashionable for ladies' wear. But the coarse handspun yarn of the country could not compete with the delicate filaments manufactured by the supple fingers of the Hindoos. The yarn produced by Hargreaves' jenny and by Arkwright's water-frame was coarse and uneven. For five years Crompton worked one of Hargreaves' jennies, but the yarn spun by it was only fit for quilting, and was even badly adapted for this purpose. Crompton used afterwards to say that 'he was plagued to death wi' mendin th' broken threads.' But as his rigid mother used to insist upon his doing a certain quantity of work every day, any shortcoming in the produce of his loom invariably subjected him to sharp reproach. To avoid the censure, as well as to secure some leisure for fiddle-making and fiddle-playing (of which he was very fond), he began to turn over in his mind the possibility of devising the means of spinning a more even thread. The result was that at about twenty-one years of age he commenced a spinning-machine. The little room is still pointed out over the Hall porch in which he prosecuted his invention, and which was called 'Crompton's conjuring-room.' There he worked during his spare hours for more than five years, devoting to his machine every minute and farthing he could command, until he at length completed it in 1779. He fortunately possessed a small stock of tools which his father had bought for the purpose of building an organ which he did not live to finish, and, above all, he found the greatest assistance in the common clasp-knife. He occasionally resorted for aid to a neighbouring 'conjurer' named Orrell, an ingenious man, who combined in himself the occupations of small farmer, carpenter, and coffin-maker; and it was this assistant who made for

Crompton the first wooden rollers employed in his spinning-machine. There was a blacksmith's smithy in the neighbourhood, where he went 'to file his bits of things.' By these humble aids he was eventually enabled to produce his mule-jenny, or Hall-i'-th'-Wood wheel (as it was first called), a machine which has given a greater impulse to textile manufactures generally, than the combined inventions of all preceding and subsequent inventors.

Crompton's attention was first called to the subject by the fact that Arkwright's roller process as well as Hargreaves' jenny process produced thread imperfectly twined, and full of soft knots. His idea was, that if he could continue the draw of the thread after it passed through the rollers, and then superadd the spinning process provided by the jenny, he might be enabled to overcome and remedy the defect. And this, in a few words, is the character of his invention, which is an ingenious cross between the water-frame and the jenny. Hence its designation of the spinning *Mule*. His first step was to adopt a single pair of rollers to elongate the rove by pressure, as in the case of wire-drawing for loom-reeds; but the result disappointing him, he next adopted a second pair of rollers placed behind the first, revolving at a slower speed, as in Arkwright's roller-beam. Crompton himself used to allege that he knew nothing of the nature of Arkwright's invention, though it had been patented and published some ten years before. He afterwards fluted his under-rollers by putting dents of brass reed-wire into them, and added other improvements. Another essential feature of his was the spindle carriage, which, by being drawn back by the spinner as the threads were delivered from the rollers in a soft state, enabled the spindles to stretch and twine them completely before encountering the stress of winding during the return of the carriage towards the rollers.

When Crompton was on the eve of completing his invention, the Blackburn mob was scouring the country breaking machinery; and, fearing lest his 'conjuring' should expose him to the perils incurred by most of the Lancashire inventors of that day, he hastily took the machine to pieces and concealed it in a garret of the old hall. On a recent examination of the roof of the chamber in which he then worked, the marks of the opening were detected in the ceiling, through which the parts were drawn into the loft above. When the alarm had subsided, they were brought from their hiding-place and again put together. Crompton now began spinning with his machine in one of the large rooms of the Hall. The superiority of his yarn soon became the subject of general remark; for, in the qualities of evenness,

evenness, fineness, and firmness, it was superior to everything of the kind which had yet been seen. For yarns of No. 40 (weighing forty hanks to the pound) he obtained 14s., and for a small quantity of No. 80 (then so fine as to be very scarce and dear) he obtained as much as 42s. a-pound. The same quality is now considered a very low number, and since the multiplication of Crompton's mules it can be produced and sold in any quantity at about 2s. the pound. He now devoted himself entirely to spinning, and gave up weaving, though the weaver at that time occupied a higher social position than the spinner; but Crompton's invention reversed the status as determined by the remunerativeness of these respective callings.

It might reasonably be inferred that the man who had thus successfully matured one of the most productive inventions of modern times must have gone step by step onward to success. The completion of his invention proved, on the contrary, the beginning of his misfortunes. For this he was himself partly to blame. He was not a man to improve an opportunity, or to take time by the forelock. He adopted no steps whatever to patent his invention, and other spinners shortly contrived to imitate his process. Great curiosity was naturally felt as to the mode by which he had succeeded in making such marvellously fine yarn, and people came to see his 'wheel' and inquire as to its mode of working. Nor does he seem at first to have imposed any limit to their curiosity. Perhaps he was gratified by the notice which his invention had attracted, and it was only when he found that unscrupulous visitors came for the purpose of copying it that he became reserved and suspicious, and for some time stood a siege within his own house. The spinners resorted to all sorts of expedients for the purpose of learning his principle. Some brought ladders and harrows, and, placing them under the window of his room, peeped in to watch him working upon his mule. Mr. French states, that 'One inquisitive adventurer is said to have ensconced himself for some days in the cockloft, where he watched Crompton at work underneath through a gimlet-hole which he had bored through the ceiling.' Among others, Arkwright, then at the height of his career of success, visited Hall-in-the-Wood to inspect the machine—curious, doubtless, to learn something of the character of the new invention which already threatened to eclipse his water-frame. But his most pertinacious visitors were his Bolton neighbours, who would not let him rest until they had ascertained the secret. Crompton asked the advice of one Mr. Pilkington as to the course he should adopt; and Mr. Pilkington, who desired to know the secret as much as other spinners, advised him,

him, 'as a friend,' not to take out a patent for protecting the invention, but to make a present of it to himself and the public! Crompton was simple-minded enough to take his 'friend's' advice, and to abandon his property to be scrambled for by the cotton-spinners. What Crompton then wanted was such a helper as Boulton had proved to Watt, and Strutt to Arkwright; but, unhappily for his own interests, he was not a man to make friends amongst the capitalists in his district. Indeed, he seems to have been very much wanting in the shrewdness and worldly wisdom which are usually prominent features in South Lancashire character. As it was, he gave his machine to the spinners on their presenting to him a document 'promising to pay to him the several sums set opposite to their names as a reward for his improvement.' From the list of subscribers appended to Mr. French's book, it appears that eighty-five firms put down their names for sums ranging from a guinea to five and sixpence, though some of them must afterwards have made several hundred thousand pounds by mule-spinning. Thus Crompton gave up the precious secret by which his much-prized yarn had been spun, and in return received about 60*l.* from the subscribers. It will scarcely be credited that some of them even refused to pay their paltry contributions when called upon by Crompton, swearing at him so dreadfully, and denouncing him as an impostor, that he never afterwards repeated his application. Such was the disgraceful manner in which this most ingenious but too confiding inventor was wheedled out of the fruits of his labour.

It was now too late to remedy the evil. Crompton had to compete with all the capitalists in the trade, who shortly beat him out of the market by means of his own invention. Though the article which he manufactured continued to obtain the highest price, his production was restricted to the work of his own hands, for he now distrusted others as much as he had before confided in them. The workmen whom he employed were spirited away by other manufacturers at higher wages, and he became tired of 'teaching green hands.' He became so discouraged and so wretched, that one day, in despair, he cut up his spinning-machines; and on another occasion he suddenly seized his axe and broke up a carding-machine which he had invented, exclaiming, 'They shall not have this too!' Even when Mr. Peel called upon him for the purpose of 'inducing him to accept a lucrative situation of trust in his establishment, and afterwards an offer of partnership,' he declined the proposal.

The firm of Peel, Yates, and Company, of Bury, were among the guinea subscribers to the fund of 60*l.* paid to Crompton on giving up his mule to the public, and when the surrender of the invention

invention had been agreed upon, Mr. Peel took with him two workmen to inspect the machine, who carried away the design with them. Crompton was afterwards accustomed to speak bitterly of this visit, and he averred that Peel had 'stolen' his invention. But Crompton had already consented to make over the invention, as well as the mule itself, to the spinners generally; and the well-known purpose of Peel's visit was to obtain an inspection of the machine, to which he was entitled as one of the subscribers. It is stated that Mr. Peel offended him on the occasion by offering a sixpence each for the mechanics who accompanied him; but this was the usual price paid by persons who came to look at the Mule. Mr. Peel, in fact, behaved with rare and exceptional generosity when he offered Crompton a partner's share in his own eminently prosperous concern. It is further said that when Crompton had removed to the retired farm-house of Oldhams, about two miles north of Bolton, Mr. Peel gave his boy half a guinea, and asked where his father worked, which was construed into a wish to master the secret of a machine which was already employed in every mill in Bolton, and had, indeed, long ceased to be any secret whatever. In justice to Mr. Peel it must be added, that the foundations of his fortune were laid, not by cotton-spinning, but by cotton-printing, in which he could not have expected to obtain much information by the inspection of Samuel Crompton's workshop.

The use of spinning-mules now rapidly spread. They were set up in old lofts, in cowhouses, in stables, and in barns hastily converted into spinning-shops. Weavers who had saved a little money bought mules, and set their families to work them. An 'out-shove' or 'lean-to' was hastily erected behind many a cottage destined before long to form the nucleus of a weaving or spinning factory. As yet the mules had been worked by the artisan's hand; but in 1792 William Kelly, manager of Mr. Dale's cotton-mills at New Lanark, in Scotland, yoked the machine to the strength of the rapid Clyde; and, shortly after, the more potent agency of Watt's steam-engine was called into requisition, by which an iron arm that never slackened or tired whirled round thousands of spindles. The construction of the mule was also improved in detail. For instance, Stones, of Norwich, substituted metal rollers, similar to those used in Arkwright's water-frame, for the rude wooden rollers first employed by Crompton. The spindle-carriage was also enlarged, so as to contain a greater number of spindles, until, in some mills, as many as 800 were contained on one wheel. The mule very soon took the lead of all the machines employed in spinning. In 1811 Crompton obtained returns from about 600 factories in England alone, and
ascertained

ascertained that there were then employed in them 4,209,570 mule spindles, 310,516 throstles, and 155,880 jennies. The preponderance of mule spindles employed has continued to the present time, and it is estimated that the increase goes on at the rate of more than a million a year. The number of these spindles now in use in Great Britain is estimated at upwards of thirty millions.

Let us now briefly inquire how it fared with the author of this invention. When Crompton in a fit of vexation cut up his spinning-machines and broke his carding-engine to pieces with an axe, he morosely subsided into his original occupation of a weaver at Oldhams, to which he added a little farming and cow-keeping. During the last year of his residence at Oldhams, he filled the humble office of overseer for the township of Sharples, after which he removed to Bolton and commenced a small manufacturing business. He was induced to make this fresh attempt to work his invention by the increase of his family, and the necessity to provide for their education and maintenance. He placed his machinery, which included two mules, over the apartments in which he lived in King-street, and carried on his operations with the assistance of his two eldest boys. Trade was very prosperous at the time amongst the muslin weavers, who constituted a sort of aristocracy among Bolton artisans, and prided themselves upon their superior standing as craftsmen. Hence they objected to the intrusion of any humbler workmen into the particular rooms of the public-houses which they frequented. They regarded their trade as that of 'a gentleman,' carried a cane, and smoked only 'churchwardens.' One of their marks of gentility was, to walk the streets with a five-pound Bank of England note ostentatiously spread out under their hatband; and they were accustomed to carry home their work in top boots and ruffled shirts, in some instances taking a coach. Four guineas a-piece of twenty-four yards was then paid for weaving sixty reed six-quarter-wide cambric muslin, with one hundred and twenty picks to the inch. There was plenty of work, even on those terms, and the weavers drove what was called 'a roaring trade.' Crompton had accordingly no difficulty in keeping his mules in full work, or in selling his superior yarn at high prices, so long as the prosperity lasted. But it was not long-lived; for repeated failures in the crops, together with the breaking out of war about the close of the century, had the effect of paralyzing the operations of trade in all parts of the country, and Crompton was then barely able to make both ends meet. In 1803 some gentlemen at Manchester, hearing of his circumstances, and believing that he had been illused, got up a subscription without his knowledge, and obtained the names of the
principal

principal mule spinners and manufacturers in the country. The object of the Messrs. Phillips and Lee, who initiated the proceeding, was to raise such a sum as should be a substantial reward for Crompton's labours, and place him and his family in comfort for life. The result was shabby in the extreme. Of those who put down their names, not one-half paid their money, and the list exhibits some of the largest firms in Manchester, existing to this day, as among the defaulters. A sum of about 400*l.* was, however, collected, which enabled Crompton to increase his little manufacturing establishment and to set up two additional mules. For some years he carried on this business with moderate success, while the stream of prosperity swept past him; many men of inferior, but more practical qualities, becoming rich, while he remained comparatively poor.

The idea of making an application to the Government of the day for a grant, in acknowledgment of the value of his invention, the benefits of which he had given over to the public, next seems to have occurred to him, and he accordingly took steps to bring the matter before Parliament. He had already, in 1807, submitted his claim to the Society of Arts; but they decided 'that its object did not come within the views of the Society.' In 1811 he instituted a statistical investigation into the extent to which his invention was employed throughout the manufacturing districts, the results of which were embodied in a memorial presented to the House of Commons. A Committee was appointed to inquire into the truth of its allegations, and they reported that 'the petitioner appears to them to be highly deserving of a national reward.' Crompton devoted much of his time when in London to addressing letters to members of Parliament, explaining the results of his invention; but it is to be feared that his habitual reserve again stood in his way. He declined making personal application to gentlemen holding high office under government, as his friends advised: 'My claims,' he replied, 'must stand or fall by their own merit.' Fine though this spirit may have been, it was not calculated to ensure success; for if a man will not throw himself with energy into his own cause, it is scarcely to be expected that others will be active when he is apathetic. The day arrived for bringing the claim before the House of Commons. The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was to propose the vote, and he was advancing through the lobby to take his place in the House, when he unhappily fell by the hand of his assassin. The incident is thus related by Mr. French:—

'On the 11th day of May (1812) Mr. Crompton was in the lobby of the House of Commons, in conversation with Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Blackburne

Blackburne upon the subject of his claim, which was about to be brought forward, when one of these gentlemen remarked, "Here comes Mr. Perceval." The group was immediately joined by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who addressed them with the remark, "You will be glad to know that we mean to propose twenty thousand pounds for Crompton; do you think that will be satisfactory?" Mr. Crompton did not hear the reply, as from motives of delicacy he left the party and walked down a short stair leading out of the lobby; but before he left it he heard a great rush of people and exclamations that Mr. Perceval had been shot, which was indeed the fact. The assassin, Bellingham, in an instant had deprived the country of a valuable minister, and Crompton lost a friend and patron at the moment of the most critical importance to his fortune. Samuel Crompton, however, did not hear the shot, though so near the scene of the tragedy, nor did he see Mr. Perceval fall. The foundation on which his reasonable hopes were built was thus again swept away.

The Ministry broke up, and a month passed before it was reconstructed. In the mean time there had been considerable rioting, machine-breaking, and distress in the manufacturing districts; a heavy war loan had to be raised, and the times were by no means favourable for the prosecution of Crompton's claims. Nevertheless, he again had the subject brought forward, for his wants had become imminent. Amongst other communications addressed by him to persons of influence, was one to Mr. Secretary Peel, communicating the views which his father, Sir Robert, entertained of the value of his invention:—

'If Sir Robert,' said he, 'has left any direction with you or any one else to guide themselves by, it is more than I know, but I am confident, if he was here, there would be nothing wanting that was in his power to do to secure and enforce it when it comes before the House. Sir Robert told Mr. Perceval, when he (Sir Robert), Lord Stanley, Mr. Blackburne, Mr. Horrocks, Mr. A. Houston, and myself waited upon him at his office, that the remuneration of 10,000*l.* which Dr. Cartwright had received three years since for his machine in the weaving line, was never of the value of one shilling to the country, and never would be, and that if he (Sir Robert) had been on the Committee, he never would have consented to grant him a shilling. Mr. Perceval said, "Then I wish you had been on the Committee." Sir Robert replied, "The Doctor took care I should not;" and he added, "Samuel Crompton's machine has been of more than twenty millions sterling value to the nation."

Notwithstanding this testimony, and the fact, proved before the Committee, that the invention contributed 300,000*l.* per annum to the public revenue, through the duty on the cotton wool imported to be spun upon his machine, the only reward voted him was a grant of 5000*l.* The amount fell so much short of the sum which Crompton had expected, and was so manifestly inadequate

when

when compared with the grants made for improvements of far less value to the nation, that he at first hesitated whether he should accept it, and characterised it as 'a mere mockery of a reward.' But he had incurred large expenses in travelling over the kingdom to obtain his statistics, and during this time he had neglected his business and incurred many debts. His necessities therefore compelled him to take the grant, which speedily disappeared. He joined his sons in establishing bleach-works at Over Darwen, which did not prove successful, though large fortunes were about the same time made by bleachers in Bolton and the neighbourhood. He continued to carry on his former spinning and weaving concern, to which he added dealing in cotton, but this too failed. His sons left him, and he worked at his primitive trade without assistance. As old age crept on, he became less and less fitted for business, and at length he sunk into poverty. An attempt was made in 1825 to obtain from Parliament a second and more adequate grant for his invention, but the proposition was rejected; and towards the later years of his life he subsisted principally upon an annuity of 63*l.*, which was purchased for him with a subscription raised among his friends at Bolton and Manchester.

To the close of his life Mr. Crompton was regarded with much interest in his town and neighbourhood. He was visited by many foreigners, some of whom tempted him by attractive offers to carry his mechanical ingenuity into foreign service, but even in his most desponding moods, when conceiving himself to be neglected by his own country, these proposals failed to move him. Once, when Mr. Bramah, the greatest mechanical genius of his day, was in Bolton on business, about the year 1817, the Messrs. Ainsworth offered to show him anything in their neighbourhood that he might desire to see, on which he observed, 'There is nothing in Lancashire that I care to see but Mr. Crompton: I should like to visit him.' Mr. Bazley, now M.P. for Manchester, then a clerk at the desk, acted as guide, and a short interview took place between the two inventors. Crompton was usually very shy of strangers. On one occasion Mr. Kennedy of Manchester carried a foreign Count to his house, when Crompton took refuge in his bed. He was suspicious of the neighbours who came about him, and feared that their purpose was to steal his ideas. The morbid state of his mind is shown by the following passage in one of his letters:—'I am hunted and watched with as much never-ceasing care as if I was the most notorious villain that ever disgraced the human form; and I do affirm that if I were to go to a smithy to get a common nail made, if opportunity offered to the bystanders, they would examine it most minutely to see if it was anything *but* a nail.' When he attended

attended the Manchester market to sell his yarns, if any rough-and-ready manufacturer offered less than the price he asked, Crompton would wrap up his samples, put them into his pocket, and walk away. On other occasions he would return home without even attempting to transact business, because he observed himself to be pointed out to strangers as a remarkable man. When at Glasgow collecting information as to the extent to which his mule had been adopted, the spinners and manufacturers paid him every attention, and desired to receive him at a complimentary dinner, but 'rather than *face up*,' he said, 'I first hid myself, and then fairly bolted from the city.' Like James Watt, he was often in a mood to 'curse his inventions,' which he thought had brought him only sorrow. This extreme sensitiveness seems to have amounted to a disease, assuming the form of belief in spiritual appearances—an indication of a thoroughly unsound state of mental as well as bodily health. But 'the creaking gate hangs long on its hinges,' and Samuel Crompton, though his life had been full of sorrow and disappointment, survived until the year 1827, when he died at the age of seventy-four. Mr. French says truly—

'The life of Samuel Crompton presents a subject for serious reflection by working men. Holding up much for their encouragement, there is also in it much of warning, as it demonstrates that natural ability of the highest order, even when supported by education, industry, sobriety, and frugality, does not exonerate any man from the duty of acquiring a knowledge of his fellow-men, and of learning how to deal with them in the business of life. His practical disregard of this knowledge was the stumbling-block that impeded every action of Samuel Crompton's life. Had he studied human nature with one tithe of the persevering skill and energy with which he devoted himself to his mechanical pursuits, his name would have ranked now among the highest in the nation, and his posterity among the wealthiest of its commercial aristocracy.'

The inventions of Paul, Highs, Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton, were none of them complete; they were but so many steps in advance, and the ingenuity of the next generation took up the work at the point at which their predecessors had left it, and carried it steadily onward. This continuous improvement was powerfully stimulated by the demand for English manufactures which set in from all parts of the world. Not only did production rapidly increase, but the quality of the articles produced was improved, whilst prices were greatly lowered. If it be true that the bent of civilization is to make good things cheap, and that the power of a nation depends in a great measure upon the usefulness and the multitude of its productions, then our
inventors

inventors have proved themselves amongst the most effective of civilizers. Crompton's mule itself underwent great improvements in detail, but he would not admit that any fresh principle had been discovered. When an old man he one day went over the large cotton-factory of Mr. Ashworth at Turton, near Bolton, and, pointing to a mule containing several hundred spindles, he said, 'I do not find a single principle there that did not exist in my first Hall-i'-th'-Wood wheel;' though by the adoption of superior mechanism his original ideas had become so metamorphosed that at first sight he scarcely recognised them. Every part of the mule had been rendered more perfect in finish, in form, and in adaptation, so that the machine could be driven at a greatly increased speed. The facilities of manufacturing had thus been so greatly multiplied, and the cost so much reduced, that the yarns which Crompton sold for two guineas a-pound could now be bought for about two shillings. The raw material could with difficulty be supplied in sufficient quantity. At one time, in the year 1801, the entire stock of American cotton in Liverpool had become reduced to *one bag*! The production of yarn, moreover, outran the means which existed in the country for working it up, and it began to be exported in large quantities to foreign countries where labour was much cheaper than at home. The consequence was, that cotton fabrics of various kinds, woven by foreign artisans out of English made yarn, were reimported in large quantities into England; and it was even feared that the foreign weavers would before long drive the English weavers entirely out of the market. To work up the yarn, therefore, by English machinery became the next great problem to be solved, or the English manufacturers must have bid farewell to an important department of their foreign trade.

This subject was at an early period brought under the notice of the Rev. Dr. Cartwright when residing with his family at Buxton. Some Manchester gentlemen were discussing at a public table, in the year 1784, the probable results of Arkwright's new spinning process. One gentleman pointed out the possible evil that it might occasion, not only to the cottagers, many of whom obtained the principal part of their subsistence by the use of the hand-wheel, but also to the small farmers, who had been enabled during the winter months to eke out their living by means of the handloom. It was asked, since machinery had succeeded so wonderfully when applied to spinning, why should it not equally be applied to weaving? This suggestion made such an impression on the mind of Dr. Cartwright that he could think of nothing else. Arrived at his home in Nottingham, he put his turning-lathe in order, and, with the assistance of a mechanic named Joseph Taylor,

Taylor, after long study and many failures, he at length completed the invention of his power-loom. He spent a fortune of about 30,000*l.* in fruitless attempts to apply it to practice, for which he was partly compensated by a public grant of 10,000*l.* paid to him several years after his patent right had expired. It must, however, be confessed that Cartwright's loom proved of little service, and was of value principally as a starting-point for other inventors. Dr. Jeffray, Professor of Anatomy at Glasgow, was scarcely more successful in his invention, which was brought out in the same year (1787) as that of Cartwright. It was not until the machine had been taken in hand by actual mechanics and weavers that any satisfactory progress was made. Considerable improvements were effected by Mr. Miller, of Milton Printfield, near Glasgow, and by Mr. Horrocks, of Stockport; but it must be admitted that the essential changes in the loom which led to its successful adoption are involved in great obscurity. The names of many clever mechanics who contributed to advance it, step by step through failure and disappointment, have long been forgotten. Some broke their hearts over their projects when apparently on the eve of success. No one was more indefatigable in his endeavours to overcome the difficulties of the contrivance than William Radcliffe, a manufacturer at Mellor, near Manchester, whose invention of the dressing-machine was an important step in advance. With the assistance of an ingenious young weaver in his employment, named Johnson, he also brought out the dandy-loom, which effects almost all that can be done for the handloom as to motion. Radcliffe was not, however, successful as a manufacturer; he exhausted his means in experiments, of which his contemporaries or successors were to derive the benefit; and, after expending immense labour and a considerable fortune in his improvements, he died in poverty at Manchester only a few years ago. The adoption of steam-heated cylinders (the plan of some unknown inventor) for drying the yarn after dressing—of the sizing apparatus, devised by Mr. Holroyd, of Colne—and various improvements successively effected by Mr. Horrocks and Mr. Marsland (Stockport), and other persons—gradually brought the system of power-loom weaving to an extraordinary state of efficiency. England, instead of importing, was shortly enabled not only to export large quantities of fabrics woven by English power-looms, but at the same time to increase enormously its exports of all descriptions of yarn. Thus, for the year ending the 31st December, 1858, the exports of calicoes, cambrics, muslins, and other descriptions of manufactured cottons, were of the declared value of 33,421,843*l.*, and of cotton twist and yarn 9,579,479*l.* sterling; the same preponderance being maintained in the proportions of
linen

linen and woollen fabrics exported, as compared with linen and woollen yarns.

When steam-looms were introduced, a further impulse was given to power-loom weaving. The early manufactories were greatly enlarged, or abandoned altogether, and in their stead large buildings were erected, better lighted and ventilated, and in all respects more comfortable and healthy for those employed in them. Cleanliness was attended to, iron was introduced into the machinery instead of wood, more open spaces were obtained, machinery was 'boxed off,' and the risk of accidents reduced to a minimum. Various improvements were adopted for cleaning the cotton, such as the 'willow' and the 'scutcher,' by which it is contrived that every particle of dust is blown out of the mill by a special shaft. Mechanical invention has never been allowed to stand still. The lower rates of wages which prevail upon the Continent, together with the much longer hours of labour of foreign factory workers, are advantages which the English manufacturers are only enabled to overcome by the superior excellence and speed of their machinery; for if they cease to be first in all these respects, they must inevitably fall behind in the race. Thus stimulated, the enterprising manufacturers of the north have been prompt to adopt every invention calculated to improve and accelerate production; and in this they have been admirably supported by the skill of our artisans and the perfection of our tools, which enable machines of every kind to be multiplied with marvellous precision and rapidity. England may now be regarded as the very workshop of the world; engines, tools, and machinery being themselves among its staple manufactures. The rapidity with which productive power is manufactured in Lancashire may be inferred from this single fact, that the Messrs. Platt, Brothers, of Oldham, alone turn out about 500,000 mule spindles yearly, which are partly sold to spinners in England, and partly exported to foreign countries. Indeed the manufacturing of machines has become almost as important a branch of trade in such towns as Manchester and Leeds, as the manufacture of cotton and woollen themselves. Thus in September, 1858, there were in Manchester and Salford not fewer than 103 machine-making establishments at work—the number of cotton-mills at the same time being 116. The same rapid growth of the machine-making business has taken place at Glasgow and other manufacturing towns; and it is becoming increasingly apparent that the ingenuity of our inventors, combined with the skill and energy of our mechanics, afford the best guarantee, as they are the most solid foundation, of our commercial supremacy.

Among

Among the recent inventions which have grown out of Crompton's mule, the most remarkable is that contrived by Richard Roberts, of Manchester, originally a working man, who in 1825 patented his self-acting mule. By means of this machine spinning-wheels, each bearing hundreds of spindles, run themselves out and in by automatic machinery, requiring the labour of only a few boys or girls to watch them and piece the broken threads. But so rapid is the march of invention, that Roberts's mule has already, to a great extent, been superseded by the improved machines of other makers. It must also be admitted that we owe something to foreign inventors, amongst others to the mechanics of the United States, where the scarcity of artisans has operated as a stimulus to the invention of labour-saving machines. But by far the most beautiful contrivance introduced in cotton-spinning of late years is the production of a Frenchman, by name Josué Heilmann. He was a native of Mulhausen, the principal seat of the cotton-manufacture in Alsace; and having acquired a property worth about 20,000*l.*, principally by marriage, he was regarded as a rich man in his neighbourhood. The cotton manufacturers of Mulhausen having offered a prize of 5000 francs for a combing-machine—the ordinary carding-machine being found insufficient for the preparation of cotton wool for spinning the finer sorts of yarn, besides involving considerable waste—Heilmann proceeded to compete for the reward. At the same time he occupied himself with other inventions, such as an embroidering-machine and a velvet-pile cutting-machine, both of which he perfected before his combing-machine, which long baffled him. Many years passed, and the expenses in which he became involved were so great, that he was at length reduced to poverty. He had expended his fortune of 20,000*l.* in trying to secure the offered prize of 5000 francs, and he seemed as far from making his discovery as ever. His wife died while he was still struggling with his difficulties; and at this stage in his career he came over to England with his son, and settled down at Manchester. While there he found friends to advance him money, with which he went on with the contrivance of his combing-machine. He had a model constructed for him by Sharp, Roberts, and Co., but still he could not make it succeed, and he was ready to give up the struggle in despair. He returned again to France to visit his friends, still pursuing his idea, which had obtained complete possession of his mind. One evening, when pondering over the subject at his hearth, as his daughters were sitting combing their long hair, and drawing it out at full length between their fingers, the thought suddenly struck him, that if he could successfully imitate in a machine the process of combing out the longest hair, and forcing back the short by
reversing

reversing the action of the comb, it might serve to extricate him from his difficulty. Upon this idea he proceeded; introduced the apparently simple but really most intricate process of machine-combing; and, after several years' further labour, perfected his invention. Its singular beauty can only be appreciated by an inspection of the machine at work, when the analogy between the process which it performs and that of combing the hair, which suggested it, will readily be detected. It combs the lock of cotton at both ends, places the fibres of the cotton exactly parallel with each other, separates the long from the short fibres, and unites the long fibres in one sliver and the short ones in another. The principal commercial value of the invention consists in its rendering the commoner sorts of cotton available for purposes of fine spinning. An equal quality of yarn can now be produced out of cotton-wool 6*d.* per lb. cheaper than that formerly used. The invention was quickly appreciated by the Manchester spinners, Mr. Bazley being, we believe, the first to adopt it. Six firms united and purchased the patent for cotton for the sum of 30,000*l.*; the wool-spinners gave the same sum for the privilege of applying it to wool; and the Marshalls, of Leeds, paid 20,000*l.* for using it upon flax. Thus wealth suddenly flowed in upon poor Heilmann at last. But he did not live to enjoy it. Scarcely had his long labours been crowned by success when he died; and his son, who had shared all his privations, shortly followed him. Yarn of the finest quality is no longer produced as an exceptional article. Mr. Bazley exports what is called No. 240 yarn in large quantities, for the use of the finest foreign muslin manufactures. Of the fineness of this thread some idea may be formed when we state that 240 hanks, each 840 yards in length, are spun from a single pound weight of cotton, or a total length of above 114 miles! But this does not by any means exhaust the capabilities of English machinery; for at the Great Exhibition of 1851, specimens of yarn spun at Bolton were exhibited so fine as No. 700, or equal to 334 miles in length, spun from one pound of material! Worked up into the finer kinds of lace, the original shilling's-worth of cotton-wool before it passes into the hands of the consumer may have been increased to the value of between 300*l.* and 400*l.*!

It is not necessary that we should do more than glance at the extraordinary increase of population and wealth which has followed close upon the steps of these remarkable inventions. Furnishing a ready means of employment for men, women, and children, who easily acquired expertness in the simple process of machine-spinning and weaving, the manufacturing districts were

for many years the resort of the unemployed from all parts of the United Kingdom. In the course of a century the population of Manchester increased ten-fold. That city now contains about double the number of inhabitants which occupied the entire county of Lancaster in 1750. Within an area of thirty miles round Manchester, it is estimated that the population exceeds that of the like area round St. Paul's. Old farm-houses and hamlets have become the centres of large towns, whilst villages have assumed the dimensions of cities. The extraordinary growth of population in places altogether inadequate for their accommodation, at first led to overcrowding, ill-conditioned living, and many social evils, which experience has done much to correct. Communities expanded with such rapidity that they speedily outgrew the provisions made for education, police, and local government, which, however well adapted for thinly-peopled localities and a comparatively primitive state of society, were found altogether unsuited to the requirements of dense masses who were principally bound to their employers by the tie of weekly wages. A rapid improvement has of late years taken place. An expansion of their civic institutions has in many quarters been effected adequate to their growing wants; a better spirit has begun to manifest itself amongst employers as well as employed; and educational and religious agencies are now in full work. There are factory communities in Lancashire and Yorkshire which might be cited as models as regards the conduct of the artisans, their observance of the duties of life, and all that constitutes good citizenship. That there are others still widely different, victims of social neglect, improvidence, and ignorance, is greatly to be lamented; but we must hope that these will not long lag behind. Much depends upon the example of the employers, and the moral supervision which they exercise in their respective establishments. We believe that there is a rapidly-increasing number who regard their workpeople as something better than so many 'hands,' and feel that there are higher objects in life than to spin an even thread, or to open out new markets for the products of their looms and jennies. When masters exercise the high functions which belong to them in the enlightened and kindly spirit which many of the best of them now display, it will be found that the aggregation of workpeople, which has heretofore been regarded as a source of mischief, will become an equally powerful instrumentality for good. The ninety thousand Sunday-school children assembled before the Queen in the Peel Park at Manchester in 1851, was only one of the many indications which might be mentioned of the beneficial influence which has taken place in these great centres of our manufacturing population.

One of the remarkable results of the cotton manufacture has been the creation of Liverpool, which, from an obscure fishing village, has grown up into one of the largest ports in the world. In 1858 the registered tonnage of Liverpool was 4,441,943 tons, and the dues paid amounted to 347,899*l*. The increase in the imports of cotton affords a measure of the increase in the wealth, trade, and population of Lancashire generally. In 1758 the total imports of cotton wool into all England, principally from the Levant and the West Indies, did not amount to more than three millions of pounds weight, the principal portion of the cotton thus imported being consumed as candlewicks. In 1858, just one century later, the quantity imported, principally into Liverpool, was upwards of a thousand millions of pounds. Two-fifths of this vast quantity was from the United States, though, in 1770, the entire imports from that country were only three bags from New York, four from Virginia and Maryland, and three barrels from North Carolina. It is obvious from these facts that the cotton manufacture is not without its perils. Principally depending, as it does, for the supply of its raw material upon the slave labour of the American Republic—a country whose leading public men have frequently sought, of late years, to make political capital by trying to pick a quarrel with England,—looking also at the concentration of large masses of highly-paid artisans upon a branch of productive industry which has no root either in the soil of England or in her own colonies,—we think it must be admitted that it contains elements of danger, which, under certain circumstances, would assume quite an appalling aspect. In the contingency, again, of a war with either America or France, unless England could secure, by means of her maritime police, the safe transit by sea of the raw cotton inwards, and the manufactured fabrics outwards, a state of things would suddenly be developed throughout the cotton manufacturing districts which the mind shudders to contemplate. It will be admitted also, that the almost unlimited means of production which the remarkable inventions we have described place at the command of manufacturing capitalists, leads to frequent over-manufacturing, gluts, and commercial crises.

‘The entire failure of a cotton crop,’ says Mr. Ashworth, ‘should it ever occur, would utterly destroy, and perhaps for ever, all the manufacturing prosperity we possess; or, should the growth in any one year be only one million instead of three millions of bales, the manufacturing and trading classes would find themselves involved in losses which, in many cases, would amount to irretrievable ruin—millions of our countrymen would become deprived of employment and food—and, as a consequence, the misfortune would involve this country

in a series of calamities, politically, socially, and commercially, such as cannot be contemplated without anxiety and dismay.'

These considerations strongly point to the necessity of encouraging the growth of cotton in the British colonies—in India, Australia, and Africa—that we may escape the perils which seem to attach to our relying so exclusively for our supply, as we do at present, upon the products of American slavery.

It is, however, unquestionable that up to this time the cotton-manufacture has been a source of great national wealth and power to England. Mr. Porter has said, 'it is to the spinning-jenny and the steam-engine that we must look as having been the true moving power of our fleets and armies, and the chief support also of a long-continued agricultural prosperity.' The gigantic efforts put forth by England during the last great continental war could not have been made but for the taxes levied upon manufactures and manufacturing incomes. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the depletion suffered during that great crisis of our history, our population and our wealth continued to increase at a rate that had never before been exceeded or even equalled. Property of all kinds rose in value; and land, which was formerly comparatively worthless, and grew only reeds and rushes, sold at almost incredible prices. A few weeks since we stood upon an estate of about 100 acres, which was purchased less than two centuries since for 120*l*. At its last valuation it was set down as worth 10,000*l*. Mr. Ashworth estimates that in the course of 150 years the lands in Lancashire which are chiefly agricultural have advanced in value 3500 per cent., whilst those occupied by manufactures and commerce have advanced 7000 per cent., or twice as much. Figures can give but a faint idea of the present actual value of the cotton-manufacture as a branch of British industry; but we will mention that the total value of the cotton-manufactures exported and retained for home use amounts to about sixty-six millions yearly, and, deducting the value of the raw cotton, which is about twenty-six millions, there remains in the country an annual sum of above forty millions sterling, which is distributed amongst the workpeople as wages, amongst the manufacturers as profits, and amongst the various other branches of industry which mainly depend upon it for their existence.

But the most valuable property of the land of Lancashire consists in the Men who live upon it, and give it its worth. An old writer speaks of them as characterised by plainness and downrightness, to which must be added shrewdness and sagacity in the business of life. They are for the most part very self-reliant and intensely practical. To strangers they often seem unsensitive, rough, and uncouth; but though the arts of refinement and the graces of behaviour

behaviour can never be neglected without injury, those who know them the best hold that their 'hearts are in the right places.' They are exceedingly tenacious and persevering in business. 'The Lancashire working classes,' says Bamford, 'from which most of the employing class have risen, are the most intelligent of any in the island, or in the world; the Scotch workers are the only ones who approach them in intelligence. From the loom they will bring out anything that has ever been worked in Europe; in mechanics they are nowhere surpassed; and in mining they take rank with the best. They probably turn out a greater amount of work than any other equal number of people under the sun.' Such are the men who have converted the barren wilds and bleak moors of South Lancashire, within little more than a century, into one of the richest districts of England; and who, by their skill, invention, and persevering industry, have established the branch of manufacture we have thus summarily described, the magnitude and importance of which is, beyond all question, the most extraordinary phenomenon in the history of industry.

- ART. III.—1. *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan in the years 1857, '58, '59.* By Laurence Oliphant, Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. 2 vols. London, 1859.
2. *The Chinese and their Rebellions.* By Thomas T. Meadows. London, 1856.
3. *Translations of Chinese Papers, &c.* By Thomas Wade, Chinese Secretary of Embassy.
4. *China: a General Description of that Empire and its Inhabitants, with the History of Foreign Intercourse down to the Events which produced the Dissolution of 1857.* By Sir John F. Davis, Bart., late H.M. Minister Plenipotentiary in China. *New Edition*, revised and enlarged. Woodcuts. 2 vols.

IT would be a great boon to the reading public and to those directly interested in the present condition of the Chinese Empire, if some one thoroughly conversant with the subject, and yet free from the taint of orientalism, would cull what was best from the many works which have from time to time appeared upon the history, civilization, and commerce of the 'Flowery Land,' and give the information to the world in a condensed shape. The only book of the kind which at present exists is the 'China' of Sir John Davis, and excellent as it is, much additional matter might be gleaned from recent authorities. It is a misfortune, common to many Eastern countries, that those who are best calculated to enlighten us are often men who have

have lived amongst Asiatics until they have become imbued with their ways of thinking. This is especially the case with the Consuls and Linguists, or Sinologues, of all European nations represented amongst the foreign community of China. They are obliged as mere youths to commence learning a language which has been truly defined by Mr. Wingrove Cooke as 'the most intricate, cumbrous, and unwieldy vehicle of thought that ever obtained among any people;' it takes them a lifetime to acquire it; and we believe that up to this moment no European has yet been found who could, unassisted by Chinese scholars, sit down and write an official letter in classical language. After years of patient application the student may hope to be able to speak one, or possibly two, of the eighteen dialects; and, aided by Natives, he may hereafter translate Chinese writings, and aspire eventually to compose despatches, which may or may not be comprehensible to the Chinese officials. These future linguists generally leave home too young to know much of Europe, and go to Hongkong, where they are brought up in a groove, and will probably die in it. Hardly any two of them agree in their estimate of the Chinese character or government; and Père Huc, Dr. Williams, and Mr. Meadows—representatives of three distinct nations—differ in the spelling and pronunciation of nearly every other Chinese word which we find in their books. They even disagree in simple matters of fact. However, *faute de mieux*, the writings of all of them are valuable, though from no single work would it be possible to form a correct estimate of China or the Chinese. The book of Mr. Meadows is the production of a highly educated gentleman, whose brain is somewhat be-fogged with German mysticism; and in a royal octavo volume of 655 pages he gives much interesting information, though it is unhappily buried amongst a mass of erroneous conclusions and learned *nothingnesses*. His succinct account of the political administration of China is decidedly the best that has yet been given. He writes as if he thoroughly understood its working, and yet, such is his delight at the homogeneity of the race, that he fails to see that that very system of competitive literary examination, which he declares to have *alone* brought about so desirable an end, has likewise brought the empire to a perfect standstill. The unity is destitute of vigour, and *a third* of the human race has been reduced to a state in which they are devoid of faith, honour, or chivalry. Blind to these miserable deficiencies, and careful only to observe the industry and patient long-suffering of his favourite people, Mr. Meadows prefers the cumbrous machinery of Chinese rule to those forms of government which Europeans have adopted, and, in many a long page of special pleading, advocates

advocates a system of competitive examination as the real panacea for all evils. Being himself a clever man, he no doubt believes that, were offices in England disposed of upon this principle, the humble vice-consul at Ningpo would be sitting in Downing-street, while some that are there at present would be transferred to his unenviable post; but some better proof of the value of competitive examinations should be adduced, than the present rotten state of a great empire which has steadily adhered to the plan through ten centuries.

We do not agree with Mr. Meadows and other writers in thinking that the unity of the Chinese race is worthy to be emulated by other nations. Nevertheless this homogeneousness of character and institutions with 360 millions of men spread over a region as large as Europe (exclusive of Russia), is a very singular fact, and one worthy of remark. Mr. Meadows accounts for it all by his peculiar principle; and as a specimen of the manner in which his judgment is warped by his hobby of competitive examinations, we give the following extract:—

‘People have talked—somebody talked first and others keep on talking after him—about the Chinese nation being the same because it has been separated from other nations by barriers of physical geography, by mountains and rivers, while the nations of Europe have been kept different by being separated from each other by similar barriers. Why, China Proper, a Europe in extent, contains in itself rivers to which the Rhine is but a “burnie,” and has in it, and crossing it, mountain chains that may vie with the Alps and the Pyrenees in impassability: how is it then that the people in China on opposite banks of these rivers, and on opposite sides of these mountains, are the same in language, manners, and institutions, and are united under one government, while in Europe the mountains and rivers separate people in all these very qualities into quite distinct nations? The Chinese are one in spite of physical barriers—it is mind, O western materialistic observers! which has produced homogeneity by overstepping matter, and not matter which has secured homogeneity by obstructing mind.’—p. 39.

Thus he rejects as worthless the physical and physiological causes which hold good in producing effects in every other quarter of the globe. He forgets, for instance, that the Jews, a still more ancient people, have preserved their characteristics, language, and faith in spite of far more trying causes than have ever affected the Chinese. He forgets, too, that though China be wide, and though rivers and mountains do exist upon its broad surface, to which the Rhine is as a burn and the Cheviots mere molehills, yet that, except from the north, the sea on the one hand, and the impassable tableau of Thibet and terrible jungles of Cumbodgia upon the other, most effectually secured the

the unity of the Sinetic race. If the sword of the conqueror has swept over China, it should be remembered that it has ever been in the hand of the old race, those northern nomadic tribes from which the Chinese nation originally sprang. All, however, in the opinion of Mr. Meadows, must be traced to those competitive examinations, by which the son of the swineherd might aspire to be prime minister.

The condition of the Chinese would alone go far to prove the necessity of a Divine Revelation for the guidance of man. We see in their creed and practice the stand-point to which intellect can lead us, unaided by the light of the Bible. They are a melancholy specimen of the civilization produced by mere letters and arts unilluminated by the truth that there is one God, our Creator and Judge. Industrious and fond of letters, the Chinaman is at the same time conceited, sensual, devoid of truth and generosity. His education has only taught him a morality of the lips, not of the heart, and he has a stolid indifference to all real religious feeling. He has no faith here, no hope hereafter. We have much to impart to this singular race, little to learn from them. The problem of how the change is to be effected is now in course of solution, and China, we fear, will be no exception to the general law that disorganization must precede reconstruction.

The appearance of the Chinese race upon the eastern seaboard of Asia dates, according to their statements, from a period long prior to the deluge. Dr. Wells Williams, formerly an American missionary, now Secretary of Legation in China, and author of a very valuable work, '*The Middle Kingdom*,' believes that the Chinese first established themselves in the province of Kansoo, on the northern frontier of China Proper, somewhere about 303 years after the Flood—a tolerable antiquity, but one which the Chinese scholar would scorn to accept for his nation. Of this, however, we may be assured, that it is folly to talk of the Chinese being derived from a Mongol or Mantchoo stock, for they were a people long before Mongol or Mantchoo were terms significative of different races. It is enough for us to know that from the highlands of Central Asia, long anterior to the history of any European nation, a host descended into the great Eastern plain washed by the Pacific Ocean. Throughout long centuries of sore labour, trial, and affliction, these emigrants colonised this portion of the world. They became an industrious and agricultural people, such as we find them at this day. There were dynastic changes; but they arose from fresh waves of human life rolling in upon them, by the same routes which they had themselves travelled when journeying from the cradle of the human race. If their latest conqueror was rough, warlike, and illiterate, so had they been
once,

once; and what they now were, he soon became. The climate, the products of its soil, the innate industry and peaceful energy of the parent race, the total absence of all alien races, the physical barriers between China and other nations, occasioned all who lived within its borders to labour and think alike; and, as if still more to ensure the unity, they constructed a language so complicated that no one but a native could ever hope to master it.

China Proper may be described as the eastern slope of the table-lands of Central Asia. Upon that slope, which commences in Thibet and ends in the Pacific Ocean, a great square must be imagined, every side of which is nearly 1800 miles long—a distance equal to that from the Orkney Isles to Gibraltar. This area will contain nearly three million square miles of surface, and it was inhabited at the last census, A.D. 1812, by 361 millions of souls. The northern boundary of this square lies in 45° N. lat., where the climate is as severe as at St. Petersburg, and the reindeer is seen, whilst the southern edge of the square is in 18° S. lat., where the heat rivals that of Bengal, and the elephant is indigenous. Within the limits of this great area every production is found which is necessary for the comfort and luxury of man—sugar, tea, cotton, silk, and wheat. The population is not equally spread over the whole territory; but if a dark line be drawn from west to east across the centre of China, and then be described as extending north and south along the seaboard, it will indicate where the population is densest. Towards the north-west and south-west the thinning out of the people is very marked.

China is divided by alternation of climate and products, as well as mountains and rivers, into three zones. The Northern Zone, comprising five provinces (Shantung, Pecheli, Shansi, Shensi, and Kansoo), is subject to great extremes of heat and cold, and produces cereals, pulse, fruits, and animals, such as are found in Northern Europe, and abounds in wood and minerals.

The Southern Zone likewise contains five provinces (Yunan, Quang-tung, Quang-si, Fou-kien, and Che-kiang); most of its products are tropical, and the exchange of these for those of the Northern Zone forms the most important feature of Chinese native commerce.

The Central Zone, the true heart of China, consists of seven provinces (Stz-chuen, Kwei-chow, Hunan, Hu-peh, Kiangse, Ngan-whuy, and Honan). This zone yields nearly all that tea and silk which are the characteristic products of China.

It is essential that we should endeavour to form a correct estimate of the size of this vast country. Take *eighteen* Great Britains (each with twenty millions of inhabitants), arrange them in a square, and imagine that square only accessible upon one side, that of the sea, and

and we shall have an idea how gigantic is the empire we have to deal with. The very passiveness of the people adds to the difficulty of the task. If we were to harry with a fleet or army one compartment, all the other seventeen Great Britains would go on digging and delving, and smile at our attempts to mould such ancients to our will. The administrative arrangements are of that nature, that the government of each province, or in some cases a pair of provinces, are entirely independent of the rest, but in direct communication with the Court. This system contributes materially to the security and cohesion of the empire, and these subdivisions are the most serious impediments in the path of the conqueror or rebel, unless he succeeds in capturing the capital. The grand centre upon which everything turns is the Emperor, the vicegerent of heaven, whose will is law. Such is the theory, but its practice involves the paradox, that rebellion will follow if the Emperor fail to regulate his will by the laws of the realm. These laws date back for twenty centuries, and have been amended from time to time; they are the charter of the Chinaman, and a revised edition of them appears every five years. The Emperor is aided by two councils, his organs of communication with the body politic. The Privy Council consists of six high officials, three of them Chinese, the other three are at present Manchous: under these six ministers there are ten assistants. A portion of these sixteen are absent in succession in the provinces, and the four seniors present fulfil duties analogous to those of a prime minister in England. All that concerns the empire, from the highest appointment and most important charge, down to petty police cases, are brought to the notice of the Emperor through this Cabinet.

The second, or General Council, sometimes called the Strategic Council, is filled by imperial nominees chosen from the most influential men of the empire. All acts of the Emperor, all orders, reports, and ample extracts from papers, or petitions laid before him in council, as well as his decisions, are faithfully published for the information of the nation at large, and form what is known as the 'Peking Gazette.' Subordinate to Emperor and Council, there are six Yamuns in the capital, which are synonymous with our public offices. The Board of Public Education forms a very important part of the machinery of Government in China. Over and above all is the 'Censorate,' whose business it is, by reproof and censure, to 'cause all officers to be diligent in their duties, and to render the government of the empire stable.'

Such is the Imperial Central Government, and in every province there is a repetition of the same thing on a lower scale. At each provincial capital an Imperial delegate or governor
resides.

resides. He is usually chosen for his literary attainments, and must come from another province than the one in which he holds office. He alone has a right to correspond directly with his Imperial master: he has the power of life and death in his hands for most capital offences; he is commander-in-chief, as well as at the head of the civil jurisdiction; but he is kept in check by a general, treasurer, judge, and educational examiner, who, besides communicating with him, report to their respective bureaus in Peking. Each province works as a perfect part, which cannot be affected by any temporary derangement of an adjoining one, or even the change of a dynasty. In some cases, especially since the Taeping Rebellion,⁷ two adjoining provinces, such as Quang-tung and Quang-si, or Hunan and Hupeh, have been raised into vice-royalties, and a viceroy placed over the two governors, but no attempt is made to fuse the administrative arrangements into one government. In every province there is an admirable territorial subdivision into districts, departments, and circuits. A Chinese district is about the size of one of our counties; each of the eighteen provinces contains on an average about eighty such counties; and to every county a certain number of bachelor's degrees are granted every three years, after due examination. All the bachelors of each province, who have carried off this honour, are again examined triennially in the *provincial* capital by two examiners, sent from the Educational Board in Peking. On an average, seventy pass in each province for the degree of licentiate; and sometimes as many as 10,000 bachelors compete at these triennial examinations. The licentiates may proceed to Peking, and there undergo a final examination for the degree of doctor, to which about one-sixth of the candidates are said to attain. The doctor may be certain of an official appointment at an early date; the licentiate may expect a post at the end of a few years; but the bachelor has no right to look forward to either office or emolument. His title is purely honorary. Thus, out of the 360 millions of Chinese over whom the Emperor rules, his Board of Public Education is supposed to winnow out every three years about 1200 licentiates, and from these to select 200 doctors wherewith to fill up the vacancies in all the judicial and civil offices. The whole corps of officials are brought up in one great school, examined by one fixed standard of attainment, moulded from youth upwards to believe and know just what their forefathers did, and no more. This it is which produces the homogeneity of the Chinese official mind, and creates a machine which we feel far more inclined to pity, as a sad perversion of the terms 'intellect' and 'education,' than to desire to see imitated in other countries.

In the long history of the Chinese people, it seems but a day
since

since they came in direct contact with western civilisation. Whilst the Egyptian, Assyrian, Jewish, Greek, and Roman Empires flourished and passed away, China was only heard of by an oft-interrupted overland traffic through Tartary or Hindostan. The Mahomedans, half merchants, half warriors, reached the southern frontier in their frail vessels, and gave, in their records, the first certain account, in A.D. 850, of the civilisation and wealth of this singular people. That glimpse of the Flowery Land was a fleeting one, for we soon read of the awful massacre of all foreigners (120,000 in number) engaged in traffic at Canton, or Canfu; and again China for nigh 400 years was only known to those nations living east of the Indian Sea. It was Marco Polo who, in the middle of the 13th century, re-discovered this remote and in the then state of navigation almost inaccessible country. His report awoke the curiosity and the cupidity of Western Europe. Columbus and Bernal Diaz strove to lead Spain and Portugal to the possession (for in those days to discover was to acquire) of this wonderful Cathay and yet more wonderful Cipanga. It was well for China and Japan that the wealth of the Americas and the Indies served to stay the appetite of the Catholic robbers under Cortez, Pizzaro, and Albuquerque, and that the struggle for the participation in her riches should have been deferred until the present day.

The Spaniards and Portuguese were, however, the cause of the suspicious hostility of the Chinese to foreigners of all nations. The Portuguese, between 1520 and 1570, succeeded by piracy and profligate conduct in totally changing the feelings of the sea-board Chinese from cordial hospitality to deep-seated hatred and mistrust. The Spaniards, after the establishment of Manilla, treated the Chinese merchants and settlers with such brutal harshness that the government of Canton in retaliation adopted an analogous system in their dealings with the western foreigners who visited their ports. The Dutch and English, following on the wake of the Spaniards and Portuguese, suffered for these foregone misdeeds, and, as circumstances suited, either resented it with harshness or pocketed the ill-treatment for the sake of the pelf. Yet in a country so vast as China it is more than likely that the contempt and mistrust of the foreigner which pervades the population would hardly have become generally disseminated but for the conduct of the Roman Catholic missionaries between the years 1600 and 1720. They were at first received kindly. Mateo Ricci and his Jesuit brethren were most successful, not only in making converts to Christianity, but in impressing the Emperor and the officials of China with the superiority of their attainments. The Jesuits forbore to enter at once into direct
hostility

hostility with the teachings of Confucius and Mencius. They admitted as a civil rite the reverence paid to the tombs of ancestors, and to the representation of the Emperor, acts which are typical of filial duty and obedience, and are the foundation of all Chinese authority. The successors of the first missionaries denounced their brethren for thus yielding to expediency, and fulminated a Popish bull against such heretical proceedings. The Emperor, knowing no God, and ruling over millions of theoretical atheists, claimed to be the only person from whom all human happiness flowed, and, full of wrath at the invasion of his supposed rights, he swept out the religion of Christ from the wide-spread provinces of China. Thus the first attempt made by the Chinese to depart from the wisdom of their ancestors, who had laid down as an axiom that nothing but evil could arise from communication with foreigners, resulted in misery and bloodshed, and the barriers between China and the *barbarous* nations were made more impassable than ever. In our day there has been another awakening of the Chinese intellect to the teachings imported from the West, and again it has brought terrible affliction upon a peace-loving people. This trouble has been the Taeping rebellion, which had its origin in the first effect of Protestant teaching upon the minds of the literati of the province of Quang-tung. Of this terrible scourge, which has swept devastation over the fairest portions of the empire, and wrought the ruin of millions, Mr. Meadows treats at some length, and his remarks are well worthy of perusal; though we do not think he has condemned in sufficiently strong terms a horde of banditti, who, under the mask of religion, are guilty of every atrocity.

Unhappily for the people, who only desired to live as their forefathers had done, the valuable products of China became articles of common necessity in every British and American household; the restricted mercantile operations of the East India Company were not sufficient to supply the wants of the home-markets; monopoly gave way to free-trade, and Downing Street instead of Leadenhall held itself responsible after 1833 for the state of our relations with the Chinese empire. Wise men shook their heads, and foretold that 'war with China, with wide-spread individual ruin, would ensue sooner or later.' Any one who knew the manner in which trade with China had been carried on might safely infer that when Government stepped in, as the representative of our national dignity, conceited mandarins and haughty Englishmen would soon come to blows. Without officially informing the Chinese rulers of the purposed change in our policy, we abruptly appointed officers with instructions to carry out the new judicial and fiscal arrangements. From 1833

1833 to 1839 there was almost an incessant squabble between mandarins and English officials, and at last, in the fall of the latter year, the Chinese assumed the aggressive under the pretext of suppressing the opium trade. A war followed which extended over nearly two years, and the court of Peking awoke to the magnitude of its foreign relations when called upon to pay seven millions sterling for having insulted the majesty of Britain. It saw when too late how, under the mask of trade, western nations had in point of fact inveigled it into political intercourse. A powerful fleet at Nankin, and the Grand Canal in our hands, the Emperor and his councillors were fain to submit; but the hatred they must have entertained towards those who had inflicted the humiliation can only be understood by persons acquainted with the Asiatic character. They conceded a treaty it is true, but never lost an opportunity of evading its clauses. This line of conduct opened a fine field for the energy of English officials of all classes, and it became their constant duty to try and enforce every stipulation, however distasteful. Whenever success crowned their efforts, our Government rewarded them, without always inquiring into the morality of the means by which the end was attained. Whilst this constant bickering was going on between the British and Chinese authorities, rendering another rupture imminent, the trade with China was assuming gigantic proportions, and made our administration at home extremely desirous of avoiding a collision which would endanger so profitable a source of revenue.

It is at this epoch that the 'Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission,' by Mr. Laurence Oliphant, opens. By the aid of his agreeable volumes we are enabled to understand the garbled and disjointed Blue-books which have, from time to time, appeared since 1857, and to judge of the difficulties which beset one of the most important missions Great Britain ever sent forth to the East. After a concise and able review of the squabble between Mr. Commissioner Yeh and Sir John Bowring upon the lorchas question, and dwelling upon the indecisive measures taken by our Governor and Admiral, Mr. Oliphant says:—

'Yeh's power to resist even this trifling demand was now proved beyond a doubt. Our inability to enforce it had been no less unmistakably manifested: nevertheless another letter to Yeh was despatched on the 27th (November, 1856), by the Admiral, who thus alludes to it: "I concurred in opinion with Sir John Bowring, that this was a fitting opportunity for requiring the fulfilment of long evaded treaty obligations, and I therefore, in addition to the original demands, instructed Mr. Parkes to make the following communication." These additional demands involved the right for all foreign representatives of free access to the authorities and city of Canton. Hitherto the point at issue had been one simply of principle, and turned upon the right
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of the Chinese government to seize a lorch under certain conditions. It is just possible that even this stubborn functionary may have had his doubts on the subject, and been disposed to purchase peace and quietness at the price of so immaterial a concession. But now any momentary weakness, if it ever existed, was passed for ever. A grave question of policy had been raised—an old and much vexed one, in the successful battling of which his predecessors had covered themselves with glory.

Yeh's answer was a flat refusal, and a determination which he adhered to, at the cost of his rank and life, not to submit to such a request, introduced under the pretence of a grievance upon the lorch question. The Chinaman's obstinacy triumphed. Our executive entirely failed in their coercive measures, we eventually retreated from Canton, Yeh was rewarded by his master, the populace of Canton raised triumphal arches to his honour, British military and naval prestige was seriously damaged, England had to send out an Ambassador and a strong force to retrieve her credit, and as her representatives had opened questions which had much better have lain dormant, our Government was induced to declare that the old Treaty must be revised, and armed negotiations were entered upon, of which we have not nearly seen the end. Mr. Oliphant then tells us how the military force intended for China was suddenly diverted to Hindostan to aid in saving our Indian empire—a step for which Lord Elgin has never received a due amount of praise, and in which his promptitude and public spirit were conspicuous.

Our Ambassador found himself at Hongkong in July 1857, without a force to support his representations, and without his brother Ambassador, Baron Gros, the representative of France. Though then a novice in Asiatic diplomacy, the Earl of Elgin seems to have been aware that reason and argument go for little in the East when not backed by great guns and bayonets. Instead of entering into a useless correspondence with Governor-General Yeh, he made sail for Calcutta to give Lord Canning the benefit of his moral support, and the aid, if he should need it, of the crews and guns of Her Majesty's ships 'Shannon' and 'Pearl.' The Ambassador returned to China in September in a hired merchant-steamer; and the gunboat flotilla, escorted by Her Majesty's ship 'Furious,' with a battalion of marines in the 'Assistance' and 'Adventure,' having meantime arrived, negotiations were opened which resulted in hostilities. Mr. Oliphant's account of the capture of Canton adds no feature to the accounts we already possess in the charmingly graphic work on 'China in 1857-58,' by Mr. Wingrove Cooke, nor does he enter into the question of the permanent occupation of that odorous city, an
occupation

occupation which threatens to place us in the position of the man of small income who suddenly found himself the possessor of an elephant, for it will be a constant source of expense and trouble without a single compensating advantage. Of the policy which Lord Elgin adopted, after the fall of Canton, when sufficient time had elapsed to show that its capture was not likely to lead to any friendly advances from the Court of Peking, we have an account in the following extract:—

‘As it had never been the policy of England to attempt to monopolise those (*commercial*) advantages, and as a united pressure might more probably extort, without recourse to arms, those demands which the four nations were preferring in common, the time seemed to have come, in the opinion of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, to invite the co-operation of the neutral powers (*Russia and America*). The plan of operations which Lord Elgin had proposed for himself, in the prosecution of his policy, was, to proceed in the first instance to Shanghai, and to invite a properly accredited minister to meet him there, for the settlement of all questions in dispute between the two countries. Shanghai being at a considerable distance from the capital, and being, moreover, the place where the relations between foreigners and Chinese were of the most friendly character, Lord Elgin considered this proposal the most conciliatory which it was in his power to make. In the event of his not being so met, his intention was to push northwards without delay, for the purpose of approaching Peking as nearly as was practicable, with gunboats of the lightest draught. This scheme he had already discussed with Count Poutiatine, whose local knowledge was of great assistance (see Blue-book, 14th November, 1857, the Earl of Elgin to the Earl of Clarendon), in which his Excellency says: “Count Poutiatine was very decided in the expression of his opinion that nothing could be done with the Chinese government unless pressure were brought to bear upon Peking itself; and that the use of vessels drawing so little water that they could navigate the Peiho would be the best means of making such pressure effective. . . . In furtherance of these views, Lord Elgin shortly afterwards addressed a communication to the Admiral, requesting him to despatch the lightest draught gun-boats to the north, for the purpose of “bringing pressure to bear at some point near the capital.”* Meantime, in answer to communications addressed to Mr. Reed and Count Poutiatine, those gentlemen at once cordially accepted the invitation to unite with France and England in the projected expedition to the north, and, either at Shanghai or at a point nearer the capital, press their common demands jointly on the Cabinet of Peking.’

In the middle of February 1858, the notes of the Representatives of the four Powers, England, France, America, and Russia, to the Court of Peking, were despatched to Shanghai, and from thence they were to be forwarded to the capital. Mr. Oliphant,

* Blue-book, the Earl of Elgin to Admiral Seymour, 2nd March, 1858.

in whose charge Lord Elgin had placed his letter, succeeded in visiting Soo-chow, the provincial capital of the province in which Shanghai is situated, and, thanks to the kind offices of Messrs. Meadows and Lay as interpreters, he saw and heard much in that Capua of China, which he narrates with his usual felicity of expression. He bears ample testimony to the civilisation and agricultural industry of the dwellers upon the great central region of the Flowery Land. He was struck, as all Europeans have been, with the ceaseless commercial activity which covers every canal, river, and lake of China with countless sails; and he notices the absence of police and military to enforce law and order amongst the numberless labourers and travellers who thronged the villages, dotted the fields, and crowded the watery highways of that eastern Holland. He awards the palm of Chinese beauty to the ladies of Soo-chow, agreeing in this particular with the natives, who declare, that 'to be happy on earth one must be born in Soo-chow, live in Canton, and die in Lianchan'—Soo-chow being famed for the personal beauty of its women, Canton for its luxury, or rather debauchery, and Lianchan for producing the best wood for coffins! The description of the interview with Chaou, the Governor of the Province of Kiangsi, is so characteristic that we must transcribe it—premising that this same Governor is a potentate who, with despotic powers delegated from the Emperor, rules over thirty-eight millions of Chinese, and the richest portion of the empire.

'This Governor himself took a seat to our right, which, in this land of ceremonies, was considered an additional compliment, inasmuch as the further you are to the left of your host the more highly honoured is your position. Then follows an elaborate interchange of compliments, when the visitor resigns himself entirely to the good offices of the interpreter, who in all probability throws them into somewhat the following shape:—

'English gentleman, who has never seen his Chinese host before, expresses his pleasure at meeting him.

'*Interpreter*.—"His Excellency has long looked forward to this day."

'*Chinese Dignitary*.—"I meet him now as an old friend, and request to know his honourable age."

'*Int*.—"His Excellency has profitlessly passed — years."

'*Chin. Dig*.—"The ears of his Excellency are long, and betoken great ability."

'*Int*.—"Ah! oh! He is unworthy of the compliment."

'*Chin. Dig*.—"You have had an arduous journey?"

'*Int*.—"We deserved it."

'*Chin. Dig*.—"I trust your honourable health is good."

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'*Int*.—

'*Int.*—"Relying on your happy auspices, his Excellency's health is still robust."

'*Int.*—"The Great Emperor of your honourable nation, is he well?"

'*Chin. Dig.*—"He is well. The Great Sovereign of your honourable nation, is she well?"

'*Int.*—"She is well. Do the troublesome pests (rebels) still infest the country?"

'*Chin. Dig.*—"The insects are being speedily exterminated."

'Such, I have little doubt, was the tone of conversation which Mr. Meadows and Chaou kept up for a few minutes, until we went on to inform his Excellency that we were the bearers of notes for the Prime Minister Yu, from the four Powers, which were of the utmost importance, and which, we trusted, he would lose no time in forwarding, as delay in their transmission might seriously compromise the interests of the Empire. The covering despatch to himself he opened and read, a crowd of attendants collecting round him and making themselves acquainted with its contents over his shoulder. As we desired that the whole proceeding should be invested with as much publicity as possible, this mode of conducting business, though rather unusual in western diplomacy, was quite in accordance with our wishes.

'We were now conducted to a recess, and invited to partake of an extensive display of fruits, pastry, and preserves, first, however, being invited to uncover our heads by our host, who says—"Will you elevate the cap?" On which he is answered,—"We are behaving in a scandalously outrageous manner, forgive our crime;" by which we mean elegantly to apologise for the liberty we are taking in sitting down bareheaded. Then we engage in general conversation, in the course of which Chaou makes sundry inquiries as to the condition of Canton, wishes to know whether we are going to kill Yeh, and when the Ambassadors are coming north. He also, in true Chinese style, indulges in a little quiet irony at the expense of us all, though ostensibly directed at our worthy consul, Mr. Robertson, who, he says, must be glad of having such a good opportunity of seeing the celebrated city of Soo-chow; but Mr. Robertson protests that Chaou himself is the only sight worth looking at. Certainly a man who is governor of a province containing thirty-eight millions of inhabitants, with a power of life and death, is not an everyday individual, and yet he is only the subordinate of the Governor-General of the Two Kiangs, who, in his turn, is a responsible officer. Chaou was the best specimen of a Chinese gentleman I had yet seen in China: nothing could be more dignified or courteous than his manner, and this at a time when a most disagreeable commission had been confided to him. But a Chinaman has wonderful command of feature; he generally looks most pleased when he has least reason to be so, and maintains an expression of imperturbable politeness and amiability when he is secretly regretting devoutly that he cannot bastinado you to death. On this occasion our accomplished host overwhelmed us with civilities, constructed pyramids of delicacies on our plates, and insisted on our drinking

drinking a quantity of hot wine, obliging us to turn over our glasses each time as a security against heeltaps.

'Chaou's yamun was a far handsomer residence than any similar official abode at Canton. The interior was invested with an air of comfort unusual in China, the walls nicely papered, and the floor carpeted. The whole establishment had been recently put into good order, and was altogether a fit residence for so elevated a functionary. At last we "begged to take our leave," and began violently to "tsing-tsing," a ceremony which consists in clapping your hands before your breast, and making a crouching baboon-like gesture. It is the equivalent of shaking hands, only one shakes one's own hands instead of another person's, which may or not have its advantages: in China the custom of the country is the preferable one. This is followed by a scene very like that which occurs on similar occasions among ourselves. Our host insists upon following us to our chairs. We remonstrate—"Stop, stop, stop, we are unworthy," say we. "What language is this?" he replies. "We really are unworthy" we reiterate. "You are in my house" he insists; and so we back to our chairs, perpetually imploring him not to trouble himself by accompanying us, which he vehemently resists, until at last, when we are in our chairs, he reluctantly consents to return, apologising to the last for being so rude as to leave us even then. It is just possible that, under the circumstances, his satisfaction at getting quit of us had as much to do with this "empressement" as his sense of politeness.'

This was the first official entry of a foreigner into Soo-chow, and, as a successful precedent, it was likely hereafter materially to facilitate the future communications of our consular authorities at Shanghai with the rulers of the province. Pending the reply to the letter, our author, as well as the Ambassador, were employed acquiring information concerning the accessible ports of China lying between Canton and Shanghai. The Earl of Elgin, prior to the escalade of Canton, had embarked on board H.M.S. 'Furious,' commanded by Captain Sherard Osborn, which became the floating house of the British Embassy in China. In this vessel the Ambassador was conveyed, in March, 1858, along the coast of the Flowery Empire. Every nook likely hereafter to be of importance for foreign commerce was visited, and much information gleaned, of the highest utility for the framing a new commercial treaty. Mr. Oliphant in the mean time visited the city of Ningpo, already pretty well known to Englishmen. He gives us a charming peep into the lovely mountain scenery which lies adjacent to that city, and, as a specimen of his descriptive powers, we give the following account of a trip to the 'Snowy Valley':—

'The valley now began to narrow, and the hills, with an elevation of from 1200 to 1500 feet, to disclose rocky gorges and narrow valleys, where

where strips of wood and pine forest clothed the steep sides, and the navigation of the river, except for rafts of bamboo, had ceased altogether. Then we brace ourselves for the climb, and discarding our light mountain-chairs, we left them to follow, contented that they should form a picturesque feature of the procession as it wound up the steep, rocky paths. Our way led through young pine woods, the smaller branches of which had been lopped for firewood, and passed along the precipitous side of the hill in which it had been scarped. When we had attained an elevation of about 1000 feet, and looked back from a projecting spur in the range, a beautiful panoramic view met the eye. The valley we had traversed in the morning, dotted with scattered villages, and divided by the river winding away to the horizon like a silver thread, lay at our feet, while on our right pendulous woods of bamboo covered the steep slopes of the mountain: planted with perfect regularity, their feathery plumes, of varied hues and exquisite grace of form, waved gently in the breeze. Taking a last look at this lovely scene, we reached in a few steps the summit of the pass, and, crossing it, found ourselves in an amphitheatre surrounded by partially wooded hills, in the midst of which the most prominent object was the group of quaint, gabled, upturned-cornered houses, which formed the "Temple of the Snowy Crevice;"—this was to be our resting-place for the night. Here we were received by sundry Bonzes, in black or grey serge, with shaven crowns, who were dispensing, at the charge of a few "cash," yellow tickets for the celestial regions, to groups of female devotees, of whom we had already passed many on the hill-side, helping themselves along upon their little feet, so ill adapted to the mountains, by means of stout staves. A number of them, with ruddy countenances, by no means uncomely, and whose neat attire and comfortable embonpoint gave evidence of a domestic condition of ease and independence, knelt upon small circular mats or hassocks, and prostrated themselves before a row of gods and goddesses, the largest of which, in the centre, was about twenty-five feet in height. Huge black images, with ferocious countenances and drawn swords, guarded the sanctity of the temple; and near them was a handsome bell, where the officiating priest kept up a low monotonous chant, and tapped a little bell as the signal for genuflexion or prostration on the part of the congregation, who were in the mean time burning little pieces of yellow paper, lighting joss-sticks, or telling their rosaries. In another hall a number of persons were employed in manufacturing bamboo mats. We were compelled to pass through these holy places on our way to our bedroom, which was in a range of buildings at the back.

'As we had yet a few hours of daylight, we procured at the temple a guide by name Kim-bau, who should be immortalised in the first handbook which Mr. Murray publishes of these regions. He had been initiated into the mysteries of cicerone-ship by Mr. Meadows, and, although innocent of any language but his mother tongue, had learned his lesson, and took us to every point of view with scrupulous precision. First, we went to the Maou-kao-tae, where a priest's little
house

house is built upon a projecting ledge of rock that overhangs a precipice 1000 feet high by aneroid measurement, to the edge of which we crept cautiously and looked over broad fertile valleys intersected by rivers, which met lovingly and flowed away to water distant fields. The hill-sides were terraced with rice and other cultivation, in some places to their summits; at others the high lands were wooded, and strips of forest marked the course of impetuous torrents tumbling into the glistening streams beneath. A town lay peacefully sleeping in the midst of the principal valley, and tiny figures could be distinguished working in the fields, or following the winding paths. The scenery altogether reminded me of the Mahabuleshwar Hills, where, however, the precipices are higher. From here we scrambled along the edge of the precipice for a few hundred yards, until we reached the waterfall called the "Thousand-fathom Precipice," where Kim-bau showed us the special pine-tree, to which, as conscientious sight-seers, it was our duty to cling and crane over till we could see the pool beneath, and the rush of waters and the dizzy height made our brains spin. The waterfall itself is only 400 feet in height, but the stream tumbles and leaps down the valley after it has left the pool for at least as many hundred feet more, before it becomes a quiet well-conducted river. We descended by steep slippery paths through pine-woods and groves of bamboo to the foot of the fall, and at a distance of thirty yards from the fall were drenched with the spray. From this point the scene was in the highest degree sublime and impressive: before us a smooth wall of precipitous rock, from four to five hundred feet high, intersected by a white line of foam, extended in the form of a semicircle on each side. Five hundred feet below lay the green valley shut in by the lofty range beyond.—vol. i. pp. 223-227.

The 'Furious,' with Lord Elgin, arrived at Ningpo in time to meet Mr. Oliphant on his return from the hills, and Lord Elgin then learnt the success of his secretary's mission to Soo-chow. The Embassy next proceeded to visit the Chusan group, where it was remarked that, apart from the graves, fast hastening to decay, of our soldiers and sailors, there was nothing, beyond the presence of one zealous Roman Catholic missionary, to assure the visitor that the island of Chusan had recently been held by us for several years. Out of 200,000 families said to reside in this group of islands, the priest claimed twenty-five families as sheep of his fold, and, in order to humour the inordinate vanity of his Chinese converts, the good saints of old were represented with clean-shaved polls and pendent queues, and the lady saints had small feet. But we must not linger over this interesting portion of the first volume, but turn to Shanghai, where the ambassador arrived in the last week of March. We give in Mr. Oliphant's own words the reasons why Lord Elgin proceeded at once to the northward, and how it was he went there unaccompanied by the gunboats which had been expressly sent by the home

home Government to support the policy he might think right to adopt:—

‘The day after our arrival at Shanghai, Lord Elgin received from Peking the reply of the Imperial Government to the despatches which I had delivered for transmission at Soo-chow a month before. Although by the treaty of Nankin the right is secured to Her Majesty’s representative in China to correspond direct with the highest Imperial authority in the empire, the prime-minister Yu, to whom the communications of his Excellency had been addressed, did not condescend to respond, but instructed the authorities of the Two Kiangs to make a communication to the British plenipotentiary, in which, after adverting to the recent proceedings at Canton, it was stated that Yeh was in consequence degraded, and superseded by Hwang, who alone was authorised to manage barbarian affairs at that city, whither we were enjoined to return, and at no other place. The prime-minister went on to state, that “there being a particular sphere of duty allotted to every official on the establishment of the Celestial Empire, and the principle that between them and the foreigner there is no intercourse being one ever religiously adhered to by the servants of our government of China, it would not be proper for me to reply in person to the letter of the English Minister. Let your Excellencies (the authorities of the Two Kiangs) therefore transmit to him all that I have said above, and his letter will no way be left unanswered.” This letter was returned to the authorities of the Two Kiangs, as an unjustifiable disregard of that clause of the treaty of Nankin which states, “That it is agreed that Her Britannic Majesty’s chief high officer in China shall correspond with the Chinese high officers, both in the capital and in the provinces, under the term communication.” Under these circumstances, Lord Elgin, after quoting the above clause in reply, states that it is his intention to “proceed at once to the north, in order that he may place himself in more direct communication with the high officers of the Imperial Government at the capital.” As this was a measure which the ambassador had always considered the most likely to be productive of successful results, so far as negotiation was concerned, he did not regret that the unwarrantable course taken by the prime-minister rendered the step imperative. The French, Russian, and American ministers received communications more or less to the same effect, except that Count Poutiatine was directed to repair to the Amour, instead of to Canton; and they all agreed with Lord Elgin that the proper, and indeed only course to be pursued, was to appear with as little delay as possible with a sufficiently strong force at the mouth of the Peiho, to enforce that compliance with treaty obligations which the Government so pertinaciously refused.

‘It was interesting, in connection with the determination thus arrived at by the allied Plenipotentiaries, to refer to the document found in Yeh’s *yamun*, relating to the visit of Sir John Bowring, and Mr. Maclane, the United States Commissioner, to the Peiho in 1854. They too had endeavoured, but with even less success, to communicate with

with the Imperial Government through the authorities of the Two Kiangs. Sir J. Bowring had been refused an audience altogether, and Mr. Maclane stopped at Kwan-shan, outside Soo-chow, and there remonstrated with on the impropriety of his proceeding to the north. At first Iliang, the governor-general, seemed to think these remonstrances had proved effectual; but he afterwards had misgivings on the subject, for, alluding to Sir John Bowring's complaint against Yeh for want of politeness, and the visit he threatens to the Peiho in consequence, he says, "It is, however, a standing device of the barbarians to make particular circumstances the plea of demands to be insisted on; whatever these chiefs may insinuate (or whisper) against Yeh-Ming-Chin, it is evident that Yeh-Ming-Chin is he whom they are used to fear. They say they are going to Tientsin. This may be, notwithstanding, an assertion made to compel acquiescence in their demands. Your slave has commanded them with affectionate earnestness to stay; and the ships of their chief have not as yet departed. Still there is no certainty, so inconsistent and capricious is the barbarian character, that they will not after all sail north, and thereby attempt to constrain the Imperial authority, and the high provincial authorities of the coast jurisdictions." To which the Emperor replies, that it is quite true that "it is the nature of barbarians to be cunning and malicious;" and he further directs Iliang to inform them that "a force is assembled at Tientsin as the clouds in number"—all clearly showing how much the presence of foreigners was dreaded in the neighbourhood of the capital, and how effectual in all probability any pressure applied there would be. It was only to be regretted that this very expedition, to which the above papers refer, had gone to the north and returned *re infecta*. This circumstance in itself was calculated to diminish the effect of another; and indeed, as we afterwards discovered, the same commissioners were sent to meet us at Takoo as had met the English and American commissioners on the former occasion, and no doubts seemed to have been entertained at head-quarters that they were endowed with a special faculty for dealing with barbarians, and that we should be as easily disposed of as our predecessors.

'The decision in favour of an early move northward was arrived at on the 1st of April, the non-appearance of any Imperial Commissioner before the last day of March, the period appointed for the commencement of negotiations at Shanghai, having released the allied Plenipotentiaries from their engagements upon this head. In view of this contingency, which Lord Elgin had before leaving Hong-Kong anticipated as probable, he had upon the 2nd of March addressed to the Admiral a letter, stating that he was about to proceed to Shanghai, in the hope of meeting there a properly qualified plenipotentiary; but his Lordship went on to say, "If I should be disappointed in this hope, it may be necessary, in pursuance of the policy prescribed by Her Majesty's Government, to bring pressure to bear at some point near the capital. With a view to this contingency, I think it desirable that your Excellency should collect at Shanghai, towards the end of March,

March, or as soon after as may be convenient, as large a fleet, more especially of gunboats drawing little water, as you can spare from service elsewhere." * In reply to which communication the Admiral states, "I beg to acquaint your Excellency, that for some time past my attention has been directed to this object. One of the gunboats and one gun-vessel have already sailed for Shanghai, and arrangements are in progress for others to follow. It is my intention to sail for Shanghai in the 'Calcutta,' should nothing prevent, on or about the 16th instant." As a month had now elapsed since this letter was written, and every day was of importance, we were anxiously looking out for the first instalment of gunboats now due, as well as for the Admiral himself, whose arrival was daily expected.

'On the 3rd of April we received intelligence from the south that the Admiral had postponed his departure for ten days. Though considerably embarrassed by this circumstance, Lord Elgin decided, in conjunction with Baron Gros, that it was expedient that the allied Plenipotentiaries should proceed to the mouth of the Peiho, in accordance with the determination which had been so strongly expressed to the Chinese Government, as any appearance of wavering at so critical a juncture would be liable to entail serious results. In order, however, as far as possible to carry out his original policy, his Excellency took on himself the responsibility of requesting Sir Frederick Nicolson, then senior officer at Shanghai, to supply him with as large a naval force as could be spared from the station. The opportune arrival of the "Highflyer," as relief of the "Pique," enabled Sir F. Nicolson to accompany us himself to the north, and the "Cormorant," despatch gun-vessel, and "Slaney" gun-boat, completed our little squadron. His Excellency, before his departure, left a letter for the Admiral, in which he states,† "I am most anxious for the arrival of the gun-boats drawing little water, which are referred to in your letter to me of the 2nd ultimo, because I am confident that nothing will be so likely to bring the Imperial Government to terms as the appearance of vessels of war within the bar of the Peiho river. Such vessels will, moreover, be indispensable if it should be necessary to ascend that river to Tientsin." At daylight on the morning of the 10th we left Shanghai with the "Slaney" in tow: the Russian steamer "Amerika," with Count Poutiatine on board, had left a day or two previously; and the "Audacieuse" and "Minnesota" were to follow immediately.'—vol. i. pp. 248-259.

Thus no less than ten days of the most valuable season for operations in the north had already been lost, owing to the non-appearance of the Admiral, and it was natural that Lord Elgin should have hastened up to the Peiho River without longer delay; but we cannot agree with the Ambassador in thinking that, if he

* Blue-book, p. 223.

† Blue-book, Earl of Elgin to Sir M. Seymour, 8th April, 1858.

had with him all the light draught gunboats on the 1st of April, the Chinese would have allowed him to proceed up the Peiho to demand a treaty at Tientsin, without using force. There can be no doubt we had committed ourselves to a war policy in the capture of Canton and the imprisonment of Yeh. Even those acts might have been slurred over by the Court of Peking, had we not retained the conquered city. In sanctioning its occupation by the allied executive forces, Lord Elgin authorised a step which placed England and China at war with each other, and that he could have subsequently ascended the Peiho and exacted a treaty without a blow seems the height of improbability. Indeed we question whether any naval officer would have been justified in passing the forts of Taku without taking possession of them, so as to secure a safe exit to his squadron. Neither do we believe that if Lord Elgin had suddenly made his appearance at Tientsin, and even tumbled into a cart, as Mr. Ward has lately done, and driven to Peking, he would have obtained a treaty which would have been of any value. With such a slow-thinking methodical court, he might by a *coup d'état*, or more properly speaking *coup de théâtre*, have surprised them so much, that on finding that a piece of paper with an imperial seal would rid them of his presence and importunities, the Emperor and ministers might have granted it; but of what value would that treaty have been, when the treaty of Tientsin, though wrung from their fears, has proved to be ineffectual? It is with some regret that we find ourselves compelled to disagree with Mr. Oliphant in our estimate of the probable result of Lord Elgin's original policy, had he been able to carry it out; for we deeply sympathise with an accredited minister of England, who, at a distance of twenty thousand miles from home, finds himself traversed in all the measures that he deems necessary for the interests of his country.

On the 14th April the 'Furious,' 'Pique,' 'Slaney,' and a few days afterwards the 'Cormorant' and 'Nimrod,' reached the anchorage off the entrance of the Peiho. There was a time when such an apparition within 120 miles of Peking would have quickly brought that court to its senses; but the experiment had been too often repeated to be any longer efficacious. The senior naval officer appears to have had no instructions from the Admiral, and the Ambassador in his despatches, as well as Mr. Oliphant in his book, bewail the opportunity daily slipping through their fingers of starving the capital into submission by detaining the grain junks from the south, which were entering the river by scores—a belligerent act which is much more in accordance with the view we entertain of the relations between us and the Chinese, at that juncture, than with that of a condition of perfect peace and amity.

On

On the 24th April we find Lord Elgin and his colleague, Baron Gros, the former having already lost sixteen days in compulsory idleness, officially announcing their arrival to the Prime Minister of China, and calling upon him to move his master to appoint duly authorised plenipotentiaries to treat with them. The European Ambassadors gave the Prime Minister until the 1st of May to concede their demand. On the day that this letter was delivered the long looked-for Admiral arrived, but unaccompanied by the fleet of light draught gunboats, for which Lord Elgin was impatiently waiting; and, as a contrast to Admiral Seymour's want of energy, the 25th April brought the French Admiral, with every vessel of his squadron in company. The Admirals, apparently, did not tell Lord Elgin that they should be unable to assume the offensive when required, and since the French gun-boats were sent within the bar on the 28th, and the 'Nimrod' and 'Cormorant' on the 29th, the Ambassadors could hardly have anticipated any difficulty in the way of decisive action, should the answer from Peking prove unfavourable. Lord Elgin was doomed to be again disappointed. The Chinese reply 'was extremely unsatisfactory:' the allied Ambassadors felt they ought to send in an ultimatum, and state that they had placed the matter in the hands of the Naval Commanders-in-Chief; but at this juncture there is some unexplained mystery. Mr. Oliphant becomes enigmatical and diplomatic. We turn from his narrative to the Blue-book, from Blue-book to narrative, and yet there is no explanation. We are obliged to rest content with the fact 'that the Chinese commenced still more energetically to fortify the Taku forts,' and with the comment that, politically speaking, the delay was disastrous, 'because by obliging Lord Elgin to protract at the mouth of the Peiho negotiations which he clearly saw could lead to no good result, they have given to his proceedings a vacillating character, which was calculated to strengthen the self-confidence of the Chinese diplomatists.' The conclusion we naturally arrive at is, that Admiral Seymour would not act because all his gunboats had not arrived. If this was so, he must have been much to blame. Why, in the first place, have led Lord Elgin to suppose that those vessels would be with him early in April at Shanghai? Why not have brought them up at the same time that the French Admiral conveyed all his craft northward? Why not, immediately on his arrival off the Peiho, have officially informed the Ambassador that he was not prepared to support him? Why send vessels over the bar merely to excite hostility, and induce the enemy to prepare for battle a month before he intended to attack? Such are a few of the questions unanswered by either Mr. Oliphant's Narrative or the Foreign Office Blue-book: indeed in the latter there is

is an hiatus between April 28, 1858 (p. 269), and May 9, 1858 (p. 298); and as we peruse the despatch bearing the latter date, we feel more and more convinced that there has been some despatch suppressed in which Lord Elgin explains why, after he and his colleague had come 'to the conclusion that the time had arrived when it would become us to assume a more decided attitude in order to persuade the Chinese Government that we are not to be trifled with, as was the case with the barbarian envoys of 1854' (Sir John Bowring and Mr. Maclean), they failed to adopt the energetic measures they had resolved on.

'For the next three weeks,' says Mr. Oliphant, 'our life in the Gulf was one of absolute inaction. This was the more trying as the cool season was slipping rapidly past. The hot gusts came oftener, and in one week the thermometer rose from 42° to 74°. During all this time hundreds of grain-junks were passing into the mouth of the river, bearing the annual tribute of rice, on which Peking is so entirely dependent. The interception of this grain-fleet had been one of Lord Elgin's principal objects in pushing northwards early, and desiring to be accompanied by the gunboats. It was impossible, however, to establish a blockade while negotiations ostensibly pacific were still in progress, and it was equally impossible to bring these negotiations to a close, until the naval authorities announced that they were in a position to take the forts; because, if a state of hostilities had been produced before they were able to effect this object, the despatch gunboats which were over the bar, and unable to recross it except at spring-tides, would obviously have been in a very perilous situation.'

'On the 6th May the Plenipotentiaries found themselves compelled to seek a new pretext for correspondence in order to gain time.' Farther on, Mr. Oliphant informs us that 'at one time it seemed probable that the whole force would leave the Gulf of Pechelelee without accomplishing any object whatever;' and this at a time when the British contingent of the allied squadron numbered 15 vessels, carrying 185 guns and 2000 men. We may, at any rate, congratulate ourselves on being spared this disgrace, but it is very evident that the vacillating councils which had in 1857 wrought such injury to our naval *prestige* in the proceedings against Governor-General Yeh were now occasioning another, and a still more serious, dishonour to our flag in 1858. At last the Admirals acted, and the 'Narrative' relates the almost bloodless feat of arms by which the works at the entrance of the Peiho river fell into the hands of the allies, together with their guns and *matériel*. The garrisons were allowed to retreat almost unscathed, and the advance to Tientsin, a short distance of forty miles, occupied some six days or more, although not the slightest attempt at further resistance was met with. If this is naval dash and energy, we must indeed have sadly changed since the days of Nelson.

We

We can merely refer to the description of the occupation of the suburbs of the city of Tientsin, the installation of our Ambassador in 'The Temple of Supreme Felicity,' and the sudden appearance from Peking, on June 3rd, of the long-desired Imperial Commissioners, with plenary powers to soothe and gratify the importunate barbarians. The senior Commissioner, Kweiliang, was only one in grade below the Prime Minister, Yu; his titles were, 'Senior Chief Secretary of State, Captain-General of the White Banner of the Manchu Force, and Superintendent-General of the Administration of Criminal Law.' The second Commissioner was Hwashana, 'One of His Majesty's Expositors of the Classics, Manchu President of the Office for the Regulation of the Civil Establishment, Captain-General Blue Banner-men of the Chinese Force, and Visitor of the Office of Interpretation.' There was, therefore, no cause of complaint as to the rank of the officers deputed to conclude a treaty with the four Powers, whose representatives had all assembled at Tientsin, and the preliminary negotiations went on prosperously with the exception of a puerile attempt made by the disgraced minister Keying to coax Lord Elgin,—an attempt which signally failed, and ultimately cost the unfortunate soother of barbarians his life. Having been sent by his Imperial master to try if he could, as of old, wheedle the Europeans into accepting some worthless concessions, the Emperor put him to death, when the plot failed, under pretence of his having abandoned his post. Could the incorrigible duplicity of an Eastern potentate be made more manifest, and can we wonder that an Emperor who could act thus, when the enemy was almost at his gates, should subsequently repudiate his engagements?

Directly Keying was got rid of, and a slight attempt to raise a popular insurrection against the foreigners had been energetically repressed by the old English mode of knocking down the ringleaders with a degree of 'uncontrollable ferocity' which awed the Imperial Commissioners, the treaties advanced to completion—though at the eleventh hour there occurred what Mr. Oliphant styles a 'hitch':—

'Among the clauses in the British treaty which were not included in the other treaties, there were two which were most pertinaciously resisted by the Chinese Commissioners. The one provided that the British Minister in China should be entitled to reside permanently at Peking, or to visit it occasionally, at the option of the British Government; and the other, that British subjects should have the right of travelling to all parts of the empire of China for trading purposes. Having failed in their endeavours to induce Lord Elgin to recede from these demands, the Commissioners had recourse to the Plenipotentiaries of the other powers

powers then at Tientsin, and begged their intervention in conveying to Lord Elgin the important piece of intelligence, that on the previous day an Imperial decree had been received from Peking, to the effect, that not merely degradation, but decapitation, would be inflicted upon Kweiliang and Hwashana if they conceded these two points. As the French Plenipotentiary had not included in his treaty the specific demands now objected to, it would have been unreasonable to suppose that he would consent to enforce them by hostile measures. The circumstances of the case were obviously in the highest degree critical. To give way was perhaps to imperil all that was most valuable in the proposed treaty; for the Commissioners, emboldened by success, would in all probability have proceeded to call in question other clauses, such as that for the settlement of the transit dues, which were peculiar to the English treaty, in the hope of indefinitely protracting negotiations. To persevere in the face of the representations which had been made, was to run the risk of isolation, perhaps of a hostile advance on Peking, unaccompanied by allies. Nevertheless, Lord Elgin, after full consideration, resolved to adhere to his original demands; and upon the morning of the 26th he authorised Mr. Bruce to communicate his determination to the Commissioners in peremptory terms, believing that language of a decided character would be the best protection to the Commissioners against the Imperial wrath, which, it was alleged, their acquiescence in his demands would provoke.

‘It is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the motives which induced the Ambassador to exhibit so much persistence, in so far as the second of these demands is concerned. The commercial advantages which England must derive from the vast extension of her import and export trade consequent upon the “*exploitation*” of the interior of the empire by her merchants, are too manifest to require elucidation. With reference to the other point, however—viz. the power of appointing a resident Minister at Peking—as opinions are divided in England as to the expediency of taking advantage of this privilege, the concession of which cost the Imperial Government so sharp a pang, it is necessary to say a few words in explanation of the value which Lord Elgin attached to it.

‘Any person who has attentively observed the working of the anomalous and altogether unique system under which the vast empire of China is governed, will have perceived that, though ruling under altogether different conditions, supported not by a physical force, but by a moral prestige unrivalled in power and extent, the Emperor of China can say with no less truth than Napoleon, “*L’Empire c’est moi.*” Backed by no standing army worth the name, depending for the stability of his authority neither upon his military genius nor administrative capacity, he exercises a rule more absolute than any European despot, and is enabled to thrill with his touch the remotest provinces of the empire, deriving his ability to do so from that instinct of cohesion and love of order by which his subjects are super-eminently characterised. But while it happens that the wonderful endurance of a

Chinaman

Chinaman will enable him to bear an amount of injustice from his Government which would revolutionise a Western state, it is no less true that the limit may be passed when a popular movement ensues, assuming at times an almost constitutional character. When any *émeute* of this description takes place, as directed against a local official, the Imperial Government invariably espouses the popular cause, and the individual, whose guilt is inferred from the existence of disturbance, is at once degraded. Thus a certain sympathy or tacit understanding seems to exist between the Emperor and his subjects as to how far each may push their prerogative; and so long as neither exceed these limits, to use their own expression, "the wheels of the chariot of Imperial Government revolve smoothly on their axles." So it happens that disturbances of greater or less import are constantly occurring in various parts of the country. Sometimes they assume the most formidable dimensions, and spread like a running fire over the empire; but if they are not founded on a real grievance they are not supported by popular sympathy, and gradually die out, the smouldering embers kept alive perhaps, for some time, by the exertions of the more lawless part of the community. But the last spark ultimately expires, and its blackened trace is in a few years utterly effaced. The late rebellion is in this waning stage. Nor did the Imperial Government trust so much to its armies as to the inert mass of public opinion which had not yet decided in its favour. So long as the capital is not threatened, and the lives of "the powers that are" there are not in absolute danger, they contemplate with comparative calmness the vicissitudes through which remote cities and provinces pass, contented to wait until the agitation shall have subsided, and then resume the old despotic sway, as though nothing had happened. It affects their repose but slightly at the capital whether rebel or foreigner occupy some distant city. The patriotism of the loyal part of the population is evoked by Imperial decree; whether the people obediently respond, and are successful, or whether they are unsuccessful, or whether they disobediently refuse, is a matter which seems but little to disturb the philosophers at Peking. Either the Imperial authority exists absolutely, or it has been entirely extinguished. In the latter case, unprovided with adequate physical means to restore it, the Emperor is forced into a fatalistic view of the subject.

'A better illustration of the truth of the important principles above laid down could not be afforded than in the case of Canton. The instructions furnished by the Emperor to Yeh furnish unmistakeable evidence of the inefficacy of protracted diplomacy at a distance to influence the policy of the Imperial Government in its treatment of foreigners: while, so far from the capture of Canton—which was the result of his acting in accordance with those instructions—humbling the court of Peking, as it was prophesied at Hong Kong would be the case, the hauteur and obstinacy of the Imperial Government were increased by this event. The Prime Minister declined to communicate direct with Lord Elgin according to treaty, and refused to send commissioners to meet him at Shanghai. At a later period, when we were dallying

dallying in the Gulf, orders were sent down to Canton calling out the Braves, who immediately responded to them, and attacked the city. Shortly after the signing of the treaty, counter-orders were despatched disbanding them, and commanding them to remain at peace with foreigners, and these were also ultimately obeyed. The popular impression among the British heretofore had been, that the Canton question was purely local, and that authorities and Braves were alike acting independently of orders from Peking. But if these incidents went to show how impossible it was to influence the court of Peking by coercion applied at remote parts of the Empire, still more hopeless was it to effect this object by diplomacy exercised at a distance from the seat of government. Yeh's stubbornness and Keying's shuffling alike proved that a provincial governor, charged with the conduct of foreign affairs, was approved of at court only so long as he could show that he was thwarting the barbarians, whether by obstinacy or craft. To bring conviction to the mind of a functionary so situated was of little avail, because it only made him an object of suspicion to his Imperial master. Lord Elgin's observation had therefore led him to the conclusion, that it was necessary to be at the heart to affect the extremities, and that it was impossible to affect the heart through the extremities. Conceiving this to be the knot of the situation, he determined to establish the principle of direct communication between the British Ambassador and the Imperial Ministers at the capital, and to secure, at all events, the right of the former to a permanent residence at Peking. It would rest with the Government whether to exercise the right or not, attended as it doubtless was with many objections of a practical character,—such as difficulties of access, severity of climate, absence of accommodation in the first instance, and almost absolute isolation. But whatever point might ultimately be fixed upon for the residence of the Minister, the fact that he had a right to be at Peking would be a source of influence in his hands, scarcely less powerful than that which he might acquire by his actual presence there, and the dread of his exercising that right would operate as a check not less effectual than if it was already in existence. It would still be *through* the heart, although not absolutely at it, that the extremities would be affected.'

Lord Elgin's resolute bearing at this crisis was rewarded by the Imperial Commissioners yielding directly they saw his firmness was not to be shaken by what was, in all probability, a mere pretext to avoid the humiliation of having any other Europeans than Russians in the capital. On the 26th of June the treaty of peace between China and Great Britain was duly signed and sealed by the Imperial servants Kweiliang and Hwashana. Determined, if possible, to leave the Emperor no loophole through which to evade the engagements of his accredited agents, the Ambassadors of Europe decided, at Lord Elgin's suggestion, to insist upon the Imperial official assent to the new treaties. The precedent of Sir Henry Pottinger's treaty of 1842 justified the demand,

demand, and the Imperial Commissioners memorialised the throne for a similar act of grace in 1858. This was the last crisis in the transactions connected with the mission; but it was not a trivial one, and called for all the firmness with which Lord Elgin appears to have been gifted. The season was so far advanced that active operations were impossible. The temperature in the coolest spots ranged from 90° to 96° , and hot sirocco winds often prevailed. The news from Canton was unsatisfactory, where our unfortunate garrison, after the mismanaged affair at the White Cloud Mountains, was in almost a state of blockade from the armed rabble of the adjacent country. The Admirals were anxious for the safety of Canton as well as for the mercantile community of Hong Kong, and, in short, there was enough to induce our Ambassador to make a treaty of peace at any price, and be contented with it so long as it was signed by the Imperial ministers, and officially sealed. To Lord Elgin's honour, however, he did not swerve, and was rewarded by receiving on July 4th, 1858, the following enclosure from the plenipotentiaries Kweiliang and Hwashana:—

‘On the 23rd day of the 5th moon of the 8th year of Hien Fung (3rd July), the Great Council had the honour to receive the following Imperial decree:—

‘Kweiliang and his colleagues have submitted for our perusal copies of the treaties of the different nations. These have been negotiated and sealed by Kweiliang and his colleague. As Kweiliang and his colleague now represent that the different nations are desirous of having our autograph acknowledgment as evidence of their validity, we (hereby signify) our assent to all the propositions in the English and French, and in the Russian and American treaties, as submitted to us in their previous memorial by these ministers, and we command that the course pursued be in accordance therewith. Respect this!’

Few men could suppose that the Court of Peking intended within one year to repudiate these solemn engagements. Yet when, in the following June, 1859, a British minister was proceeding to Peking in accordance with the stipulations, he was received as an enemy, the heroic Admiral James Hope was repulsed, and four hundred of our gallant countrymen were slain and wounded in a treacherous ambush which had been prepared for them, shortly after the signature of the Emperor in Council had been attached to the treaty of Tientsin. What an illustration of Chinese morality and good faith! What a commentary upon the civilisation which some writers upon China are ever holding up to us as a pattern and ensample!

It appears from what follows in the ‘Narrative,’ that, had the treaty been obtained earlier in the day, and had the occupation of Canton

Canton not hung like a log on the heels of Lord Elgin, it was his intention to have proceeded at once to Peking for the purpose of delivering a letter from the Queen to the Emperor of China—a step which Mr. Oliphant says would at once have set at rest the much-vexed question of the reception of a British minister. ‘The dilatory action of Admiral Sir Michael Seymour,’ he continues, ‘had rendered such a step no longer possible: whilst we had been humbling Northern China, the province of Canton had recovered from its alarm. News arrived from the south that General Straubenzee was almost besieged by Braves; the British community at Hong Kong were to be ruthlessly massacred; the British garrison in Canton ignominiously expelled for want of a sufficient military force to protect the place.’ If the Court of Peking had heard this news prior to the signing of the treaty, it would, in all probability, have prolonged negotiations, and we should have been obliged to withdraw from Tientsin to await reinforcements from England, or the effect of some fresh battle in the south. Lord Elgin was now anxious to liberate the entire force under Admiral Seymour in the Gulf of Pechellee, that, by a combined naval and military movement against the Braves of Canton, summary punishment might be inflicted upon the local government of Quantung Province. All idea, therefore, of visiting Peking was abandoned; the Admiral was told that he might withdraw his ships, and received *carte-blanche* as to his proceedings in the south. In the meanwhile Lord Elgin had a final and friendly interview with the Imperial Commissioners:—

‘In the course of it he alluded to the state of affairs in the south, and the conduct of the Imperial Commissioner Hwang (Governor-General of the two Quang Provinces). Had he insisted upon it, there is no doubt he might have procured this worthy’s disgrace, instead of leaving this to be done on a future day. Lord Elgin was, however, unwilling to use language which might seem to imply that we were unable to cope with the Canton Braves, and he therefore contented himself with warning the Commissioners that the conduct Hwang was pursuing in the south would lead to a recurrence of those scenes which they must deplore equally with himself. Kweiliang replied in the same spirit, and expressed his earnest hope that the troubles at Canton were now at an end, and that the treaty just concluded would inaugurate a more peaceful era in the relations of the Celestial Empire with foreigners. He promised to use his influence to put a stop to the proceedings of the Governor-General Hwang. Since our last interview with this venerable old man, news had been received of the death of Yu, the First Minister of the Council of State. This gave Kweiliang the highest rank in the Empire.’

If at this very time Kweiliang (now become Prime Minister) knew of the treacherous policy his master and colleagues had

decided upon adopting in 1859, even Eastern duplicity could have gone no further.

The final portion of Mr. Oliphant's first volume relates how our Ambassador returned to Shanghai, there to meet the Imperial Commissioners for the regulation of the new tariff, and leaves us in a state of perplexity why the Admiral and squadron should take a fortnight to reach the same place. In fact, instead of Sir Michael Seymour going, as was expected, to chastise the Canton Braves, who were threatening a General and alarming a Governor, he appears to have made a trip to the great wall of China! and when Lord Elgin writes and calls his attention '*to the continued existence in that quarter (Canton) of a state of affairs, to which it is most important an arrest should be put at the earliest period,*' the Admiral replies that he is going to Japan for water! Surely he must have forgotten that the Yangtze-keang was a fresh-water stream, and that every island in the Chusan group had water upon it. However, it is plain, that from the head of the naval forces in China Lord Elgin received neither cordial nor energetic support; and we only wonder, as we close this first volume of Mr. Oliphant's '*Narrative,*' that the Ambassador of England should have been able to do as much as he did, when his policy was thwarted at every stage by those whose duty it was to afford him assistance.

The support which our present Naval Commander-in-Chief has recently given Her Majesty's Minister to the Court of Peking augurs well for the future, and it only remains for the Military Commander-in-Chief to co-operate as zealously in the great object of the projected operations. That object, we trust, will simply be to enforce the treaty of Tientsin in its full integrity. It is too late now for the Court of Peking to demur to clauses which they solemnly promised to carry into execution; and we think that never was a greater error committed than in allowing the Chinese to suppose that we should abate one jot of the concessions wrung from them by the lavish expenditure of life and treasure. We presume Lord Elgin was convinced of the necessity for inserting those two important clauses—the residence of a British minister in Peking, and of right of access to every part of the empire—before he risked so much in exacting them; and we can see no cause for abandoning what was deliberately granted merely because a war-party happens just now to be in the ascendant in the councils of the Emperor Hienfung, or because our too slender force received a bloody repulse in attempting to act upon the stipulations of the treaty.

Our task, however, in bringing the Court of Peking to reason is one of considerable magnitude, and beset with no ordinary difficulties,

culties, from the apparent intention of Her Majesty's present advisers to act in company with our allies across the Channel. Two plans have been proposed for the conduct of the campaign. The first comes recommended by the high authority of Captain Sherard Osborn. He argues that Lord Elgin's plan of confining the war against China to particular spots has failed to leave upon the minds of the Chinese any idea of our military prowess, as is shown by the fact that, though our advance upon Tientsin frightened the Court into a treaty which it had no intention of carrying out, our backs were no sooner turned than the cities and provinces we had spared came forward with liberal contributions of money, men, and guns, to fortify what their vanity led them to believe was the only weak spot in their frontier. He therefore urges that we should press upon various points simultaneously, compel each province, as far as possible, to look to its own defence, and, while thus preventing succour from being sent to Peking, make every portion of the country sensible of the advantages of peace, and the power of our armies and fleets. The mode in which he would effect his end would be somewhat as follows. We are sending, or have sent, 10,000 troops to China, and the French will furnish an equal number. There will, doubtless, be a due proportion of men-of-war of both nations, probably 100 pendants, including gunboats. The major portion of this fleet, after securing Canton and Hongkong, might be directed towards the coast of China, *north* of the Yangstzekeang river. The Shantung province, or promontory, would be the grand base of its operations in that quarter. The force might comprise 15,000 troops and 50 pendants, principally gunboats, and small craft, and its policy would be to work steadily towards Peking, applying pressure upon every city that could be got at upon the shores of the Pecheli and Shantung provinces. There would then be 5000 soldiers and 50 pendants available for Southern China. Of this force, the whole of the troops and half of the men-of-war (25 ships) might be sent up the river Yangtze. The men-of-war should carry the troops; and vessels of the stamp of the 'Highflyer,' or 'Odin,' would be admirably adapted for the service. If such an expeditionary force were kept well together, and energetically handled, the whole of Central China would be kept in a state of alarm until peace was re-assured. We know from the recent ascent of that river by the 'Furious,' as high as Hunkow, how far the stream would be navigable, and there is every reason to believe that, by means of those two great lakes, the Poyang and Tunting, no less than six* provinces out of the

* Kiangsoo, Ngau-whuy, Kiangse, Hu-peh, Honan, and the Kiang.

eighteen which China Proper contains, might be reached. All that would be required in the shape of support would be the assistance of six screw store-ships with which to keep up their communication with Shanghai, or perhaps as many screw despatch-vessels would answer better. The remaining twenty-five vessels might visit the province of Quantung in every accessible part, and beat up the coasts of Quangsi and Fokien, to prevent funds being sent northward by the governors of those provinces for the defence of Peking.

There are others who deprecate this plan as not only needless, but mischievous. They contend that the larger part of the population of China are eager for peace with us; that an attack upon them would convert them from friends into enemies; that, though they might be compelled to succumb, the ill-will that would be engendered would long be injurious to our commerce; that it would for a time be stopped altogether by an extended war, inflicting ruin or misery upon hundreds of our countrymen; and that, when the flow of traffic has been once interrupted, it is long before it resumes its ancient course. They maintain that every end may be answered by an advance upon Tientsin, and, if necessary, upon Peking; and that when once the Emperor has discovered that he could not with all his resources stop the road to the capital, he would forbear to provoke a fresh attack. It is for the Government to investigate the facts upon which these respective views are founded; but every one must be anxious, for the sake of humanity, that the war should be circumscribed within the narrowest limits permitted by the necessity of the case, and that no needless suffering should be inflicted upon innocent Chinese.

Both parties are agreed that it may be necessary to capture Peking, and we should be prepared to hold it until all our demands are granted. A mere raid upon the capital will end in the flight of the court to Zehol, in Tartary, and our retreat in the winter to Tientsin or Taku. The Emperor goes often to Zehol. In 1858 the Russian plenipotentiary had information that even the ladies of the Court were practising horsemanship preparatory to a flit from Peking, in the event of the Allies visiting that city with hostile intentions; and every Chinaman from Canton to Shanghai has spoken of it as the natural resort of the Emperor and Court, if we ever attempt to capture the capital. We therefore deprecate strongly any advance upon it until our generals are prepared to remain there sufficiently long to convince the Emperor that neither the summer heats nor a Siberian winter can make us retire without having accomplished our end. Let our admirals and generals, in 1860, be
content

content with capturing the forts and garrisons of Taku, which defend the entrance of the Peiho river, without attempting to advance beyond Tientsin city until the winter of 1860-61 is past. Our reasons are, that we know little, if anything, of Northern China, its climate or capabilities; and we shall have to acquire all this information in the coming years. The loss of 10,000 men by cold or starvation would be irreparable, and would, at any rate, procrastinate the settlement of the China question for at least twelve months. Our force cannot now be upon the scene of operations before May next; in June the summer heats, except from the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, are so intense that active operations will be suspended until the middle of August. Even on the seaboard care will be necessary, for we hear that in the past month of July as many as 200 men, out of 500, on board the 'Chesapeake,' were laid up with ophthalmia. Fevers and cholera are likewise rife. So far as the year 1860 is concerned, we may say that the Commanders-in-Chief will only have August, September, and October for action before winter and the north-east monsoon will be upon them.

The best mode we conceive of effecting the object in view will be to land north or south of the Peiho river, and make a cross-country march direct upon Tientsin. When that city has been captured, and a small force thrown in so as to hold it temporarily, the army should double back and take all the works of Taku in *reverse*. The mouth of the Peiho in our hands, the generals will then be able to judge whether they can, before the winter sets in, secure themselves thoroughly in Tientsin, and will act accordingly; for it is not the valiant followers of Prince Sung-o-lostin that we need fear so much as the effects of climate, cold, and want upon our men and the Sikh soldiers from India. The only secure harbour near the Peiho is at the Meatou Isles, in the entrance of the Gulf of Pecheli; and our naval officers will have plenty to do in exploring, surveying, and obtaining supplies from those lands of the Corea which are still less known to us at this moment than the interior of Africa. We have strong reason to believe that five thousand men thrown into Tientsin would require not only corn and meat to be imported for their sustenance, but that even fuel would have to be brought to them by sea. The plains of Pecheli resemble the plains of Southern Russia, in the neighbourhood of Kherson or Simpheropol: there is plenty of stubble and plenty of salt, some sheep and many hares; cultivation extends down the banks of the rivers in only a narrow belt; there is a sad dearth of wood; and, if the Imperial Commissioners who made the Treaty with Lord Elgin in 1858 are to be believed, the few hundreds of beef-eating soldiers and
sailors

sailors who were at Tientsin in 1858 were already occasioning a scarcity amongst the cattle, which are solely used for ploughing or draught.

Looking, therefore, to all these difficulties, we opine that our executive officers will have done very well in 1860, if by the first week of November they be thoroughly established, and all their means of supply well organised up to the city of Tientsin. Let this be considered our most advanced position for that winter; and if the Emperor and his councillors continue obstinate, we can continue our progress deliberately, in the spring of 1861, and capture Pekin, with every probability of being able to hold it until our object is attained. It is essential to be at once active and energetic, prudent and persevering. It is far more than a holiday task we have in hand, for we have not only to deal with the Emperor Hienfung, but to foil a policy with which we have not long since been conflicting upon the other flank of the great continent of Asia.

ART. IV.—1. *Memoir of a Survey of the Roman Wall through the Counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, in the Years 1852-1854, made by direction of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, &c.* By Henry Maclauchlan, &c. London. Printed for private circulation. 1858.

2. *Memoir written during a Survey of the Watling-street, from the Tees to the Scotch Border, in the years 1850 and 1851, made by direction of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, &c.* By Henry Maclauchlan. London. Published at the office of the Archæological Institute, &c. 1852.

3. *The Roman Wall: a Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive Account of the Barrier of the Lower Isthmus, &c.* By the Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, M.A. Second Edition. London, 1852.

4. *When and by Whom was the Roman Wall built? &c. &c.* By the Rev. J. C. Bruce, LL.D. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1857.

THE military character of the Roman occupation of Britain is marked by various circumstances. The cities of the conquered province, sprung from camps, retained to the last the form and arrangements of country quarters. Of the multitude of Roman inscriptions found here, not more than one or two, perhaps, refer to municipal institutions. Our island has contributed not a single name to Roman literature. For four centuries our southern conquerors were, in fact, encamped, like the Turks in Europe, in the fairest province of their empire. Even under this disadvantage there is strong reason to believe that Britain was one of the most productive portions of their dominions,

minions, and supplied the wants of other less-favoured districts in corn and cattle, as well as in minerals and metals; that it excelled in the genius and bravery of its inhabitants; and that its population continued to increase progressively, and was never higher, until times comparatively modern, than at the moment when the power of its masters, enervated by long peace, was tottering to its fall. Every year brings out more clearly the extent to which the Romanized Britons had learnt to avail themselves of the resources of our country: our mines, our quarries, our medicinal springs, seem to have been as familiar to them as to ourselves. They had occupied all the most eligible sites for emporiums of commerce; they had studded our hills and valleys with towns, villages, and pleasure-houses; they had intersected the land with a network of national highways, scientifically constructed, and rather to be compared with our modern railroads than with the lanes and horse-tracks which sufficed for the petty provincialism of Englishmen only two or three generations since. From Dartmoor to the Moray Firth the plough turns up year by year fresh records of the ancient race,—coins, sculptures, pottery, pigs of lead,—showing the existence of a more uniform type of civilization than prevails, perhaps, between the same latitudes at the present day. So vigorous was the start the islanders made under the tending of their genial foster-mother. It would seem that the Britons, under the Cæsars and Antonines, ‘went ahead,’ almost as fast as our kinsmen at the present day in America and Australia. The causes of such a phenomenon it would be hopeless now to investigate; but we may venture to ascribe, in some degree, the elasticity of our British resources to the comparative absence of slave-labour among us. While the reckless luxury of Rome and Italy was ransacking every frontier for the wretched ministers of indolence and vice, the simpler people of the distant provinces generally did their own work for themselves, and enjoyed in return a moral and a material blessing. It is probable that the population and wealth, at least of the western provinces, varied directly as their distance from the capital.

Still, as we have said, the Roman occupation of Britain was eminently military in its character; and this feature is strongly marked by the number and importance of the Roman remains in the border districts of the province, where the proximity of unreclaimed barbarians would have scared away mere peaceful civilians. In no part of the island, for instance, are the traces of our conquerors more thickly strewn than along the marches of Wales, and the isthmus of the Tyne and Solway. The forest of Dean, the valley of the Avon, and the whole course of the
Severn,

Severn, are full of remains indicating the establishment of a large population, evidently stationed there as military colonists for the defence of an important frontier, not less than for the cultivation of the soil and development of its material resources. The mountaineers of Wales, like those of the Asturias, or of the Atlas, were never thoroughly subdued. Their defiles were girded, but not penetrated, by Roman military works. In the same way we find the northern counties of England and the Scottish lowlands intersected with Roman roadways in every direction, and studded with fortified encampments. The Brigantes, between the Humber and the Tyne, retained a warlike attitude among the Cumbrian fells for generations after the pacification of the plains; and the country of the Mæata, from the Solway to the Clyde and Forth, though nominally reduced to the form of a province by Agricola, was still but imperfectly subjected, and continued to invite the attacks of the Caledonians beyond its border. The Roman prefects did not shrink from their personal responsibilities; throughout the latter half of the Roman occupation they made York (*Eboracum*) their regular place of residence, partly, perhaps, on account of its proximity to the rich metallic districts of the 'British Apennines,' but chiefly that they might be always at hand to direct aggressive or defensive operations. The multitude and solidity of the works executed in these northern marches, the camps, the roads, the bridges, and finally, the great limitary ramparts, bespeak a constant apprehension of attack from without or from within; but the presence of a large body of soldiers, for whom it was necessary to find occupation in peace as well as in war, may help to account for the extent and scale of these various constructions. When the Emperor Severus, whose life had been spent in the camps, whose term of power had been passed in rapid marches from one end of the empire to another, who was borne, gout-stricken, in his litter to the foot of the Grampians, lay at last, sick to death, in his bed at York, the final watchword he gave, turning his crippled limbs heavily on his couch, was '*Laboremus*,' 'we must work.' '*Laboremus*' was, in fact, ever the motto of the Roman general, whose authority over his motley bands of Romans and auxiliaries, during the long intervals of life in quarters, depended on his means of keeping them in daily employment. The pickaxe, no less than the sword, was the ensign of Roman conquest. Marius the legionary wielded the *dolabra* as well as the *pilum*, and stripped to his work like a bondman under the cane of the centurion. Hence the roads of the military engineer were piled up with imperishable masonry; his camps were fortified like castles; his bridges were fixed like rocks in the torrents of the Tagus or the Danube;

Danube; all his works were executed with a superfluous neatness and finish, showing that labour, for its own sake, as it were, was a matter of traditionary discipline and practice. The amazing multiplicity of altars, votive tablets, and monumental or sepulchral inscriptions, found in the region of our northern barriers—a meagre remnant, no doubt, of the treasures of the same description which have been scattered or destroyed—seems to show how much leisure the legionary must have commonly enjoyed, and how sedulously his officers urged him to find employment for it. All the English armies which have encamped throughout the continents of India and America have left, perhaps, fewer traces of their industry than those of the Roman soldiery now existing in one or two only of our counties.

The iron will with which the conquerors from Italy subdued nature to their uses is apparent in the indifference with which they established their permanent dwellings in the most smiling valleys, or on the bleakest moors and uplands. The belt of fortifications with which they controlled the Silures and Ordovices was laid among the fairest scenes, and in the most fertile tracts of the island; for the convenience of commerce or fishing, they peopled the misty marshes of the Essex coast with hamlets and villas; while the basaltic ridge which draws a scar across the Northumbrian isthmus, where their remains are scattered in equal profusion, presents for the most part a dreary landscape, and a climate of fearful severity. There can be no doubt, however, that with the stimulus of a good deal of ready money to be spent, and a large unproductive population to be fed, this uninviting region teemed in the third and fourth centuries with human habitations. We are assured of this by the numerous vestiges of its towns and roads; perhaps we shall presently discover indications of an abundance of labour. Within the last two generations we have witnessed a return, with interest, of this era of production and population in the region of the Northumbrian barrier, but the era of high-farming and rising rents dates almost within the memory of men now living; and not much more than a hundred years ago this centre of Romano-British civilization was found on a memorable occasion to be destitute of even a practicable road from sea to sea. From the flight of the Romans to the accession of the Stuarts this region was harried by the moss-troopers, such as those immortalized in Surtees's clever fragment:—

'The fierce Thirlwalls and Ridleys all,
And Willimondswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon and Will o' the Wall;'

and

and the sheriff of merry Carlisle was beset by the Adam Bells, and Clymes of the Clough, and Williams of Cloudeslie. In the reigns of the Tudors, and perhaps later, the judges of assize rode over hill and marsh, armed to the teeth, from Carlisle to Newcastle, and avenged themselves for their fears and fatigues by the summary execution of whole batches of suspected malefactors. When old Camden came into the north to explore the remains of antiquity for his immortal work, he travelled eastward along the line of the Roman wall, as far as Thirlwall Castle; but here the limits of civilization and security ended: such was the wildness of the country and of its lawless inhabitants beyond, that he was obliged to desist from his pilgrimage, and leave the most important and interesting objects of his journey unexplored. The middle region of the isthmus continued still in the state of nature into which it had relapsed since the irruption of the Picts; the traffic, such as it was, between the capitals of the two northern counties was carried on by means of packhorses, which followed the traces of a Roman military way, climbing without a swerve the precipitous flanks of the central ridge, and plunging again into the ravines beyond:—

‘*Ardua prima via est, et qua vix mane recentes*

Enitantur equi: . . .

Ultima prona via est, et eget moderamine certo.’

When Marshal Wade was summoned from Newcastle to the defence of Carlisle against the Pretender's forces, he was obliged to turn back at Hexham for the want of a road practicable for artillery, and only reached the western side of the island by a circuitous route, and after a month's delay. After the rebellion was quelled, the Government hastened to obviate the recurrence of such mishaps for the future, and it was determined to make a good road direct from Newcastle to Carlisle. Here, before executing the works which have made him ever memorable in the Highlands, our Marshal tried his 'prentice hand in engineering; but, alas! 'had we seen this road before it was made,' the expressions of the antiquarian would have been not of 'blessing,' but 'contrariwise,' towards him, for he overthrew what then remained of the old Roman wall, for thirty miles out of Newcastle, to construct an 'agger' of his own with its massive materials. The method he adopted—a very sensible one for the purpose—may be clearly seen at the present day. In dry weather, and particularly after wind, we may trace at intervals in the centre of this road the facing-stones of the wall *in situ*, lying in lines about nine feet apart, just where they rose above the foundations; while in many places the rough ashlar of its upper courses, thrown loosely down to the right and left, still crop up to the surface, not yet ground

ground to dust by the wear and tear of more than a hundred years' traffic. For about thirty miles, as we have said, this road was constructed on the line of wall, and followed it with unflinching fidelity over considerable elevations; but at about that distance from Newcastle it shrank at last from the appalling acclivity of Sewingshields, and struck out a new and easier course a little to the southward. This route, however, far overtasks the strength of modern carriages and cattle, and had been deserted of late years for the valley of the Tyne, even before the introduction of the rail; the wayside inns, which used to put up thirty or forty men and horses at night, are now converted into lonely farm-houses.

But of this Roman wall, and the historical theories connected with it, we propose to give the reader some account in the following pages. Few, we believe, who have visited this district have resisted the contagion of the Wall-fever, caught from the genial enthusiasm of the local antiquaries, the loving reverence of those who dwell beside it, and the three-fold interest derived from its bold design and execution, its much-contested history, and the romantic scenery by which it is surrounded. And we too have walked, climbed, and leaped from height to height, stretched the measuring-tape from angle to angle, and watched the stroke of pick and shovel: we too have pored over the classic names and emblems graven on squared stones, and sometimes on the living rock: we too have questioned face to face this ghost of a fallen empire, and listened with suspended breath to its oracular responses: we too have bathed our brows in the sunlit haze of a Northumbrian summer, and fronted its searching winds on cliff and crag, and borne the toil which sweetens appetite for the hospitalities of the Mural magnates. It is with a sense of gratitude for days well spent and cheerfully enjoyed, and for new acquaintances kindly proffered, that we prepare, as a labour of love, to describe the greatest monument of the Romans in Britain.

The Northumbrian Marches teem, as we have said, with the remains of Roman occupation, with dismantled stations, grass-grown roads, and forgotten cities; but of all these there is none so remarkable, none so interesting, as the great line of fortification which girds them as it were at the waist, stretching between the Solway Firth and the estuary of the Tyne. From sea to sea the distance in a direct line is about sixty miles, but the Roman wall extended a few miles farther along the shallow shores of the Solway. This is the narrowest part of the island, except the upper isthmus between the Forth and Clyde, which, as is well known, was also traversed by a Roman barrier. But, besides the proximity of the two seas, the lower isthmus is well adapted for fortification from the nature of the ground. The tributaries of the Tyne and
Eden,

Eden, rising near together in the centre, fall east and west into deep trough-like valleys, the northern banks of which rise to a considerable elevation in almost continuous ridges; but in the centre itself the land has been raised by some primeval convulsion, and presents a stupendous barrier of basaltic cliffs to the north, broken only at intervals by abrupt fissures. The valleys, east and west, were choked perhaps in early times by morasses and jungle; while the mountain-tract between them is rocky and sterile, frozen in winter, scorched in summer, and swept over at all seasons by the fiercest blasts from the Atlantic or the German Ocean.

This natural barrier of cliff and stream, no mean obstacle in itself to the attack of barbarous hordes from the north, has been doubly and trebly strengthened by artificial fortifications. We give the profile of these works, as they may still be traced in many localities, in the lower and the higher tracts respectively;



consisting of a double line of earthen ramparts to the south, defended by a fosse, and faced by a third mound beyond it, and further, at a distance varying from a hundred to a thousand yards, by a wall of masonry accompanied by a military way; and again, where the nature of the ground allowed it, by a second fosse to the north. The triple line of earthen rampart, with the fosse immediately connected with it, commences at Newcastle, and terminates at Burgh-upon-Sands, a little beyond Carlisle. It preserves an accurate parallelism throughout, and forms in itself a complete system of fortification, to which we may give the general name of the *Vallum*. On the other hand, the Wall, or *Murus*, with its ditch, commences at Wall's-end, four miles further east, and is continued to Bowness, about as much further west. Though preserving the general direction of the *Vallum*, the parallelism between the two works is not always accurate, even where there seems no reason for a divergence from the nature of the ground; but it may be observed that, while the

Vallum

Vallum runs along the sloping sides of the hills, and sometimes in the valleys below them, the Murus uniformly seeks the ridge of the eminence, and in some parts of the line leaves the Vallum at a distance of more than half a mile, in order to preserve this vantage-ground, even where the ridge of the cliffs towers some hundreds of feet above the general level of the soil to the north and south. Upon this feature in the construction of the barrier we shall have to comment hereafter.

The ramparts of the Vallum, we have said, are earthen; in some parts there may possibly have been a rude foundation of loose stones; but there is no trace in them of masonry; and if they had any additional defence, it was probably that of a stockade. Such a stockade may have been confined, however, to the lower and more woody parts of the line. The ramparts may have formed a slope of twelve or fifteen feet in height; the ditch, which furnished the materials for them, must have been deeper as well as broader than they. At present there are but few places at which they preserve a height or depth of more than five or six feet; wherever the plough has drawn its furrow they have become nearly obliterated, and require a vigilant and practised eye to detect them; but in the grass lands of the central district they are still distinctly marked for miles together, and they have been still better preserved wherever they have had the advantage of being planted over. This triple line of rampart forms the most noticeable feature of the Vallum, for neither the Roman limitary lines, such as we are acquainted with in Scotland, in Germany, and elsewhere, nor the British or Saxon with which we are familiar in various parts of this island, present more than a single line of mound and ditch. But our attention is still more arrested by the wall of stone which accompanies it, overlapping it at each end, and which seems to form with its fosse a stronger bulwark than the Vallum itself. What the original dimensions of the Murus were cannot be ascertained from any existing remains, except that its width, as measured in numerous places, varied generally from eight to nine feet. Bede, the earliest author who refers to its appearance, with which, as seen from his monastery at Jarrow, he must have been well acquainted, says, 'It is eight feet in breadth, and twelve in height, in a straight line from east to west, as is still visible to beholders.' From what we know of the proportions of Roman walls in this country and elsewhere, we may conjecture that the height was originally greater, and that the parapet, at least, had been overthrown in the time of Bede. Sir Christopher Ridley, in 1572, gives more liberal measure, a breadth of three and height of seven yards. Erdeswick, in 1574, speaks more particularly

ticularly of the wall on the Solway, and here its height, he says, was sixteen feet. Camden, who visited the western portion in 1599, makes the height at Carvoran fifteen feet. We may conclude that, with its parapet, it was generally above twice as high as it was thick, or from sixteen to eighteen feet. In the portions which now remain it rarely exceeds five or six feet in height, though once or twice, in hollows and other favourable situations, as many as eleven courses of stones are found together, amounting to nearly as many feet.

The remains of this wall, however, are generally far less distinguishable than those of the Vallum. Between Wall's End and Newcastle it is wholly obliterated. We have described the operations of Marshal Wade, by which, though the foundations still remain and occasionally betray themselves, the superstructure has been entirely overthrown for thirty miles, except for two or three short intervals, though the accompanying fosse is still almost constantly apparent. Where the wall does appear, throughout this section of the works, the road has happened to deviate slightly from the line, and though it has been spoiled of its stones for building or fencing, till only three or four courses remain above ground, these mutilated remains are in some degree preserved by the hedge-rows that grow upon them. Here and there a venerable fragment has been enclosed in the grounds of an intelligent proprietor, and is saved for the present from further desecration. But towards the centre of the isthmus, where the cliffs rise in abrupt masses, the wall has shaken itself free of the modern road, and here it still forms a line almost continuous for ten or fifteen miles, climbing the face of rocks sometimes so steep that the pedestrian can with difficulty follow it, and always keeping its footing on the extreme verge of the precipice facing northwards. Here the fosse has ceased to accompany it: to carry it on would have been impracticable and useless. The foot of the cliffs must in ancient times have rested generally at the bottom of a swamp, while the cliffs themselves were almost perpendicular. Nothing can be finer than the way in which these cliffs, seen in profile, seem to advance like billows one behind another. Nothing is more impressive than the spectacle of the wall, shorn and maimed as it is, careering over their ridges, and ever clinging as it were to the naked eminence, which it makes one giddy to look upon. Throughout the greater part of this section, however, it must be understood that the wall, although still nearly continuous, has become little else than a shapeless mass of loose fragments. It has been robbed of a large proportion of its squared facing stones for the construction of fences, and the cattle, which now scramble

to

to the top of it, have pulled down many more. The face is generally best preserved to the north, where it is least accessible, and seven or eight courses are there often seen *in situ*. Mr. Clayton of Chesters, the owner of several miles of wall in this region, has shown admirable taste, as well as reverential care, in clearing away the loose stones at the foot, and restoring, but not rebuilding, the actual line of wall, wherever it was possible.

From the labours of this diligent and discreet antiquarian we derive our best means of judging of the character of the masonry of this extraordinary structure. It is extremely simple, not to say rude. Both its faces were formed alike of stones, roughly hewn to something of a wedge-shape, presenting an outer surface of nine or ten inches square, with their smaller ends set inwards. The stones are nearly of a size, and the courses in which they are laid preserve their parallelism pretty exactly, but they are not écheloned upon one another, in the more symmetrical fashion of modern builders, of which many specimens may be found in other Roman structures. The space between the faces was filled up with unhewn pebbles and rubble, and these may have been compacted together into a concrete mass by mortar; but the cement thus used seems to have generally perished — the lime having, perhaps, been sucked out by the vegetation which grows upon the wall; some adepts, indeed, in the art of building have ventured to assert that no other cement was actually employed but clay. The stones used, either within or without, never exceeded the size which a man could carry between his hands or slung over his shoulders; and as the quarries from which they were taken lay always within a few hundred yards of the spot where they were to be placed, no machinery could have been required to transport them. They are sometimes roughly scored in pattern, but are rarely if ever found inscribed with words, letters, or figures. All these particulars are to be borne in mind for future application.

Along the line of this wall were planted a number of small turrets, clearly described by the old writers, but of which hardly one dubious vestige now remains. Besides these watchtowers, at distances of about a Roman mile enclosures were constructed about twenty yards square, fortified with masonry similar to that of the wall itself, upon which they abutted. These enclosures, or mile-castles, which seem to have been full of buildings, were, no doubt, occupied by the defenders of the wall. In the time of Horsley (1730) there were considerable remains of several of them, but at present a few only can be distinctly traced in mounds of turf, and some of these have been carefully exhumed by Mr. Clayton, while the greater number have been so nearly obliterated that

that Mr. Maclauchlan, the author of the recent survey, could only discover them by knowing the distance at which they were to be looked for successively. It is remarkable that Horsley affirmed of these mile-castles that they had no openings to the north; the few that have been restored present, on the contrary, gateways about nine feet wide both to the north and south. The masonry of the gates was better finished and far more solid than that of the walls, as if the fiercest attack of the enemy was generally to be apprehended at the entrances. We observe with surprise that even on the summit of the most precipitous crags the mile-castles have still a broad aperture to the north, as if to afford an easy ingress as well as egress, even where we should least contemplate either the one or the other. In more level ground it might be not less important to make a place of refuge accessible than to speed a battalion on its errand of slaughter or devastation; but at such spots as we have mentioned we can hardly imagine the application of either of these uses, and must be satisfied with supposing that so many dozen mile-castles were commanded after a certain pattern, and executed accordingly, without respect to any difference of circumstances. It is interesting to be thus brought face to face with the red-tape of antiquity.

The turrets and mile-castles along the wall were connected together by a road, built after the Roman fashion upon a foundation of stones, which may still be traced in many parts of the central districts, though perhaps wholly obliterated towards either extremity. This road was travelled as late as the last century by the packhorses which carried goods between Newcastle and Carlisle, and is still the track preferred, for its firmness, its dryness, and the softness of its herbage, by the sheep and by mural pilgrims like ourselves. But the whole region was crossed in every direction by military roads. A direct line of communication was drawn east and west, a little south of the Vallum, which is now known in many places under the name of the Stanegate. Horsley believed that the northern agger of the Vallum was itself a road; but recent investigations do not tend to support this opinion. The Romans advanced into Caledonia by three routes—east, west, and central. The Stanegate, the Vallum, and the Wall were all cut at right angles, near a place called Halton Chesters, by the Watling Street, along which numerous stations or camps were formed, stretching in a lengthened chain through Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, and indicating perhaps the spots on which the first Roman invaders rested night after night in their progress northward. Many of these halting-places have never been anything more than mere ramparts of turf thrown up for the purpose of the moment,
or

or occupied occasionally for summer quarters (*castra æstiva*); a great number, however, have been retained in permanent use, and have been strongly cased with masonry at some period of the Roman domination (*castra stativa*). These stations have been crowded with buildings, arranged in streets, and adorned with baths and temples. Such, for instance, was the station of *Bremenium*, or High Rochester, in Redesdale; the excavation of which, though on a smaller scale, may vie in interest with that which has taken place within the last year at *Wroxeter*.* But the narrow limits of the military fortress were not always sufficient to contain the population which thronged to it for shelter. Towns of considerable size seem, as at *Borcovicus* or *Housesteads*, to have grown up under the protection of the stationary garrisons, and the inscribed and sculptured stones, as well as coins, which have been discovered in them, show that they continued to be places of importance for several generations.

It is, however, with the chain of camps which stretches across the isthmus, and forms an important part of the general system of the limitary fortifications, that we are now principally concerned. Of these camps as many as fourteen are connected together by the Wall and Vallum; the Wall generally taking their northern face, and the Vallum more commonly striking them in flank, and allowing itself to be broken by them. Seven more may be traced in the immediate vicinity of the rampart to the south, while some others, at a few miles distance both north and south, may have contributed to the support of the whole system of defences. Most, if not all of these, appear to have been stative camps, and many of them to have subsequently developed into towns; but the stone ramparts they once possessed have in most cases disappeared, or have been overthrown and almost buried under the ruins of the buildings. In some of them excavations have been repeatedly made, with important results, as at *Chesters*, the seat of Mr. Clayton, at *Chesterholm*, and at *Burdoswald*; but *Housesteads*, which stands in the centre of the line, and almost at its highest elevation, enjoys a pre-eminent interest in our eyes, for, by the judicious operations of its intelligent owner, its walls have been brought clearly out, with face and core intact, to the height of six or eight courses all round. On such a spot the enthusiasm of every explorer bubbles over. Even

* For the careful investigation of *Bremenium*, the most northerly walled station occupied by the Romans in Britain, the antiquary is indebted to the generosity of the Duke of Northumberland. The extensive excavations made on occasion of the meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Newcastle in 1852 were carried out at his Grace's expense, and the numerous inscriptions and relics discovered are preserved in his Museum at *Alnwick Castle*.

before the excavation of the walls, the general features of the mighty ruin caused Sandy Gordon to exclaim, 'This is unquestionably the most remarkable and magnificent station in the whole island.' . . . 'It is hardly credible what a number of august remains of the Roman grandeur is to be seen here at this day, seeing in every place where one casts his eye there is some curious antiquity to be seen; either in the marks of streets and temples in ruins, or inscriptions, broken pillars, statues, and other pieces of sculpture all scattered along the ground.' Stukeley, in the vehemence of his admiration, denominated Housesteads the Tadmor of Britain. Dr. Bruce, more intelligent, but not less ardent, desires us to moderate our expectations: 'There is much,' he says, 'to admire, but not a great deal to strike at first sight. The altars and sculptured figures which lay in profusion on the ground when Gordon and Stukeley were there, have been removed [to the Museum at Newcastle], but the ruins of the place remain as complete and vast as ever. The city is in a great measure covered with its own débris, but the excavations which have been recently made show us that, when they are continued throughout the entire station, the entire Borcovicus (Housesteads) will be the Pompeii of Britain.' These, too, are 'brave words,' but those who have listened to the hierophant in his own holy place, expounding the mysteries of stones and earth-works, reading the grim furrows of the dolabra into classic Latin, showing traces of ancient life and manners in wheel-ruts, mill-stones, and conical ballista-shot, and revealing the secret history of the 'first and second period of occupation,' will hardly leave the spot without catching a portion of the *religio loci*, and mentally voting to their eloquent teacher the honours of a mural crown.

The form and character of these stations are a pledge, independent of the remains found within them, of their genuine Roman origin; but this fact is curiously illustrated by the statements of the 'Notitia Dignitatum,' the Red-book of the empire at the beginning of the fifth century. In the chapter of this work which gives an account of the military establishments in Britain, there occurs a list of the stations 'per lineam Valli.' These, it seems, were twenty-three in number; but as there is no statement of their being actually connected with the ramparts, nor that they are recited in the order of their position, nor whether, if so, the enumeration is from the east or the west, our earlier antiquaries had no clue for identifying them with existing remains, except the fallacious one of similarity in name. Thus Camden and his commentator Gibson assigned *Segedunum* to Seton or Seghill, *Pons Ælii* to Ponteland, *Procolitia* to Colechester

or

or Prudhoe, *Borcovicus* to Borwick, *Tunnocelum* to Tynemouth; while they identified *Axellodunum*, *Amboglanna*, *Aballaba*, and *Petriana*, on no other ground, with places so distant from the Wall as Hexham, Ambleside, Appleby, and Penrith respectively. It may be a warning to topographers to hear that not one of these conjectures can be actually sustained. The only lucky hit that Camden made in this respect was in identifying *Cilurnum* with Chollerford; but the proof of this is found, not in the similarity of name, but in the discovery of an inscription on the spot. The inscription on an altar excavated within the camp at this place records, not the name, indeed, of the station, but that of the detachment, 'ala II. Asturum,' which we know to have occupied it. For the 'Notitia' gives us, with the name of each station, the designation of the battalion attached to it, and this enables us to determine with certainty several localities, to ascertain the order of enumeration, and hence to identify with confidence other places of the series. We have no doubt that *Segedunum*, the first station named, was Wall's-end, where are the easternmost remains of Roman fortification, and not Bowness at the western extremity; for here we find an altar dedicated to Jupiter by the prefect of the fourth cohort of *Lingones* (Gauls from Langres), and here, according to the 'Notitia,' was the fourth cohort of *Lergi* (*Lergorum*, an unknown name, and pretty clearly a corruption of *Lingorum*).^{*} We have no such means of identifying *Pons Ælii* with Newcastle; but Newcastle is the second station westward, and *Pons Ælii* the second name in the 'Notitia,' and here, besides the numerous coins of Ælius Hadrianus found on the spot, the eastern road of the Romans crossed the Tyne by a bridge, the foundations of which have, it is said, been observed in modern times. But *Condercum*, the third station of the 'Notitia,' was guarded by the first troop of Astures, and at Benwell, the third camp on the line proceeding westward, a stone so inscribed has been discovered. We can only identify *Vindobala* the fourth, and *Hunnum* the fifth station, with a fourth and fifth camp at Rutchester and Halton Chesters, by their position between *Condercum* and *Cilurnum*; but, again, we have documentary proof that *Procolitia*, with its first cohort of Batavians, was at Carrawburgh, and *Borcovicus*, the camp of the first cohort of Tungri, at Housesteads. All these stations are on the actual line of Wall; *Vindolana*, the ninth in the 'Notitia,' shown by inscriptions to be Chesterholm, lies more than a mile to the

^{*} We observe that Böcking, in his admirable edition of the Notitia, adopts *Lingorum* without hesitation, as the true reading.

south of it. The evidence about the next station, *Æsica*, is less clear, but we have no hesitation in identifying it, by analogy, with Great Chesters, and *Magna* with Carvoran. Beyond these, *Amboglanna* is proved to be Birdoswald, from an inscription recording the first cohort of Dacians. The aid of these legionary inscriptions now fails us, but we have acquired the key of the problem, and from the careful examination of local remains we may pronounce, at least with some confidence, that *Petriana* is Walton. Beyond this point Dr. Bruce abstains from giving a decided judgment, and Mr. Maclauchlan's more recent survey still leaves us in some uncertainty about the exact claim of the ten stations which still remain to be accounted for. This, indeed, is a large proportion of the whole number to be accommodated within less than one-third of the direct distance from sea to sea, and it seems probable that some of these stations, mentioned at the end of the list, may refer to localities more remote from the Wall. It is remarkable that *Luguwallium*, which is generally presumed to be Carlisle, is not mentioned among the stations 'per lineam Valli' at all. It should be known that this beautiful induction from the 'Notitia' is due, as far as it goes, to Horsley, the prince of antiquarians, whose topographical genius was never more happily exercised than in this his native country.

The intimations of the *Notitia*, illustrated by inscriptions and sculptures on the spot, rude though they generally are, afford us some curious glimpses of the Romans in Britain. It appears that of the legions employed and permanently stationed in the island, three—the second (the August), the Sixth (the Victorious, Pious, and Faithful), and the Twentieth (the Brave and Victorious)—were engaged in the conquest and defence of this district, and that they were assisted, perhaps, but ultimately displaced, by bands of auxiliaries from the most distant quarters of the empire, by Gauls at Segedunum and Vindolana, Asturians at *Æsica* and Cilurnum, by Germans, Dacians, Thracians, Moors, and Dalmatians, at other points. In short, not less than eighteen or twenty different nationalities seem to have been represented in the narrow belt of fortifications that crossed the lower isthmus. We meet with no trace in this record of British hands being employed to maintain the tranquillity of Britain; but at one spot, near Thirlwall Castle, the place where, according to tradition, the Wall was penetrated (thirled) by the Pictish invaders, we have remarked on a stone built into a farmhouse, the letters COH DUMNONI, showing apparently that the men of Devonshire were charged at this point with the defence of Roman interests
against

against the assertors of British freedom, and proved 'nobly false' to their trust.* While the inscriptions in which the legions are recorded generally give the name of the emperor or of the consuls, there seems to be no notification of time on our monuments, from which to infer how long these battalions of auxiliaries had occupied the stations where they were found at the date of the Notitia. There can be no doubt, however, that these latter records belong to a period when the legions of the old Roman army had ceased to have any existence, and their place was supplied by battalions and troops of barbarians from the frontier provinces. That these battalions continued to be recruited from their native districts respectively, and to retain their distinct nationality, may be inferred, perhaps, generally from the names of the deities they severally worshipped, of which numerous traces are discovered. These records, indeed, of the religion of our frontier garrisons show the same curious mixture of ideas and cults which was seething, as we all know, throughout the third and fourth centuries in every city of the empire. Along with the names of Teutonic or Celtic divinities, such as Mogontis, Vitires, Belatucadrus, and Taranus, we find the representatives of the old orthodox Olympus, Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Minerva, and Hercules; while the worship of the sun, of Mithras, and Astarte, thrusts itself also into the temples of the farthest north, and a sentiment still more vague and faint finds satisfaction in invoking Nymphs, Fates, and Geniuses, the *Deæ Matres* (or weird sisters), the *Deæ Campestræ*, the *Deæ Transmarinæ*, and, finally, 'all the Gods and Goddesses.' Rome herself, as may be supposed, and the genius of the Emperor, meet with due reverence in these military colonies. Though standing in the presence of barbarians by birth and origin, we feel that the spell of Roman civilization has passed over them. The Moors and Germans of the Mural camps spoke the language of Italy, and observed her customs; they were, perhaps, after all, as good Romans as half the denizens of the Velabrum and Suburra in their day. Their buildings,

* While foreign battalions were employed in Britain, some of the most distant provinces were held for Rome by Britons. We learn from the Notitia that a squadron of British horse was stationed in Egypt. A cohort of Britons, the twenty-sixth, was quartered in Armenia. There were 'Elder Britons' in Illyricum, and 'Invincible Younger Britons' in Spain, and many other bodies of the same nation in other localities.—See Mr. Roach Smith's *Collectanea Antiqua*, ii. 134. Our Government has been counselled to imitate their policy in India, and employ Caffres, Malays, and Negros, for the subjugation of the native races. We believe that in this, and almost every other particular, the Roman policy is inapplicable to our position and to our ideas. Sir H. Bartle Frere's observations on this point, in a recent memoir, are well deserving of great attention, and such they have no doubt received from the authorities.

their

their fortifications, their arms and costume, were Roman. They enjoyed the bath, and warmed their dwellings with heated flues, like the Romans. Their habitual use of wheel-carriages is attested, exactly as at Pompeii, by the deeply-graven ruts across the thresholds of their gateways. They ate and drank off the same eternal red pottery; they ground their corn with the same gritty millstones from Andernach on the Rhine. That they had the true Roman taste for oysters is shown by the abundant testaceous remains about their dwellings; it is supposed that they transferred the 'natives' of Camulodunum and Rutupiaæ to the coast of Yorkshire and Northumberland. Erdeswicke, in 1574, records another culinary tradition, relating to certain vegetables (chives, we believe) which the Romans are supposed to have introduced into the wilds of northern Britain, and which are still found in abundance near the well adjacent to the wall, where Paulinus is supposed to have baptised King Ecfrið.* 'The Skotts lyches or surgeons do yerely repayr to the said Roman wall . . . to gather sundry herbs for surgery, for that it is thought that the Romaynes thereby had planted most nedeful herbes for sundry purposes, but howsoever it was, these herbes are found very wholesome.' It is likely enough that the exiled soldiers of the South cheered their hungry solitude by the cultivation of such products of their native soil as they could manage to acclimatize. Such, it is said, was the favourite practice of the Conquistadores of New Spain, when they settled down, one by one, on the estates they had won with so much blood and rapine. So, according to Humboldt, it is related of the valiant Andres de la Vega by his son Garcilasso, that he collected together all his old comrades within call to share with them three asparagus, the first which ever grew on the table-land of Cuzco.

On the whole, however, no reflection presses more strongly upon us, on visiting this cemetery of an ancient civilization, than how dark is the gloom which has settled on the life, manners, and ideas of the people whom it once enlightened. The inscribed stones picked up here, as elsewhere, shed but a feeble glimmer on the obscurity. The personages mentioned are sometimes emperors and prefects, sometimes soldiers of inferior grades; once or twice we meet with the record of a wife or child, of the simple and touching character which bespeaks their Roman connexion; once or twice a medical attendant on the camp is honourably remembered; but there is no trace, we believe, of

* The plant was probably preserved through the occupation of the adjoining spot, at Walltown, by an ancient fortalice, the property of the Ridleys, the family of the martyr.

any mere civilian, none certainly of a civil officer; nor is there any sign of this tract of country having been placed under civil government at all. In this respect, indeed, the region of the Wall is not very differently circumstanced from other parts of our island, and we are driven, as we have before intimated, to the conjecture, that Britain was held more entirely by the sword than most of the Roman dependencies. However strange this may seem, our perplexity is still greater on observing here, as in the rest of Britain, an almost total absence of the monuments of Christianity.

'If the authority of certain writers,' says Mr. Wright, 'be worth anything, we must take it for granted that, at least after the age of Constantine, Roman Britain was a Christian country; that it was filled with churches, clergy, and bishops; and, in fact, that paganism had been abolished throughout the land. We should imagine that the invaders, under whom the Roman power fell, found nothing but Christian altars to overthrow and Christian temples to demolish. It is hardly necessary to point out how utterly at variance such a statement is with the result of antiquarian researches. I have stated that not a trace of Christianity is found among the religious and sepulchral monuments of the Roman period.'

And thence the writer proceeds to explain away the sole apparent exception known to him.* We may mention, however, as connected with the district under consideration, a solitary instance of an object bearing the Christian monogram. This is a silver vase, found in proximity to Roman remains near Corbridge (*Corstopitum*). On this relic, hitherto unpublished, the monogram, composed of the Greek Chi and Rho, is found among the ornaments. The same, we are assured, may also be seen in the fine mosaic floor at Frampton, in Dorset.

The local name of 'The Picts' Wall' represents the early tradition, that the great rampart of stone which spanned the isthmus from the Tyne to the Solway was erected as a defence against the Picts and Scots, tribes not known in history before the fourth century of our era. Such was the name, and such the origin of the name, adopted, without critical investigation, by our

* Wright, *Celt, Roman, and Saxon*, p. 298. 'We can understand,' he adds, 'without difficulty, when we consider that this distant province was from its insular position far more independent of the central influence than other parts, why the new faith was slow in penetrating it, and was not readily adopted. No doubt, among the recruits who were sent to the Roman troops, and the strangers who visited the island as merchants or settlers, there must have been individuals who had embraced the truths of the Gospel. But we must bear in mind also, that the population of Britain, during the later period of the Roman power, seems to have been recruited more and more from the pagan tribes of Germany and the North.'

early historians. More recently it received the appellation of the Wall of Severus, to which Horsley, more especially, has given currency; but it has also been called by some the Wall of Hadrian; and the opinion that it was actually constructed by the Emperor Hadrian in the middle of the second century has been maintained by Dr. Collingwood Bruce, of Newcastle, with an amount of zeal and learning which has satisfied many of our most intelligent antiquarians. We observe, indeed, that this hypothesis is now commonly followed as the received doctrine of the day in the popular summaries of antiquities. The most cautious and discreet among us may still hesitate, and wait for further evidence; they may shrink from committing themselves to a theory which, in antiquarian matters more perhaps than any others, is likely to cramp and distort the judgment, and incapacitate it for the impartial reception of fresh evidence; nevertheless all must feel how much is due to the genius and enthusiasm which, if they overleap the ordinary bounds of sober discretion, communicate the electric shock of sympathy from man to man, and give the most effectual impulse to the discovery of truth. No great truths in science would perhaps have ever been discovered at all if we had had only patient observers, and no imaginative theorists. The interest which has attached to Dr. Bruce's labours in his own neighbourhood, and among antiquarians generally, has been due partly to his explorations and discoveries themselves, partly to the attractiveness of his hypothesis, but most of all perhaps to his personal character, his industry and eloquent enthusiasm, and the fascination exercised by an 'old experience,' which may fairly be thought to have attained to something of intuitive sagacity.

For ourselves, we are hearers only; if we cannot at once accept Dr. Bruce's theory, we should at least be ashamed to assert another of our own. We are content to wait for conviction, whether from the discovery of new sources of evidence, or from the gradual clearing away of the mists of contradictory testimony which beset the rival hypotheses on the subject. We shall be satisfied for the present if, by placing the conflicting testimonies, direct and indirect, before the reader, we can succeed in imparting to him any of the strange fascination which the question exercises on our own minds. But if he should be topographically disposed, and in search of a little pleasurable excitement, let him take a train some early day to the North, and study it on the spot. '*Solvitur ambulando*' is the best of maxims for the investigation of antiquarian puzzles.

The Roman armies, in their advance into a barbarous country, were accustomed to raise earthen ramparts round the camps in
which

which they rested between successive days' marches. If they intended, as was generally the case, to return for a second or third campaign, they opened pathways through the woods or across the morasses, marked out by two parallel trenches, and to these they gave the name of *limites*. If they contemplated a more permanent occupation, they proceeded to build a road in place of the *limes*, excavating the loose soil between the trenches, and filling in the space with successive layers of concrete and squared stones, raised often to a considerable height above the surrounding country. Hence the Watling-street and other Roman roads, which strike northward into Scotland, are found to connect a series of Roman encampments, many of which in process of time germinated into cities. But if they were uncertain about the permanence of their advanced conquests, they were in the habit of drawing a transverse line of communication, to which the same name of *limes* was also given, to connect their outposts laterally; and this line they sometimes protected by a rampart of earth, a ditch, and a palisade. This fortification seems also to have borne sometimes the name of *limes*; but this was not a correct use of the term; the proper word was *vallum*. The first Roman general who penetrated into the region of the isthmus was the renowned Agricola, in the year 79: after advancing, in his second campaign, to the limits of the Brigantes, he planted a series of camps or *castella* from east to west, and opened, we may be assured, a communication between them. This was called a *prætentura*; there was no connecting line of rampart, but the *castella* were near enough to afford support to each other. We may believe that many of the existing camps in this district were constructed originally by this commander. But Agricola carried his victorious arms further north. He drew a second *prætentura* between the Clyde and Forth to secure the province within the upper isthmus; and from this vantage-ground he again issued forth, and we may still perhaps trace the line of his further advance by the remains of his encampments in Fife and Forfarshire. Still Agricola erected no continuous rampart. His time was limited, and so were his means.

The system of *vallation* was carried out more effectively in the next generation. Trajan executed great works of this kind in Hungary and Bulgaria, and commenced at least the extraordinary bulwark of mound and ditch, which ran for nearly four hundred miles between the Rhine and the Danube. Trajan's successor, Hadrian, was celebrated for the development he gave to this system of fortification. The barbarians hitherto, says a Roman writer, were kept aloof by rivers or by *limites*; but Hadrian fortified these balks of turf with palisades, after the manner of a wall-

wall-fence. The German vallum, which he continued and perhaps completed, was crowned with such a palisade, but modern explorers have found no traces throughout its length of the employment of masonry. Hadrian came in person into Britain; but he was not anxious for military distinction. He had already relinquished some of Trajan's acquisitions in the East; without perhaps formally abandoning the conquests of Agricola, he took no pains to maintain them, and contented himself with fixing the limits of the province along the line of forts which guarded the lower isthmus. But this line of forts he strengthened by a continuous rampart; and the question arises, whether the whole, or what part, of the existing remains of fortification between the Tyne and Solway are due to his energy and prudence?

On this subject the direct testimony of ancient authors is explicit up to a certain point, but is provokingly imperfect beyond it. Dion Cassius, speaking of the time of Commodus—that is, after Hadrian and before Severus—affirms that there was then a *τείχος* dividing the Romans in the island from the barbarians; but *τείχος*, though we commonly construe it 'a wall,' is used by the best Greek writers indifferently for a wall of masonry or a mound of earth; nor is it certain whether this author alludes to the works on the upper or the lower isthmus. Herodian speaks of *χώματα* in this place; but this word is properly applied to earthen rather than to stone ramparts. Spartian, the next on our list, says plainly enough of Hadrian; 'Murum . . . per 80 millia . . . primus duxit'—'He built the first wall,' or 'was the first to build a wall;' as if there had been another wall built at a subsequent period. Now, as certainly there was no other stone wall either here or at the upper isthmus, we are led at first sight to question whether by *murus* a stone wall is meant at all. The suspicion that *murus* here, as often elsewhere, is used for a rampart generally, with no limitation to a rampart of masonry, is confirmed by a passage of the same writer, in which he attributes a *murus* to Severus also: 'Muro per transversam insulam ducto utrimque ad finem oceani munivit.' If Hadrian built a wall here, then Severus did not, and *vice versâ*. There is no other such wall in the island. A third passage of Spartian, speaking also of Hadrian, 'Post murum apud vallum (or aut vallum) missum in Britannia,' is too corrupt to make any use of. Nor can we draw any inference from the words of Capitolinus, who says that Antoninus drew 'aliud murum cespititium,' 'another wall of turf,' that the previous rampart of Hadrian was of stone. The phrase is ambiguous in Latin, and may mean either a second wall of turf like the first, or a second wall, not of stone like the first, but of turf only. All we can say

say positively so far is, that Hadrian erected a rampart of one kind or the other.

The next builder claimed for the Wall is the Emperor Severus. Spartian's testimony, we have already seen, is nugatory. Eusebius (in Jerome) says that this Emperor erected a *Vallum*, 132 miles in length, the error in the numbers being perhaps that of the transcriber. Eighty-two miles (LXXXII. for CXXXII.) would answer very well to the width of the lower isthmus from Tynemouth to some point on the Solway, and thirty-two (XXXII. for CXXXII.) equally well to the upper: but neither this nor any other writer tells us which of the two was the isthmus Severus fortified. Aurelius Victor, indeed, says, '*Severus muro munivit*;' but again, '*vallum per 32 millia passuum*;' which looks like a correction of Eusebius, and would refer to the rampart of the Forth and Clyde. Eutropius follows Victor: '*Severus vallum per 32 mil. pass. . . . deduxit*,' while Cassiodorus adopts the vulgar reading of Eusebius: '*Severus . . . vallum per 132 m. p. &c.*' Still there is nothing definite about the Wall. Supposing Severus to have raised a rampart in the same district as Hadrian, we still have no direct evidence that either one or the other erected a wall of stone. But besides the doubt arising from the number of thirty-two miles, an expression in Eutropius may incline us to fix the rampart of Severus at the Forth, rather than at the Tyne. The barbarians, we are told, had penetrated into the Roman province, but the Emperor not only drove them out, but advanced far into the heart of Caledonia beyond it. He eventually made peace with the barbarians, and withdrew in sickness to York; but he built, it is said, a rampart of thirty-two miles in length, '*ut receptas provincias omni securitate muniret*;' i. e. to give double security to the territory he had *recovered*. There is no reason to suppose that the barbarians had wrested from Rome the populous and powerful tracts south of the Tyne: the recovered provinces, it would seem, were the lands imperfectly subjugated, between the Tyne and Forth.* On the other hand, it must be added, though there are two, or in fact three lines of rampart in the vallum of the lower isthmus, of which Hadrian may have constructed one, and Severus added another, we have no distinct trace of a double fortification in the remains, very imperfect, it must be confessed, of the upper, while we know from indubitable testimony that one such rampart was there raised by Antoninus. We can only say, that, as far as direct evidence goes,

* We give this as the most natural interpretation of the words of Eutropius. It may, no doubt, be urged on the other hand that Eutropius speaks rhetorically, and supposes all the four provinces of Britain to have been momentarily lost, when Severus came to the rescue.

Severus's claim to the Wall is more doubtful than even that of Hadrian.

In default, however, of testimony of the first class, we may find perhaps indirect evidence, from inscriptions, from the style of construction, or from the general character of the fortifications before us.

The advocates of the Ælian hypothesis rely much on inscriptions. Many inscribed stones have been discovered, since the time of Horsley, in the camps contiguous or near to the Wall, and some even in the mile-castles, bearing the name of Hadrian, and dated in his reign, while comparatively few have been found bearing reference to Severus near the Wall, and none immediately upon it. There is no doubt indeed that the camps were generally of the age of Hadrian, or earlier, and the discovery of his name thus recorded in them can have no weight in the question before us. The stone walls of the camps may be of much later construction than the camps themselves. Two inscriptions of Hadrian, however, have undoubtedly been discovered in mile-castles; unfortunately the position in which they stood cannot be ascertained. They were excavated among the *débris* near the gates; but it is not necessary to suppose that they were erected in a conspicuous place over them.* Such large slabs as those which present these particular inscriptions correspond with the masonry of the gates, which was much more solid than that of the walls; and if the Wall was erected at a date posterior to Hadrian, it might be found convenient to seize upon such massive blocks wherever they were to be found. There seems reason to believe that these large stones were often conveyed to considerable distances. Inscribed slabs have been found at Hexham, four miles from the nearest

* Dr. Bruce lays great stress on the discovery of such slabs, inscribed with the name of Hadrian, in the camps at Great Chesters (*Æsica*) and Chesterholm (*Vindolana*), and also in the mile-castles at Milking Gap and Cawfields. It is the last only that can have any importance for the question before us, and the account he himself gives of their discovery would tend rather to discredit than support the notion of their having been originally erected on the spot where they were found. Of the slab at Milking Gap he says, 'it was found in taking up the foundations of the mile-castle' (p. 234), and again repeats the statement at p. 383. It would seem from these words that the slab in question was taken from some other place, and built into the foundations of the wall or gateway, where the largest stones were ordinarily used. We have had an opportunity, however, of making inquiries on the spot, and of the identical labourer who excavated the inscribed stones both at Cawfields and Milking Gap; and he asserts that they were found lying among the *débris* with which the interior of the castles was filled, one close beside, the others not far from, the gateway. The actual foundations were not meddled with. The stones must have occupied some elevated place in the masonry of the walls; but still it is not necessary to suppose that they were placed there by Hadrian's officers. We admit, however, that Dr. Bruce has a reasonable presumption in his favour, and we hope that in a future edition he will corroborate or correct the statement we have here made of the circumstances.

known station, at Corbridge (*Corstopitum*), and others at Lanercost, nearly as far from Walton or *Petriana*. There seems therefore no difficulty in supposing that the inscription found in the mile-castles at Milking Gap was transported from the camp at Chesterholm (*Vindolana*). While, however, we give this as a possible explanation of the circumstance, we acknowledge the evidence for Hadrian from these inscriptions to be of the gravest importance.

On the other hand, the partisans of Severus point, not to inscribed slabs along the Wall, or in the camps, but to numerous references to the date of his reign in names graven on the rocks, which seem to have served for quarries to the Roman builders. Indirect evidence may also be drawn, we think, against the claims of Hadrian, from an inscription found at Kirkandrews, near Carlisle, south of the barrier, 'legati legionis vi. ob res *trans vallum* prospere gestas.' Observe here the phrase *vallum*, not *murus*. It would seem that the mound was in existence before the Wall, and therefore that the Wall was built after Hadrian. But the sixth legion appears to have been removed to York before A.D. 190; this inscription therefore does not interfere with the claims of Severus, A.D. 210. If, however, there be any significance in the use of the word *vallum*, the language of the Notitia would be fatal to both the rival Emperors; for in that document, dated circ. A.D. 410, the barrier is still called *vallum*, and not *murus*. So also the Antonine Itinerary speaks always of the *vallum*; and it may be taken as one of the many suspicious circumstances attending the work which goes by the name of Richard of Cirencester, that in this Itinerary we find the barrier designated as the *murus*.

As regards the masonry of the Wall, the presumption seems to be against Hadrian. None of the existing limitary ramparts of the Antonine period present any masonry at all; they were merely mounds and stockades.* The construction is also very rude; the courses indeed are tolerably even, but there is no regularity in the setting of the stones of one course above those of another. There is none of the squared and chequered masonry we observed in the remains at Rome itself, or even in some parts

* Two or three places on the line of the Antonine barrier have derived their name from camps, as Castle Cary; and we presume that Falkirk is so called from the palisade: but there is no place that retains in its name the tradition of a wall. So also along the line of the Limes Transrhenanus, there are numerous places denominated Pfahls-burg, Pfahls-heim, &c.; but wall never enters into the composition of their names. On the other hand, the names on the line of the Lower Isthmus refer to a wall, not to a palisade; as Wall's-end, Walton, Thirlwall, and a great many others. The barrier in Germany has been lately examined with care by our experienced antiquary Mr. Yates, whose Memoir, the only one we possess on the subject in England, has been produced in the Transactions of the Archaeological Institute, at their Newcastle Meeting in 1852.

of Colchester, Richborough, and Lymne. Except at the gateways the materials used both in the Wall and in the camps required no machinery to transport them. They seem to belong to an age when there was abundance of rude manual labour, but great lack of science and machinery. Nor can we find any traces of the well-known durable mortar of the best Roman builders: here again the northern wall seems very inferior to the great castles of our south-eastern counties. These are presumptions only, but as far as they go they seem to tell against Hadrian, and in a less degree against Severus also.

But if we look to the general design of the engineer, the Ælians bid us observe the parallelism between the wall and vallum, the one always keeping a little to the north of the other, and never cutting it, as a proof of a common designer. We think that Mr. Maclauchlan's accurate survey has shown that this parallelism is not so complete as it has been represented, and that in some places the wall and the vallum form their angles respectively (the vallum never admits a curve, the wall only in following the ridge of the cliffs) without any reference to each other. As for the grandeur of the design of the Wall, we fully admit that nothing can be more imposing than the view of this mighty bulwark in some of its strides across the cliffs, but the impression this circumstance makes upon us is rather unfavourable to the Ælians than otherwise. We cannot conceive the most powerful of all the Emperors crouching behind such a barrier, when his legions, without mound or wall of any kind, must have been amply capable of defending the province against any barbarian aggressors. We very much doubt whether the first constructors of the great limitary ramparts resorted to such expedients as important measures of defence. We believe they were more concerned to erect permanent and visible boundary lines to the empire, and that it was no unimportant consideration with them to find means of employing their soldiers without exercising them in perpetual warfare. It would be well for mankind if certain modern emperors could invent such innocent employment for their own restless armaments.*

If there be any weight in this consideration, it would help to account for a circumstance which has caused much perplexity, and which the Ælians have pressed into the service of their

* Undoubtedly regular soldiers were at a disadvantage as opposed to savages before the invention of fire-arms. The heavy-armed legionary could neither overtake nor intercept the Caledonian gallowglasses. Accordingly, a mound and palisade might be a very useful adjunct to the defence of a frontier, but it would seem preposterous to oppose a massive stone wall to the raids of half-naked cattle-lifters. The relations of attack and defence were probably much altered at a later period.

theory. It has been said that the Vallum generally keeps on the southern slope of the hills, while the Wall almost invariably takes the highest eminence above it. The Vallum accordingly is commanded almost throughout its course by higher ground to the north, the Wall rarely or never. Could the Vallum, then, ask the Ælians, have ever been an independent fortification, exposed as it is to an enemy on the side where the enemy was to be especially guarded against? Must not the Wall have been the original defence against the Caledonians, and may not the Vallum have been merely an adjunct to it, designed to ward off an attack of the Brigantes to the south? Must not Hadrian have constructed the double system of fortifications in order to keep a firm grasp of the isthmus both against external hostility and internal treachery? Here, they say, is a grand conception, grandly executed, worthy, both in conception and execution, of the wisest and most powerful of the Roman rulers.

Such extreme precautions, we repeat, seem to us utterly unsuited to the genius of Hadrian and his times; but if the reader will turn to the section of the works given above, he will see at a glance that, as they now stand, the defences of the Vallum alone, complicated as they are, present a more formidable front to the north than to the south, and were evidently directed, not against the Brigantes, but against the Caledonians. The presumption is strong, at least, that the Vallum, the weaker work, both as regards its position and its structure, was the first executed, and the Wall superadded at a later period by a more timid and perhaps a less skilful designer. But, supposing the Vallum to be the work of Hadrian, we can account for the choice of the lower line in the first instance from the object we have ventured to attribute to it. At that early period of Roman occupation, it might seem more important to get shelter from the severity of the climate than defence against a despised enemy. The Caledonians had no engines of war, and could take little advantage of the higher ground, with a ditch, mound, and stockade, and above all a courageous foe before them; but the Romans had not yet built themselves houses and castles behind their ramparts, and their southern battalions could not face in their tents, *sub pellibus*, the northern blast that bites so keenly on the mountain ridge. At a later period they were both better protected and more acclimatized.

We throw out this conjecture with hesitation, and pass over more than one subsidiary argument of no great substantive weight, which it would be tedious to discuss. On the whole, however, we find ourselves unable to rest in any of the indirect testimonies brought in favour either of Hadrian or Severus; and of the latter
more

more particularly we may say, that it seems in the highest degree improbable that he should have constructed so extensive, so perdurable a bulwark, when during his short residence of three years in Britain he is known to have designed, and at the last moment intended to prosecute, the entire subjugation of the island. That he may have repaired or added to the earth-ramparts of Hadrian we can conceive, though we are still more than half disposed to think that his work should rather be referred to that of Antonine; but we have great difficulty in believing with Horsley that he actually built the Wall between the Tyne and Solway. What other solution, then, of the question remains to be offered? Is there any other person, or any later period to which it can be ascribed? We know from the evidence of coins, and incidentally from history, that the district north of Solway continued to be occupied for two centuries after Severus, and this evidence is far too strong to be set aside by the fact of the Itinerary of Britain being made to commence at one station only beyond the Vallum. This continued occupation of the upper province seems hardly consistent with the existence of so strong a limitary line as the Wall below it.

Unfortunately we have from henceforth very meagre notices of the affairs of Britain. Between Rome and her subjects the harmony seems to have been complete, but the province was harassed by marauders in the north, and by pirates in the south and east. Carausius, when he raised the standard of an independent sovereignty in Britain, took vigorous measures for the repression of the Saxon corsairs, but we do not hear of his attention being turned to the defence of the northern frontier. Early in the fourth century the island was overrun by the barbarians of Caledonia, whom we now first hear of under the name of Picts and Scots, and their predatory hordes were encountered by Theodosius, the general of the Emperor Valens, in the neighbourhood of London, in the year 368. The invaders were routed and driven back beyond both the limitary ramparts, and Theodosius restored, as we are expressly informed by a reputable historian, the camps, castles, and *prætenturæ*, or chains of forts in the north, and reconstituted the province beyond the Solway under the designation of Valentia. As, however, no prudent general could hope to retain the permanent occupation of this exposed district, it might be judged expedient to take this opportunity of securing the lower and more important line of defences by the strongest fortifications. If, hitherto, the bulwarks of the lower isthmus had been confined to the camps and mounds of Hadrian and Severus, it was now, we may suppose, that the stations were fenced with masonry, and the Wall designed and at least partly executed,

executed, with broad openings at every mile for the temporary shelter of the exposed provincials beyond it. After the retirement of Theodosius the frontiers were again assailed by the restless savages. Stilicho, about 400, issued orders from Gaul for putting the island in a state of defence against the Saxons, the Picts, and the Scots, and if we may rely on the evidence of the poet Claudian, his designs were carried fully into execution.* We may at least admit that his engineers continued and extended the plan of Theodosius. Finally, after the withdrawal of the Roman garrison by Maximus, the Picts and Scots repeated their attacks, and the single legion which was sent from Rome in 414, and again a few years later, may have assisted or at least advised the natives in putting the finishing stroke to their defensive works, and thus the Wall, the remains of which we now see, may have occupied, from first to last, fifty years in building.

Such is the latitude which we would recommend in interpreting the well-known passages of Gildas and Bede, which supply us with the only direct assurance that the Wall was not built by Severus, to whom, says Bede, it is erroneously attributed, and still less by Hadrian, while they expressly ascribe it to the Romanized Britons of the fifth century under the direction of a Roman legion. In this assertion, as it stands, we do not place much faith. The authority of Gildas, though, perhaps, nearly contemporary, is extremely slender, and Bede, two centuries later, seems to have readily acquiesced in his predecessor's assertions. But writers of this class are prone to fixing to a single occasion, or on a single person, the authorship of works which really belong to a period, and we may fairly interpret the legend referred to as the mythical way of expressing the fact that the Wall was a barrier executed during a series of years, not against the Caledonians, but their successors the Picts and Scots. It was the work, we can easily believe, of the natives themselves,

* We can hardly consent to regard Claudian's vigorous lines as mere rhetoric:

‘Me quoque vicinis pereuntem gentibus, inquit,
Munivit Stilicho, totam cum Scotus Iernen
Movit, et infesto spumavit remige Tethys.
Illius effectum curis, ne tela timerem
Scotica, ne Pictos tremerem, neu litore tuto
Prospicerem dubiis venturum Saxona ventis.’

The existing remains of Roman fortifications at Lyme, Richborough, Colchester, Burgh Castle, and Caistor, on the south-eastern coast, seem all to belong to one period, and that not earlier than the reign of Carausius, if they are not, indeed, to be ascribed to an age as late as Stilicho's. Roman pavements of an earlier date have been discovered under the foundations of the walls of Colchester. The ‘Saxon shore’ was furnished with many other fortifications besides those enumerated, which have now disappeared, as at Brancaster and Reculver. Other Roman stations, such as Ituna on the Essex coast, have been swept away by the sea.

under Roman superintendence; for the district seems to have been at the height of its population and productiveness, and the execution of the work is just of the rude character we should expect from the unskilled labour of the children of the soil directed by scientific engineers. For the tradition of the Wall having been the work of Severus, we may account on a similar principle. Severus, the most resolute enemy of the Caledonians, was the eponymus of Roman invasion, the Hercules of the later empire; it is said that both the upper and lower ramparts have been known to the Gael within times quite recent as the Gual Sever, or wall of Severus.*

We can hardly imagine that such formidable ramparts, if defended by the disciplined bands of Hadrian or Severus, could have been so repeatedly broken through by half-armed barbarians. But when the Roman arms were finally withdrawn, no strength of natural or artificial defences could avail for the protection of the timid and helpless natives. The Wall was speedily penetrated, and from the middle of the fifth century it ceased to afford any shelter to the southern province, which was quickly overrun, its stations stormed, its treasures ransacked, its population decimated. Coins of Diocletian have been found in great numbers as far north as Fort Augustus; coins of Constantine at Edinburgh, and many other places in the lowlands; coins down to Honorius (410) on the line of the Antonine Vallum. But from this period all such indications of Roman occupation cease both to the north and south of the Tyne and Solway. The civilization of Italy was swept away from the Northumbrian isthmus, the strong places on the Wall were occupied by the chiefs of clans, and held, no doubt, one against another, just as the palaces of Rome itself were converted by the barons of the middle ages into private fortresses. To the Pictish chief succeeded the moss-trooper, who stalled his stolen herds in the guard-rooms of the Roman centurion; and the moss-trooper has been in these latter days supplanted by the Northumbrian farmer, who has stripped Wall and camps of their stones, and fenced his fields with the spoil. It is most fortunate that we have found in Dr. Bruce a patient explorer, an accurate decipherer, an enthusiastic lover of

* Pinkerton asserts, we know not on what authority, that the Antonine barrier bore the name of Gualsever. This is the traditional title given to the lower wall by Spenser:—

‘Next there came Tyne, along whose stony bank
That Roman monarch built a *brazen wall*,
Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flank
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof *Gualsever* they do call.’

See Bruce's *Roman Wall*, p. 378.
antiquity,

antiquity, one who has been content to devote all his leisure for many years to this engrossing subject, and who has had the skill to construct a full and most interesting account of it. If his hypothesis be still liable to question (though in questioning it ourselves we fully admit the difficulty of suggesting another, and are aware that it rests upon a cumulative argument, to which our brief notice can hardly have rendered justice), he will acknowledge, perhaps, himself that his theory, whether right or wrong, is the least important part of his labours. Such questions we may leave to posterity, if we cannot solve them now; but if we left the remains of the Wall to posterity, untended, unexplored, unrecorded, little enough would posterity know of them; for stones and earthworks even now, under the processes of modern agriculture, are disappearing like flakes of snow on the river.

Nor are our thanks less due to the liberality of the Duke of Northumberland for the Survey of the Wall and the Watling-street made by Mr. Maclauchlan at his direction. Himself a traveller, an antiquary, and a man of science, his Grace has promoted the execution of a work of national interest, which will fix and perpetuate the features still spared to us of the Roman occupation in the north, and await the results of future discovery, and the birth of some superior genius for analysing and combining them. This survey is remarkable for the admirable combination of art and science in the execution of the maps, which are a most interesting specimen of ichnography, equally creditable to the draughtsman and the engraver. The eye of the practised antiquarian may work out from them the details of the landscape almost as thoroughly as those of the ground-plan itself. It is pleasant to observe the pride with which the tenant-farmers along the line, to many of whom his Grace has kindly presented them, suspend the sheets on their cottage-walls, and the satisfaction they take in examining them. We may hope that an intelligent interest in the subject has been awakened among the yeomanry of the district, and that any remains that may hereafter be discovered are secure of vigilant observation and reverential treatment. We are delighted to hear that Mr. Maclauchlan, a most cautious and discreet professor of his art, is continuing his labours in the same field, and that he is charged by the same munificent patron with the survey of all further vestiges of Roman works in the county. We would suggest, in conclusion, that our local Archaeological Societies would do well to direct their investigations into similar channels, and work together, if possible, to the same end, that we may preserve a record of the traces of our early conquerors as they exist at the present time throughout the country. The face of antiquity shifts and varies even now from day to day; let us

seize the ages as they fly, and fix, as with the glance of photography, the form and expression of their changeful features :

‘ Tu modo fige aciem, et vultus hos usque relinque :

Sic ait, et speculum seclussit, imagine rapta.’

This is the first step towards that great desideratum of our literature, a new and complete ‘*Britannia Romana*.’

ART. V.—1. *The Work and the Counterwork; or the Religious Revival in Belfast.* With an Explanation of the Physical Phenomena. By Edward A. Stopford, Archdeacon of Meath. 3rd Edition. Dublin, 1859.

2. *The Ulster Revival and its Physiological Accidents.* By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D. Belfast, 1859.

3. *Words of Caution and Counsel on the Present Religious Revival.* Addressed to his Parishioners. By Thomas MacNeece, D.D., Rector of Arboe, Archbishop King's Lecturer in Divinity in the University of Dublin, and Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant. Belfast, 1859.

4. *The Evidences of the Work of the Holy Spirit.* A Sermon preached in St. Stephen's Church, Dublin, on Sunday, July 3rd, 1859. By George Salmon, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. With an Appendix on the Revival Movement in the North of Ireland. 4th Edition, with Additional Notes. Dublin, 1859.

THE Revival in Ireland which has attracted so much attention is no new phenomenon. Similar awakenings occurred in England, Scotland, and America during the last century, and throw considerable light upon the nature and probable results of the present movement. An event of the kind commenced in New Jersey in 1730, under the ministry of Mr. Tennent, a Presbyterian, and, amidst much that was objectionable, there were many of the characteristics of true conversion. It extended over New Jersey, New York, and a portion of Pennsylvania, and, several years after all excitement had passed by, an eminent divine makes this statement:—‘The effects on great numbers are abiding and most happy. They are the most uniformly exemplary Christians with whom I was ever acquainted. They are constant and serious in their attendance on public worship, prayerful, righteous, and charitable, and strict in the government of their own families.’ Of the inhabitants of one large district he writes:—‘Not one of them, as far as I know, was ever guilty of scandal. Eight or ten years after the religious excitement there was not a drunkard in the whole parish.’

It was, however, in New England that the work began to which the gaze of the Christian world was eventually turned. This colony, whose founders went from 'a paradise of plenty into a wilderness of wants,' with the sublime declaration, 'We will call that our country where we can best worship God,' had failed to fulfil its early promise. Many were drunkards, licentious, and scoffers; others were outwardly decorous, but made no pretensions to real Christianity of heart. At this time Jonathan Edwards was ordained to the church of Northampton, in Massachusetts. He addressed himself to the reason of men, despised appeals to their emotions, and clothed the most repulsive of all doctrines in the most rugged phraseology. Yet this was the man who proved the great Revivalist of the 18th century. In 1727, when he became Minister of Northampton, the moral condition of the town was disgraceful. The Sabbath was profaned, the young men were dissipated, a spirit of contention kept society in a ferment, and even the decorum of religious worship was occasionally disturbed. In 1732 there was a visible improvement, and any laxity of morals began to be regarded as discreditable. Two sudden deaths among the young people in the neighbourhood produced a solemnity of feeling, and the news of the awakening in New Jersey led to the establishment of several small prayer-meetings. In 1734 the increased attention to religion induced Mr. Edwards to preach a sermon entitled 'A Divine and Supernatural Light imparted to the Soul by the Spirit of God shown to be both a Scriptural and Rational Doctrine.' This discourse had a considerable effect, and early in 1735 various individuals appeared to be converted. Religion became the single topic of conversation, and other subjects were only tolerated so far as was necessary for the business of life. For a time Edwards imagined that men would be too neglectful of worldly affairs, and devote themselves entirely to reading and praying. The minds of the people were filled with the idea that to be unconverted was to be under 'a momentary risk of dropping into hell,' and not only were the ordinary services crowded, but extra meetings were demanded. Sometimes the whole congregation was stirred and wept from sorrow, joy, compassion, or sympathy. The fame of the 'revival' spread, and people came from the neighbouring districts to see and examine for themselves. Many of these strangers were roused by the spectacle; the influence spread to twenty-seven different towns, and no class or age was exempt from its operation. Yet in Northampton, although there was not a single individual who was not awakened, the calm and judicious Edwards estimated the number of real converts to be only ninety-one. In five months the movement began to decline, partly on account of the exhaust-
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ing excitement which had attended it, partly because those who had been temporarily reformed became more hardened in impenitence, partly owing to an ecclesiastical controversy which arose, and partly in consequence of two remarkable instances of delusion. The impulse which it gave to many of the colonial churches was not, however, lost for five years, and many ministers hoped that the promulgation of the Gospel might be attended with the same results as in Apostolic times. These causes prepared the way for the grand revival in 1741.

Edwards and Whitefield were its great apostles. It commenced at Northampton under Whitefield's preaching, and appeared almost simultaneously at Boston. It spread over more than 150 congregations in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. So remarkable was its rise and so rapid its progress, that several persons believed that the 'Millennium' had begun. Although accompanied in many places with extravagance, and though its promoters fell into some mistakes, its genuineness was attested by the outward reformation in the lives of more than 43,000 persons—an extraordinary proportion of the population of those thinly-peopled colonies. Edwards had made it a rule 'to urge repentance on every inquiring sinner as his immediate duty—to insist that God is under no obligation to an unrenewed man, and that a man can challenge nothing either in absolute justice or by free promise on account of anything he does before he repents and believes.' He states it as his opinion that if he had taught any other doctrine to those who came to consult him in their spiritual troubles, it would have been 'the direct way of undoing their souls.' A reaction from the theology of Edwards arose, and much of the supposed good proved ephemeral. Arianism and Deism made great progress, and the peace of the churches was disturbed by fierce and prolonged controversies. But to this day the influence of the movement remains. The town of Northampton, the cradle of two revivals, is famous for its virtue and morality. The contrast is striking between the profanity and tavern-haunting which formerly prevailed, and the fact that at this time there is not a female of disreputable character in the town, and that with a population of 6000 there is not a public-house where intoxicating liquors are sold. The religion which distinguishes Northampton also characterises a great portion of the country districts of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, and their inhabitants are wont to attribute the blessing to the principles which have been transmitted through three generations by those who were impressed by the events which took place from 1740 to 1744. In these American revivals many of the effects were the

the same as have appeared within the last two years. There was a general impression of religious awe on the community, an increased attendance at church, the establishment of meetings for prayer, great distress for sin, great joy on finding the way of salvation, a nearly universal improvement, not always abiding, in morals, and a permanent change in the lives of many. 'Physical manifestations,' of which isolated instances unconnected with religious excitement had been known for several previous years, made their appearance at Northampton on a large scale in 1741. Two persons, during a sermon, were so overcome with a sense of the importance of eternal realities, that their bodies were visibly affected. After service many of the congregation met them in another room to inquire what it was which produced this result. The malady was speedily propagated, and the room became filled with faintings, outcries, and the like. The news spread through the town, and numbers of persons who flocked in were so impressed by what they saw that they caught the contagion. This continued for some hours, and the whole night was spent in prayer, singing, and mutual counsel. The same 'manifestations' occurred among children. A few months later people began to cry out in the church, and many were carried out insensible. Frequently after the regular services were concluded, the congregation remained for exhortation and prayer, and numbers of persons were 'struck down.' Private houses were often the scene of similar convulsions. Still later in the same year these manifestations had risen to such an extraordinary height, that there were instances of people lying motionless for twenty-four hours wrapt in visions of heaven. A portion of those affected were seized with abiding terrors, and the disease became permanent. In many of the 'stricken' the nervous prostration was so great that the victim was unable to stand or speak. Sometimes the hands were clenched and the flesh cold, while the senses remained in full activity. At other times there was what appeared to be an involuntary leaping for joy and great transports, in which people spoke of God and Christ in stentorian tones of voice. Strangers came from a distance to see these manifestations; not a few made them the test of conversion, and vied with each other in marvellous narrations of their intensity. These results of an excited imagination tended to produce a counterfeit faith. Men and women declared that there was a God, for they had seen him; that there was a Redeemer, for they had beheld him in his glory or hanging on the cross with blood running from his wounds; that there was a heaven and a hell, for that they had witnessed the ecstasies of the saved and the torments of the damned; and they accepted the Scriptures as the Divine Word,
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for they had heard the voice of God repeating such and such promises to them. It is not remarkable that a faith founded on such evidences as these should be inoperative and evanescent. Controversies arose on the subject, congregations were torn asunder, churches of separatists were formed, and a revival of religion became in the view of a portion of the community only another name for fanaticism, disorder, and misrule. A sounder judgment, and an attention to the advice given by Archdeacon Stopford, Dr. MacNeece, and others, have interfered to prevent this unhappy consummation in Ireland; but with regard to the physical manifestations themselves, it is only necessary to alter names and dates to fit the narrative to recent events within the province of Ulster.

These disorders and various irregularities (among which may be mentioned a tendency to make secret impulses of the mind a rule of duty—laymen invading the ministerial office—indiscreet young men rushing over the country to preach—and a rash judging of the religious condition of others) were the deformities which disfigured this revival. Nevertheless the religious and moral change wrought upon individuals and upon society was so great, that few persons in that day doubted that the transformation was effected by Divine agency. This view of it appears the more reasonable on looking at the character of Edwards and at the style of his preaching. A convention of ministers which met at Boston twelve years afterwards, placed it on record that those who had been regarded as converts ‘confirmed the genuineness of the change which they professed to have experienced by the external fruit of holiness in their lives.’ Edwards himself—an unimpeachable authority—speaks of the results of the Northampton revival in these words: ‘There has been a great and abiding alteration in the town. There has been vastly more religion kept up among all sorts of persons in religious exercises and in common conversation—there has been a marvellous alteration among the young with respect to revelry, frolicking, profane conversation, and both amongst old and young with respect to tavern-haunting. I suppose the town has been in no measure so free of vice for sixty years. Many societies for prayer and social worship have been kept up, and there have been some few instances of awakening.’ Turnbull—another reliable authority—writing many years later, says, ‘The effects on great numbers are abiding and most happy: the aspects of many districts of the country are completely changed.’ These testimonies were given after the protracted wear and tear of the common concerns of life in those poor and struggling colonies had effaced many a fair profession.

The movement which commenced in England in 1739, and
continued

continued for several years, cannot be compared with the American revival, in which a wave seemed to sweep over the whole of society. It arose in this country at Kingswood, near Bristol, where Whitefield and Wesley began their system of field-preaching. Whitefield's first audience consisted of only 100 colliers; but it was not long before 20,000 people assembled. Large numbers of these persons were moved to tears, which were rendered visible by the channels upon their blackened faces. No physical manifestations occurred on this occasion; but they broke out in the same place immediately afterwards under the preaching of John Wesley. He and Whitefield traversed England and Wales, and wherever they went they roused the same religious excitement:—

‘I never before,’ says the latter, ‘saw such congregations. The people came from six, seven, and eight counties round. More of the Divine presence and power I never knew. The hearts of many are as if on fire, and they seem to set on fire others also. They live as if in the suburbs of heaven, and use much of its language. Some are brought under conviction gradually, and others all at once. It is impossible to express what life and power, what warmth and holy fire, what praises from some, what moanings and groanings from others, what tears of love and joy, and what looks of happiness, are manifested. These indications can be properly understood only by such as have experienced what they express. The Lord does very manifestly display his great power in wounding and healing.’

But, though there was a considerable awakening in many places, and numerous conversions undoubtedly occurred, the movement had not that general nature which is attributed to it in some exaggerated accounts. The history of the revival is in fact the history of the rise and progress of Wesleyan Methodism, with all its extravagance and zeal. The physical manifestations which attended upon the preaching both of Wesley and Whitefield were of the most remarkable kind. Some persons quaked and trembled as in ague; some were torn by dreadful torments, which left them weak as infants; others fell to the ground as if struck by lightning, and lay in a state of insensibility, or howled and roared in agony. At first these affections were pronounced to be ‘the process of regeneration, the throes of the new-birth;’ and such they have continued to be regarded by many fanatical persons; but in later years, as Southey states, Wesley neither expected paroxysms of the kind, nor encouraged them; and from some of his expressions we may gather that he was ashamed of the importance which he had attached to them.

Edwards's ‘*Narrative of Surprising Conversions,*’ and his sermon

sermon on 'The Distinguishing Marks of a Work of the Spirit of God,' were largely circulated in Scotland, and produced an impression on the minds of many ministers who were in the habit of communicating to their congregations intelligence of the American revival. In the early part of 1742 a stir began at Cambuslang, four miles from Glasgow, resembling in its rapidity the awakening at Northampton in 1734. In the same year similar movements took place in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in thirty towns and villages in the south and south-west of Scotland. The Cambuslang revival is a type of the whole, and merits a brief notice, both from the authentic details which we possess concerning it, and the fact that it arose among the sobrieties of Presbyterianism.

For twelve previous months the parish minister had been preaching on the nature and necessity of regeneration, and a more than ordinary effect had been produced, which finally showed itself in meetings for prayer on February 15th, 16th, and 17th, 1742. On February 18th, after the usual sermon, 50 persons came to the minister's house under alarming apprehensions about the state of their souls. The number increased rapidly to 300, and daily preaching was commenced. In the following June Whitefield arrived at Cambuslang, and his presence greatly augmented the existing excitement. He preached to a large concourse of people, and at eleven at night the commotion exceeded anything he had witnessed before. For an hour and a half there was such weeping and distress as baffled description. The people were 'smitten' by scores, and were carried off into the neighbouring houses like wounded soldiers from a field of battle. Their cries could be heard to a considerable distance. At one o'clock in the morning they could scarcely be induced to leave the ground; and throughout the night many remained singing and praying in the fields. In the same week Whitefield preached on the brae-side to 20,000 people, and a violent emotion passed like an electric shock throughout the entire audience. Webster on his return from Cambuslang described the scene thus:—'A deep, solemn, profound reverence overspreads every countenance. They hear as for eternity, and not knowing but that the next moment they must account to their Great Judge. Thousands are melted into tears. Many cry out in the bitterness of their soul. Some of both sexes and of all ages, from the stoutest man to the tenderest child, shake and tremble, and a few fall down as dead.'

In these enormous gatherings it is evident that much of the excitement was owing to the concourse of persons. Although the awakening extended over much of the south and south-west of Scotland,

Scotland, we are inclined to think that both its extent and its actual influence have been exaggerated, and that the number of conversions in proportion to the number affected was small. Many returned to their wonted habits of sin, and some who reported marvellous dreams and visions, and made for a time a high profession of Christianity, fell into gross vices, and were notorious for drunkenness, lying, and cheating. Such cases were chiefly confined to the grossly ignorant classes, among whom there is always a peculiar liability to an undue dependence on excited feeling, and a proneness to indulge in fanciful impressions. Yet, after making every allowance, we are bound to admit that some thousands of conversions occurred, and that at Cambuslang alone about 400 persons remained true to their profession. It is worthy of remark that the great majority of satisfactory cases were those in which emotion was only evidenced by the shedding of tears, and that, in the place where the work was the most extensive and permanent, no other bodily effects were produced than a slight trembling, a temporary failure of strength, or inability to sleep for many nights through anxiety of mind.

In the century which has elapsed since this great revival many attempts have been made in various quarters to produce a similar movement. The *least* objectionable of these consisted in provoking artificial excitement by means of crowded nocturnal assemblies, stimulating addresses, and the presence of 'revival preachers.' Some local revivals in various parts of England and Wales have occurred among the Primitive and Wesleyan Methodists, but they have been distinguished by extravagances. Revivals on a small scale have also taken place under the preaching of Walker at Truro in 1758, under Venn at Huddersfield in 1759, and one of a more extensive nature, under Berridge's ministry, in the Eastern counties about 1760. It is needless to continue the catalogue of these minor movements. It is in America that they have been most frequent. Scarcely a year of this century has elapsed without a revival of greater or less extent; and few ministers have been satisfied unless such a result has been produced by their preaching. In 1804 a revival occurred in Kentucky, Tennessee, and other of the Western States, which is remarkable for the singular malady which attended it. At the large open-air meetings, almost as soon as the sermon commenced, numbers suddenly fell to the ground deprived of bodily strength, and some were violently convulsed. These affections received the name of the 'falling exercise.' The 'jerk-ing exercise' began some years later, and was considered by physicians to be entirely involuntary. It commenced at a sacramental meeting in Tennessee, seized upon hundreds of both sexes,
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and for some time was a regular accompaniment of all religious services. It was at first confined to the arms, which moved to and fro with a quick convulsive motion; but was soon transferred to the joint of the neck, when the head was thrown backwards and forwards with wonderful celerity, and struck the back and breast alternately. The 'jerking exercise' was diversified by the 'whirling exercise'—a still more grotesque affection, in which during a sermon persons spun round like a top for upwards of an hour without experiencing any fatigue. The dread of these 'exercises' was great, and, as they only attacked those who were religiously impressed, many people were led to avoid all serious thoughts. Some of the bodily affections were perpetuated by the Shakers, New Lights, and Marshallites, fanatical sects which had their origin in the wild enthusiasm of the time. This was the last American revival remarkable for its extravagances. In all the orthodox churches within the last fifty years there have been frequent awakenings, in which persons under the ordinary course of preaching have been aroused without any external excitement to religious concern, and have become exemplary Christians. Some of the most eminent divines in the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches have been 'converted' at these times, and the general testimony goes to prove that those who join the churches during these quiet revivals are as steady in their faith and practice as those who receive religious impressions in a more gradual manner.

Nothing like a general revival took place after 1745, until we come to the movements which have occurred in our own time. The first commenced in Sweden several years ago, in some parishes on the Russian frontier, and has silently spread over the whole country. Dalecarlia, Skania, and that part of Finland which borders immediately on Russia, are the principal scenes of the work. Scarce any means have been employed besides the circulation of tracts, and the reading of the Scriptures. Owing to a peculiar regulation of the Lutheran church, the Swedish people were only acquainted with a small portion of the Bible, and thus it had the freshness of a new book. Small meetings for prayer and reading conducted almost entirely by laymen are everywhere largely attended. The *lowest* estimate places the number of 'converts,' or as they are termed in Sweden 'readers,' at 250,000 out of a population of 3,500,000. The morality of these persons is remarkable. Drinking has so decreased that two-thirds of the distilleries have been closed since 1836. In the parishes bordering on Russia, where nearly every man was guilty of smuggling, hundreds of persons refunded the duties of which they had defrauded the government. Many sold
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their property to obtain the money, and others who could not raise the sum at once discharged the debt by instalments. The perplexed officers of Customs laid the matter before the King, who decided that the proceeds should be distributed among the poor. The average number of lawsuits has decreased from 500 to three, four, and six. In villages once remarkable for their profanity not an oath is heard, and the Bible and sermons have replaced low literature to such an extent that the booksellers only keep religious works. The awakening has pervaded all classes, and is extending among the nobility and the wealthy. Instances of 'sudden conversions' are not infrequent, and the 'divine impulse' has been so irresistibly felt in the midst of secular engagements or in the streets as to lead people to fall on their knees and cry for mercy. In other instances persons have been compelled to retire from parties overcome with emotion and penitential tears, which contrasted strangely with their splendid dresses and jewels. On the whole, however, the awakening proceeded quietly, and until the opposition of some of the Swedish clergy attracted attention to it, was scarcely heard of in England.

The American Revival of 1858 was not ushered in by any extraordinary circumstances. Throughout 1857 there was a general feeling among the clergy that the religious apathy of the country constituted a call to prayer for the influence of the Holy Spirit, and that the local revivals were an encouragement to them to believe that this prayer would be successful. The attendance on public worship largely increased, and at the same time the pressure of an almost universal commercial calamity rendered men more conscious of the vanity of earthly things, and more disposed to attend to the injunction to 'lay up for themselves a treasure in the heavens which faileth not.' In the early part of 1858 a general stir commenced simultaneously over a large portion of the northern and western states. The great cities were the chief centres of the movement, but in the villages and in isolated dwellings, on prairies and in forests, men were anxiously inquiring the way of salvation. Ministers beheld their churches thronged with earnest listeners, and their rooms with persons desiring religious instruction. Lecture rooms were opened on week days, morning, noon, and evening, for prayer. The attendance of business men on such services at New York was upwards of 10,000 daily, and at Philadelphia 4000 met in one hall. None who were present can forget the deep solemnity, the pervading, yet scarcely perceptible emotion, the brief petitions, fervid and reverential, the absence of excitement, and the silence in which the crowds dispersed. Hundreds were convinced of sin, professing Christians gained higher views of duty, and ministers were awakened to a livelier

livelier sense of the responsibilities of that stewardship of which they were hereafter to render an account. The influence often overtook people while frequenting the haunts of business, pleasure, and even of vice. The crews of ships away on long voyages were suddenly impressed, and on arriving at the American ports their first inquiry was for religious instruction. The movement infected all classes. Men of scientific and literary attainments, philanthropists who had grown grey in alleviating suffering, rigid formalists, hardened worldlings, the immoral and the sceptical; lawyers, physicians, merchants, mechanics, and tradesmen were all among the converts. The pulpit held a subordinate place, and more persons were awakened to religious concern during prayer than under sermons. The community did not need an exposition of the doctrines of Christianity so much as to be quickened into a spiritual appreciation of truths with which they were already familiar. No physical manifestations occurred. The ministers were well versed in the history of the undisciplined enthusiasm of former revivals, and used all their influence to check excitement. They uttered simple statements of Gospel truth, and avoided all appeals to the emotions. The solid results are owing in great measure to this wise precaution. About 500,000 persons have been received into the communion of the churches on a creditable Christian profession. Many writers and vendors of infidel and immoral books forsook the trade; atheists became believers; drunkards in large numbers were reclaimed; numerous keepers of spirit-shops, gaming and dancing saloons gave up their callings; in several thousands of instances restitution was made to those who had been defrauded; churches, prayer meetings, and Sabbath schools are everywhere crowded; a spirit of increased liberality and philanthropy has been largely evoked, and a renovated zeal is carrying the Gospel to every class.

The Irish Revival passed through its earlier stages in complete obscurity, and attracted little attention beyond the district in which it originated. Like the recent American Revival, it is not to be attributed to the preaching of any great orator. In September, 1857, a prayer-meeting was instituted in Connor, county Antrim, by four young men. Their special object was to invoke a blessing upon the different services and Sabbath-schools in the Connor district. Kindred spirits, from time to time, joined the meeting, but its increase in numbers was slow. The first instance of awakening occurred in the following December, another took place in January, and it gradually became apparent that certain persons had become animated by new principles. Tidings of the American Revival arrived, and the movement gathered strength in consequence. Old prayer-meetings were thronged and new ones
were

were established. Many were roused to a deep sense of their sinfulness, and their 'conversion' was evidenced by their subsequent lives. This change was frequently a lengthened process, calm, and quiet, and was unattended by 'striking down,' or any other physical prostration than might be expected as the result of overwhelming anxiety on an all-important subject. A great practical reformation ensued. Men of immoral habits abandoned them; drunkards became sober, peaceable, and industrious; one hundred prayer-meetings, which still continue, were established; family worship was commenced in numbers of houses which had been the haunts of profanity and vice; and Connor exhibited a steady and rational progression towards good.

Early in 1859 one of the Connor 'converts' visited a family in the neighbouring district of Ahoghill, and several of its members were impressed by him. These persons went about exhorting their friends and neighbours, and in February hundreds in the parishes of Ahoghill and Drummoul were overwhelmed with violent convictions of sin. The news of what was passing was circulated through the adjoining districts; early in May the 'Revival' had reached Belfast, and subsequently it spread over the larger portion of the province of Ulster. Religion became the great topic of conversation—religious meetings the great centres of attraction. The clergy suddenly found themselves surrounded by crowds, and invested with an influence to which they had hardly aspired. Additional services were held: 20,000 persons met in one city, 10,000 in another; and the railroads ran special trains to prayer-meetings. Bodily affections now became 'epidemic,' and mills were closed in consequence of the number of operatives who were 'struck.' Meetings were protracted until midnight; crowds of persons singing hymns traversed the streets and country roads at all hours of the night; credulity and fanaticism revelled in marvels, and such an excitement as has never been witnessed flooded the North of Ireland in one broad and tumultuous stream. It was impossible, while the flood was at its height, to learn what it had fertilized and what it had destroyed; what old currents had been arrested and diverted from their course, what new channels had been formed, and what ancient landmarks had been swept away. It is now possible for us to judge of its characteristics, to estimate in some degree its results, and to discriminate between the good and the evil.

The religious and moral features of the 'Revival' would not have attracted general attention if they had not been frequently associated with the same bodily affection which occupied a prominent place in the 'Revival' of 1740, but which was wholly unknown in the American Revival of 1858. Numerous pamphlets

pamphlets and articles have been published on the disorder, suggesting various hypotheses as to its nature. Not one of these is new; and altogether far more weight has been attached to the 'physiological accidents' than they deserve either by their numbers or importance. They have not at any time affected above one-fifth of the persons brought under the power of religion, and it is only by the credulous, the ignorant, and the marvel-lovers that they are assumed to be a proper concomitant of the work of conversion. They were almost or entirely wanting in some localities, though undoubtedly there has been an unusual prevalence of hysteria in Ulster. Crowded meetings in hot rooms were frequently unwisely protracted, and persons of nervous temperament were injuriously affected. Violent emotions, especially conviction of sin and dread of eternal punishment, are among the well-known predisposing causes of such attacks, and we may conclude that they accompanied the mental feeling without helping or hindering it. A renewal of the malady and permanent bodily weakness have never ensued, except under injudicious treatment, a want of proper food and sleep, and a continued attendance at exciting meetings. Firmness duly exercised at the services where the fits usually took place, invariably had a marked influence in preventing them, as many ministers, on the other hand, from ignorance of some important physiological facts, needlessly induced them.

Hysteric affections were produced with some by the mere force of excitement, sympathy, or imitation, without any reference to religious impressions. When these individuals return to active life, no lasting improvement takes place, and ought not to have been expected. Hysteria, which is well known to involve to a greater or less extent the perversion of the mental and moral nature, can never produce beneficial results. There was another class of persons, who, having had one attack, seemed to have acquired the power of reproducing it at pleasure. Such instances occurred among females whose nervous systems had been overwrought by a novel species of excitement succeeded by injudicious treatment, publicity, and want of rest. Confirmed hysteria and nervous disease, with all their pitiable accompaniments of paroxysms, visions, trances, paralysis, deafness, and loss of speech, often ensued in these cases.

On one Sunday in Ireland we witnessed eighteen cases of bodily affection. Five of them were unmistakeably hysteria in its commonest form. There was the peculiar cry, the limbs agitated with strong convulsive movements, the 'ball in the throat,' the respiration deep and mingled with sighs, cries, and sobs; palpitation of the heart, beating of the breast, and tearing
of

of the hair. So powerful were the muscular contortions in one instance that three men were required to hold a mere girl. Of the other thirteen cases, eight were of men between the ages of seventeen and fifty. In one instance only was there a scream. The church was large, and little more than half filled; the service was sober, and no previous case of 'striking down' had taken place. While the clergyman was quietly expounding Isaiah lx. a loud cry proceeded from the gallery, and a man of forty-five sank down in his pew and was immediately taken to his home. As he was being carried out, his piercing prayer filled the church—'Oh, Jesus, Jesus! have mercy on me!' It seemed a scream of terror, as if addressed to some object vividly presented to the vision. On inquiry we ascertained that this man had gone to church with some feelings of religious concern, and that for ten minutes prior to the cry he had been repressing the evidences of emotion with an effort that had brought on bleeding at the nose. In three of the cases men fell to the ground powerless during a sermon on Christian duty, exclaiming, with a look of anguish and despair grievous to behold, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul!' The perspiration streamed from their faces, and horror unutterable seemed to overwhelm their souls. In the remaining nine instances mental emotion was evidenced by a trembling of the frame, copious weeping, confessions of sin, and pleadings for mercy in tones of impressive earnestness. As after all violent emotions, prostration of strength followed, and some of the men were unable to go to their work for several days. These events occurred four months ago, and thirteen out of the eighteen persons are completely reformed in their conduct.

These affections are nothing but the natural consequence of strong mental impressions on persons to whom such sensations are new, and who are unaccustomed to self-control. They prove the existence of deep feeling, but nothing more; and deep feeling, acting on persons of certain intellects, temperament, and habits, produces certain physical results, whether that feeling be religious or otherwise. Similar symptoms are continually witnessed as the effect of sudden fear or grief, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the fear of Divine wrath and the sorrow for sin may be at least as strong as any other emotion. The manifestations might doubtless, in most instances, have been suppressed if the ministers had understood how to exercise a repressive influence over the people before the emotions escaped from under the control of the will.

It was out of the physical phenomena, their supposed novelty, and the undue importance attached to them, that much of the

'counter-work' arose, and several of the extravagances which have led many persons to doubt the reality of the 'work.' The infirmities and follies of man have usually displayed themselves in revivals, and the Irish revival, which has prevailed chiefly among an imperfectly educated population, has not been free from them. Many of the common people adopted the idea that to be 'struck' was to be converted, and believed that they were safe because they had passed through this bodily exercise. Some became the objects of great attention to strangers; and the victims of nervous disease, who constituted the 'trance-cases,' 'sleeping cases,' and 'vision-seers,' held daily levees of visitors. Few things, indeed, were more pitiable than these poor creatures, deprived of the quiet which was their only hope of cure by a daily influx of marvel-mongers, enthusiasts, would-be philosophers, and credulous ladies, who flocked about them with reverence, and frequently accepted their incoherent utterances as almost inspired. It was wonderful that a large crop of imposture was not raised in such a hot-bed of indiscretion. Some of the ministers were injudicious in taking strangers to visit the 'converts,' many of whom were kept from their work by crowds of inquisitive people. In one place we saw a timid little girl, of ten years old, who had been asked to relate her experiences to about forty visitors!

Among the extravagances must be classed public prayers and preachings by children and females, ignorant 'converts' elevated to the pulpit, unreasonably late hours, monster meetings, public narrations of the most sacred emotions of the soul, midnight singing in the street, and the like. An over haste was sometimes displayed in putting forward persons as converts. We heard two females of bad character narrate, at the desire of a minister, the history of their conversion (*i.e.* hysterical affection) at a public meeting, and five days afterwards both had returned to their evil courses. We saw people urged, moaning and howling, to the 'anxious seats,' where, after a few noisy exhortations, they were declared to be filled with the joy of pardon. But these cases, like most others of the kind, occurred among the Methodists. Some of the 'converts,' especially in Belfast, were puffed up with spiritual pride, and despised all cautions regarding future difficulties and temptations. There was, likewise, an over multiplication of religious meetings, which, in some instances, were turned into tumultuous and even frenzied gatherings. We have witnessed terrible scenes, in which our eyes and ears were assailed by sights and sounds not to be described. Young girls were shut up in rooms from which air was excluded,

cluded, without the restoratives which common sense dictates, and suffered to scream and tear their hair for hours at a time. These extravagances were the excrescences of the Revival; they are by no means to be confounded with it; they were not co-extensive with it, and occurred principally at its commencement. Bodily paroxysms are no longer mistaken for the work of the Spirit, meetings are no longer protracted, ignorant converts seek instruction rather than to instruct, and lay agency has been placed in its proper subordination to ministerial authority.

We have seen that the revival began in secret two years ago, that prayer was everywhere the chief agency, and that prayer-meetings were multiplied rather than sermons. A large number have been awakened at their work, in their homes, and at prayer-meetings, instead of under preaching. A considerable number of Romanists have been affected in a similar way,* and have abandoned their errors. Conviction of sin, deep and intense—a state of mind in which the ‘remembrance of it is grievous, and the burden of it intolerable,’ has been a leading feature. Sometimes the sudden agony appeared to be only the culminating point of previous feeling; at others, the sense of sinfulness penetrated the soul as with a lightning flash. Some persons were overwhelmed with unutterable horror by the idea of an angry God and eternal condemnation; others were prostrated with shame and sorrow, for having ‘trampled under foot the Son of God.’ Peace was invariably obtained by looking to Christ alone for salvation. The cry, ‘Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul,’ burst from every heart. No description can convey any idea of the joy which followed. It filled the heart, and dwelt upon the lips, and beamed from the dullest faces with a novel radiance. A spirit of prayer was invariably developed. People met for this purpose at various hours of the day. Family worship was at once established in every house where religious concern was displayed, and prayer for the conversion of neighbours, friends, and relations became general.

* The Rev. Daniel Mooney, incumbent of Ballymena, reports to his diocesan that in that Protestant parish sixty Roman Catholics have renounced Popery since the commencement of the Revival. The *lowest* estimate of the number converted from Popery in the counties of Down and Antrim puts it at 1000. In the whole province it is probably nearly 1200. The priests denounced the Revival. Many advised their flocks against this ‘new work of the devil,’ and represented it as an alarming contagious disease. They blessed charms and bottles of holy water, and told them to the people to prevent them from ‘catching it.’ We know of one priest who realized 5*l.* in a month, and of another who made 17*l.* in a few weeks. A poor servant lad bought a bottle for 1*s.*, stole into his master’s room while he was at prayer, and shook the bottle over his head to prevent him from taking the ‘prevailing epidemic.’ The awakening is now extending among the Romanists in the provinces of Connaught and Leinster.

The exuberant joy which was manifested by the converts, and which found its expression in singing hymns at all hours of the day and night, has resulted in innumerable instances in a settled peace and contentment. Benevolence is not only shown by them to each other and to their neighbours, but to all who are brought within the range of their sympathies. It has been displayed in liberal and ready contributions to many societies which ask for aid in their efforts to alleviate human misery. The self-denial which is continually exercised for this purpose, and the change which has come over hard, grasping, miserly men, are very remarkable. The desire for religious instruction is so great, that the ministers are heavily burdened in their attempts to supply it. The Bible classes, which have been almost universally established, are largely attended both by men and women. It is not an uncommon thing to find as many as 500 persons meeting regularly. There is a consequent demand for Bibles and religious books, and at the country fairs there is a large trade carried on in tracts and short biographies. Some idea of the prevalent taste may be formed from the fact that a single bookseller in four months sold 20,000 hymn-books and 200,000 hymns in sheets, and that the Edinburgh Bible Society alone supplied 19,000 Bibles, which is an increase of 14,000 copies over the same period of 1858. An intellectual stimulus has thus been given to the province. In connexion with one church there are 40 classes in which 1000 adults are learning to read, and reading societies are being formed in the towns and villages.

The attendance on *stated* religious services has so enormously increased as to necessitate the building of new churches and the enlargement of old ones. On this point we have conclusive testimony from the bishop and clergy of the united dioceses of Down, Connor, and Dromore, from the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, and from all who are acquainted with the province. At a diocesan meeting recently held in Belfast, 105 clergymen returned written replies to the Bishop's queries upon this subject; 73 of these reported increased attendance at church, and in 64 of the cases the attendance had about doubled. In 29 cases there was little alteration. In the Presbyterian church the increased attendance is universal. Many congregations are trebled and quadrupled. The increase in the number of communicants is also great. Not unfrequently hundreds are found where a year ago there were tens or twenties; and where the usual number of new admissions was formerly from 12 to 20, in some instances it has lately exceeded 200. The number of candidates for confirmation has been very large. The bishop usually holds only an annual confirmation in Belfast; in 1859 he was obliged to
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have five distinct confirmations. The attendance at Sabbath schools has much increased, and the number of such schools is greatly multiplied. Adult men and women frequently take their places as pupils, and numbers of young men are giving their services as teachers.

The moral results have not been less satisfactory. The change from gross vice to virtue was frequently instantaneous. The boisterous and riotous have become quiet and orderly, quarrelsome families live in obedience and love, squalid habits have given place to cleanliness, and brutality of manners to refinement and gentleness. Sabbath desecration, cock-fighting, petty dishonesties, brawling, and the like are now nearly unknown in several districts. Criminal statistics are low, and the constabulary force has in some places almost a sinecure.

Drunkenness has decreased, and often to an extraordinary extent. At the Crumlin sessions ten publicans declined to renew their licences, for the express reason that their trade had become so much reduced by the Revival movement that they could no longer follow it profitably. Six others obtained a renewal only to gain time to dispose of their remaining stock, with a view to giving up what they believe from present appearances to be the ruined calling of a publican. In a district in Derry there was a deficiency of 400*l.* in the excise duty on spirits for one month, showing a decrease of 1000 gallons in the consumption. In a town where, on market-days, 700 or 800 persons spent their evenings in the public-houses, the number varies from ten to thirty. In another, formerly notorious for drunkenness, the taverns were so deserted at a recent fair that the publicans in revenge hired men to beat drums amidst the groups surrounding the preachers who now usually attend these gatherings. The markets have been much more free from instances of intoxication, and the people return to their homes three or four hours earlier than formerly almost as quietly as from church. In one place where the market is held on Saturday, as many as fourteen persons were frequently brought on the following Monday to the petty sessions charged with drunkenness, but on looking at recent returns we find—October 15th, none; October 29th, none; November 7th, none.

The '12th of July,' an anniversary dreaded in Belfast for its scenes of bloodshed, drunkenness, and outrage, passed over in 1859 in quietness. In those districts which had been termed 'disturbed,' Orangemen and Romanists were seen peaceably conversing, and expressions of kindness were interchanged. In the districts of the 'Maze,' Bromhead, Dundrod, Ahoghill, &c., the
'12th,'

'12th,' instead of being celebrated by processions, noise, and dissipation, was signalled by great meetings for prayer and praise. In several districts of the county of Antrim, to which it had been necessary on former anniversaries to draft bodies of military and police, several of the publicans voluntarily shut up their houses in order that no interruption should be given to the religious services which were held in their vicinity. It is devoutly to be wished that the feelings of rancorous hate which have existed between the Orangemen and Romanists of Ulster for 169 years may at least be checked by the religious movement to which this cessation of hostilities was owing.

These moral results have been attested by persons whose authority will not be questioned. At the last Ballymena quarter sessions there were only four cases, all of an ordinary description, in the calendar, and the chairman offered his congratulations on 'the manifest decrease in public crime, and the high moral tone which now pervades the community of this populous district.' He added, 'that it was not for him to say to what cause the elevation of morals should be attributed, but there was an undoubted improvement in such matters, and he sincerely rejoiced to see it.' Chief Baron Pigot, a Romanist, expressed to the grand jury of the county of Down his satisfaction with the results of the Revival, and his hope that a heaven so socially purifying might penetrate everywhere. Dr. Cuthbert, writing in the '*Medical Times*,' asserts that drunkenness, blasphemy, lying, and malice have been banished from whole districts in Ulster. A head constable of police states that, in the extensive district with which he is acquainted, the great majority of family quarrels and other feuds for which it was notorious have been reconciled during the last six months. Archdeacon Stopford testifies that 'in some places the outward face of society is changed by a visible reformation.' The Rev. W. M'Ilwaine, one of the strongest opposers of the movement, acknowledges 'that it has been attended by moral results of a remarkable and beneficial character to society in general, and to families and individuals in particular.' The Bishop of Down officially stated that 'the religious awakening had been most marked, and attended with the happiest results among a large class of the nominal Protestants of the different denominations who were before careless and ungodly persons, accustomed often to spend their Sundays in public-houses or in drinking at home.' He added, 'My own experience in the discharge of my official duties gives me abundant evidence of the great and holy work now leavening my diocese.' At a recent diocesan meeting at Belfast the clergy, in answer to the Bishop's queries,

queries, bore nearly universal testimony to the improved morals of the population. The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church affirm in their Report that 'the drunkard has been made sober, the libertine chaste, and the blasphemer and Sabbath-breaker devout.' In our own investigations we received a mass of reliable testimony to the improved morals of the community from magistrates, officers of constabulary, mill-owners and managers, shopkeepers, farmers, and employers of labour of every description. The change is more apparent in the rural districts and country towns; for in large cities moral agencies are slow in permeating the really debased and criminal classes of society, which are continually recruited by an influx of vicious elements from other places.

We are sanguine enough to hope that to some extent the religious and moral habits of the people will be permanently raised. But in all probability the opposers of the movement will have a great triumph. There are some of the so-called 'Converts' who are trusting in the physical prostration which they passed through, or who have been merely temporarily excited by the power of sympathy, or the contagion of example, and these, after a time, will relapse and grow 'weary in well-doing.' The fear which fell on ungodly men may lose its repressive power, and sinners may return to their sins rendered more desperate by the interruption. The whisky traffic may again flourish, and the calendar of crime again become heavy; but the fact will still remain, that many souls, precious beyond all earthly price, have passed from death unto life. Whatever is good in this great movement is unquestionably due to the Spirit of all Grace; for no other cause is adequate to the production of such an effect. Whatever is evil is to be attributed to the infirmity and error of man. When we consider the extent of the work, its novelty to all who were concerned in it, and the ignorance of many who were the subjects and witnesses of it, the marvel is not that there should have been indiscretions and extravagances, but that they should have been comparatively few in number and limited in influence. In conclusion, we call attention to some circumstances connected with the awakening, which are especially worthy of notice.

1. The extensive employment of the lay element in prayer-meetings and other extra services. This was a matter of necessity, as the ministers were quite incapable of praying with and instructing all who desired their services. Laymen in some instances made circuits through the rural districts, and preached at fairs and markets without much power or discretion; but in *general*, both lay and clerical testimony is in favour of the propriety

piety with which they acted, and of the good which attended their efforts.

2. The embodiment of Christian doctrine in Christian practice with a single-heartedness rarely equalled. As no revival of religion or pretence to religion is worth anything without this result; so, if the converts *continue* as they have begun, we may say, in the words of our Lord, 'Then are they disciples indeed.'

3. No new sect has arisen, no new doctrine has been taught. The old truths have been received in their simplicity and quickening power.

4. The excitement and extravagances have died away in nearly all localities, and have given place to a practical virtue, while the religious interest continues. The movement is extending upwards, and has already embraced a number of persons in the educated classes of society.

No other cure than the Gospel has been discovered for the great moral malady wherewith man is afflicted. Anything which awakens men from their sleep, calls them from the service of Mammon or of vice, breaks up their apathy, brings them to the house of prayer, opens their ears to the word of God, and leads them into the presence of things eternal, invisible, supernatural, and divine, is by all suitable means to be countenanced. God forbid that in the midst of the devotion of our generation to gold, and of its forgetfulness of eternity, any who step aside from the whirl of business, pleasure, and vice, to listen to the call to repent and seek the kingdom of God, should be ridiculed or discouraged! Let us only demand that they be directed out of God's word, and judge all revival-movements by that unerring rule of heavenly wisdom—'*By their fruits ye shall know them.*'

ART. VI.—1. *The Works of William Cowper; his Life, Letters, and Poems.* Edited by the Rev. T. Grimshawe. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1854.

2. *The Works of William Cowper, comprising his Poems, Correspondence, and Translations; with a Life of the Author by the Editor, Robert Southey.* 8 vols. London, 1853-54.

3. *Poetical Works of William Cowper.* Edited by Robert Bell. 3 vols. London, 1854.

4. *The Poetical Works of William Cowper.* Edited by the Rev. R. A. Willmott. 1 vol. London, 1855.

THERE is probably no English poet whose works are so frequently reprinted as those of Cowper. His literary excellence has won him thousands of readers who cared little for his piety,

piety, and his piety has recommended him to a large class of persons who would not have been attracted by his literary excellence alone. The perfect knowledge we have of the man, of his amiable disposition, and his pathetic story, have added to the charm of his writings. His poetry and his life have re-acted upon each other. If it is his verse which gives importance to his biography, his biography has increased the interest which attaches to his verse.

The grandfather of Cowper was the brother of the celebrated Lord Chancellor, and was himself one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. The most memorable incident of his life was his trial for the murder of Miss Stout, a young Quaker lady who had conceived for him an ardent attachment. She lived at Hertford with her mother, who was the widow of a rich maltster, and Spencer Cowper supped at their house when going the circuit as a barrister in March, 1699. A bed had been prepared for him, and, after Mrs. Stout had retired, her daughter ordered the maid to go and warm it. When the servant returned to the parlour the room was empty. Nothing more was seen of Miss Stout till she was found dead next morning in the river that runs through the town. The explanation given by Spencer Cowper was, that while the maid was absent he refused to sleep in the house, and proceeded straight to his lodgings. The young lady, it must be inferred, immediately went and drowned herself in a paroxysm of vexation. The summing up of the judge at the trial was strangely ambiguous, and the jury did not agree to a verdict of acquittal without considerable deliberation. Though there was no evidence to show that Spencer Cowper was guilty, it seemed to be thought a sufficient ground for hesitation that it was impossible to demonstrate his innocence.

The second son of Spencer was the father of the poet. His mother was Anne Donne. The Cowpers were descended from a baronet of the time of James I.; but Miss Donne could trace her descent by four distinct lines from King Henry III. The poet alluded to this circumstance in the famous piece which he wrote upon receiving her picture:—

‘ My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.’

These parents lived at Great Berkhamstead, of which parish Dr. Cowper was rector, and there William was born on the 15th of November (old style), 1731. The death of his mother in 1737, when he was six years old, brought him worse sorrow than the
tears

tears which he describes himself as shedding on the occasion, for it was the cause of his immediate removal to a school at Market Street, in Hertfordshire. The premature transition from her fostering care to the rude discipline of a crowd of boys would in any case have wounded his gentle spirit, but the trial was enormously aggravated by the barbarities of a ruffian whose delight was to torture him. 'I well remember,' writes the poet, 'being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and I knew him better by his shoe-buckles than any other part of his dress.' The cruelty was not detected till it had been continued for a couple of years: the culprit was then expelled, and his victim was taken from the school. The ill-usage he had received was not the only reason for the step. Specks had appeared upon his eyes, and threatened to spread. He was in consequence domiciled for another year with an eminent oculist. The spots did not yield to treatment, and when he was thirteen years of age he owed his recovery to a severe attack of small-pox. It is singular that this disease, which so frequently destroyed the sight, should have restored his to its pristine clearness.

In his tenth year he was sent to Westminster School. In his 'Personal Narrative' of the incidents which bore upon the formation of his religious character, he said that if he 'never tasted true-happiness there, he was at least equally unacquainted with its contrary.' By 'true' he then meant spiritual happiness. In any other sense of the term it was a cheerful period, for he excelled in games, especially cricket and foot-ball, as well as in his studies; and whether he was in the play-ground or the class, he had all the enjoyment which attends upon success. When he denounced public schools in his 'Tirocinium' for their want of moral discipline, he yet paid an emphatic tribute to the pleasure enjoyed at them. His athletic prowess beguiled him into a strange idea. He conceived the fancy that, as he was strong and active, and had an even pulse, he, perhaps, might never die. He entertained the notion, 'with no small complacency,' till some consumptive symptoms convinced him that he was mortal. These symptoms he concealed, for he thought that any bodily infirmity was a disgrace, and especially a consumption. His pride was to be manly.

While he was passing through the fifth form, Vincent Bourne, celebrated for his Latin poetry, was the usher. He was slovenly to the point of being disgusting, and as good-natured as he was dirty. The Duke of Richmond once set fire to his greasy locks, and boxed his ears to put it out again. His indolence rendered his accomplishments useless to his pupils. 'I lost,' says Cowper, 'more than I got by him, for he made me as idle as himself.

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He was so inattentive to his boys, and so indifferent whether they brought him good or bad exercises, or none at all, that he seemed determined, as he was the best, so to be the last Latin poet of the Westminster line.' The pupil certainly acquired none of the master's skill in classic composition. The Latin verses of Cowper are not harmonious in numbers, pure in expression, or even forcible in sentiment. He gained, however, as much learning as is usually possessed by the most forward schoolboy, and, imbued with the doctrines of the place, valued all persons according to their proficiency in his own pursuits. A little experience of the world taught him, he says, that there were other attainments which would carry a man more handsomely through life than perpetually revolving and expounding what Homer and Virgil had left behind them.

With the benefits of Westminster he did not escape a vice which is always common in societies where the detection of a fault is followed by punishment. He became, according to his own account, an adept in falsehood, and was seldom guilty of a misdemeanor that he could not invent an apology capable of deceiving the wisest. The power of deception depends much on the amount of confidence reposed in the deceiver, and the gentle manners, ingenuous countenance, and general good behaviour of the boy had probably a larger share in procuring a ready belief to his tales than any extraordinary proficiency to which he had attained in the arts of imposition. 'As universal a practice,' says Swift, 'as lying is, and easy as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.' This remark of an acute observer of human nature, that lies are generally as weak as they are wicked, is worthy to be treasured by men who fear no other consequences than discovery, though Swift fell into the fallacy of assuming that he had always detected the falsehoods, whereas those which were most ingenious may have been mistaken by him for truths.

At the age of eighteen the classical enthusiast was removed from school, and after passing nine months at home was in 1749 sent, full of his Greek and Latin authors, to the office of a London solicitor. He turned with disgust from the dull and plodding business of the law, and the master to whom he was articulated allowed him to be as idle as he desired. 'I did actually,' he wrote, 'live three years with Mr. Chapman, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton Row.' Here resided an indulgent uncle, Ashley Cowper. He was so diminutive a person that when, late in life, he wore a white hat lined with yellow, the poet said that
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if it had been lined with pink he might have been gathered by mistake for a mushroom, and sent off in a basket. His kindness, worth, and sprightliness endeared him to his nephew; and dearer still were two daughters, one of whom married Sir Thomas Hesketh, and the other gave her affections to the truant law-clerk. He had for his fellow-pupil the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who was equally beguiled by the attractions of the young ladies. He commonly accompanied his friend to Southampton Row, where they were 'constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle.' A quick mind and a strong constitution enabled Thurlow, who studied late and early, to repair the loss of his wasted hours, while the life of his companion was an unbroken holiday. 'I am nobody,' Cowper said to him several years later, as they were drinking tea at the house of two sisters, 'and shall always be nobody, and you will be Chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are.' Thurlow smiled, and replied, 'I surely will.' 'These ladies,' said Cowper, 'are witnesses;' and his friend rejoined, 'Let them be so, for I will certainly do it.' Such prognostications are too common to make their occasional fulfilment remarkable; and if the poet's prediction of the elevation of the future Chancellor turned out true, his presentiment of his own insignificance proved just as false. His is now a far more celebrated name than that of Thurlow.

Cowper engaged in the law to gratify a most indulgent father, and not from any hope of success. The three years misspent in the attorney's office were followed, he says, by several more misspent in the Temple. He took chambers there in 1752, when he was twenty-one, and was shortly afterwards visited by the first attack of the distemper which embittered his life. While paying court to his fair cousin in Southampton Row, he was mortified at being disfigured by an obstinate eruption which broke out upon his face. After he had tried many remedies to no purpose, he had recourse to a quack, who cleared his skin of the humour, but drove the disease inwards. Horace Walpole mentions that George III. was suspected, not long before his marriage, of applying cosmetics for the same purpose, and with the same unhappy result. The predominant symptom with Cowper was a fearful dejection of mind. 'Day and night,' he says, 'I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair.' He lost all relish for the classics, which had continued to be the reading of his choice when they ceased to be his task, and he pored the whole day over Herbert's Poems, which he met with by accident. He was somewhat soothed by these pious strains, but they could not remove a melancholy
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which had its source in disease. In this condition he passed a twelvemonth. He was then recommended change of air, and went to Southampton. He had not been there long when he walked one bright sunny morning to a beautiful spot about a mile from the town, and while he sat upon an eminence by the sea-side his heart became suddenly light. 'Had I been alone,' he says, 'I could have wept with transport.' He subsequently ascribed the relief he received to 'the fiat of the Almighty.' At the time he imputed it to change of scene and the amusing variety of the place, and inferred that nothing except a round of diversion could save him from a relapse. Before his visit to Southampton he had composed a set of prayers, and, feeling them to be inconsistent with his new resolution, he burnt them as soon as he got back to London. In his careless days it never occurred to him that the restorative effects of climate, like all the ordinary operations of nature, are the work of the Creator. In his better period he acknowledged the truth, but he appears to have forgotten it when, tracing his recovery to his Maker, he assumed that he must have been the subject of a supernatural interposition. It is a contracted piety which chiefly sees the hand of Providence in occasional acts, and overlooks the efficacy of pervading laws which at every instant, and in every particular, do His bidding.

The method which Cowper adopted to prevent his person appearing unattractive in the eyes of his mistress proved in its consequences fatal to the engagement. Her father refused his consent to a marriage between such near relations. His real objection was doubtless, as Southey conjectures, the morbid melancholy which indicated that the mind of his nephew was diseased. The lovers continued for a time to meet and to hope; but in 1755 they parted to meet no more. In that year Cowper addressed some lines to his cousin Theodora, under her poetic name of Delia, expressing his belief that she would never allow a rival to displace him. She fulfilled an expectation which he uttered in the transient belief that she would always remain the cherished object of his heart. Though she survived till 1824, she died single, and retained a proud affection for him to the last. It may be inferred from his amatory poems, written when his passion was at its height, that the attachment on his part was not excessive, especially for a man of his ardent disposition, who could not, as he said, 'love much without loving too much.' They have the coldness of an exercise, and would not be supposed to have been prompted by a real occasion. In a few verses entitled 'Disappointment,' and which exhibit more true feeling than any of his other pieces of the same date, he mourns his 'lost mistress'

mistress' and an old school friend, Sir William Russell, who had been recently drowned; but his anguish does not appear very poignant, and left no scar. His lament was composed in 1757, and in the following year he was lavishing his admiration upon a young lady at Greenwich, without any hope, it is true, that she could become Mrs. Cowper, but with too much fervour to be consistent with the notion that he cared any longer for Delia. A letter to her sister, Lady Hesketh, which bears the date of August, 1763, shows that it was then understood in the family that his affection was extinct, and that it was supposed he would miss no opportunity which occurred of bestowing it elsewhere. He informs her that he is bound for Margate, and that he knows what she expects to ensue; but the shipwreck of his fortunes was at hand, and, clearly desecrating what as yet was visible to no eye except his own, he warns her that a character such as his was not likely to be guilty of much fascination.

The time which Cowper snatched from indolence and pleasure was devoted to composition and the classics. So early had he acquired a keen relish for English literature that when he was only fourteen he read Milton, never an easy author, with rapturous delight:—

'New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence; I danced for joy.
I marvell'd much that, at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engaged my wonder, and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost because not sooner found.' *

He 'prized and studied' Cowley, though in his manhood he was 'reclaimed from the erroneous taste;' but both in childhood and in mature years he was charmed with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' in which

'Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail.' †

He commenced versifying at fourteen by translating an elegy of Tibullus. Nothing, however, has been preserved of an earlier date than a short piece in blank verse, which he wrote in his seventeenth year at Bath, 'on finding the heel of a shoe.' It is chiefly remarkable for displaying the precise style and turn of thought which he afterwards adopted in the mock-heroic portions of the 'Task.' Love, Dryden said, made every man, if not a poet, at least a rhymers. It only made Cowper the last. The

* 'The Task,' book iv.

† 'Tirocinium,'

political

political events of the time inspired him with a few halfpenny ballads, 'two or three of which had the honour to become popular.' He adds that his father before him excelled in this department of verse, and pointed out the best models to him. The patriotic effusions of the young Templar have been consigned to oblivion, and owed, we suspect, their short-lived success to the temporary interest excited by their topics. The poems he wrote during the first period of his authorship, which ended when he was thirty-one, are neither good in themselves nor give the slightest promise of future excellence. The thoughts are commonplace, the language bald, the verse without harmony. In the course of only nine stanzas which he penned on 'Himself,' the following words are coupled as rhymes—*spirit, bear it ; perter, smarter ; do, so ; shapes, relapse ; foolish, polish*. When he was twenty-eight he was still content with such similarity of sound as can be extracted out of *rhetic, Greek ; coarse, worse ; steer, care ; go, you ; near, character*. Without spirit or polish, sterling matter or happy execution, the verses of Cowper seemed to indicate that, whatever else he might become, he could never be a poet.

The 'Connoisseur' was edited by two of his schoolfellows, Colman and Thornton. All three were members of the 'Nonsense Club,' which consisted of seven men who had been educated at Westminster, and who dined together every Thursday. Cowper therefore naturally became a contributor to the 'Connoisseur,' and in 1756 he furnished five numbers to the work. They are palpable imitations of the lighter parts of the 'Spectator,' and, though destitute of nice discrimination of character and refinement of satire, are not without casual touches of humour. His third essay is 'On keeping a Secret;' and so deeply was he impressed by his own lucubrations that he never divulged a secret afterwards. He did not always desire that his friends should practise the same reserve towards him; for years later he asked Mr. Newton to pass on a confidential communication to Mrs. Unwin and himself, and urged as a reason, 'No secret is less a secret for our participation in it.' He who yielded to the argument was deprived of the power of sharing the boast. Cowper's paper is a feeble production; but there is great merit as well as truth in the passage in which he remonstrates against 'scourging lads into treachery.' 'I remember a boy,' he says, 'engaged in robbing an orchard who was unfortunately taken prisoner in an apple-tree. Upon his absolute refusal to discover his associates, the pedagogue undertook to lash him out of his fidelity, but, finding this impossible, he at last gave him up for an obstinate villain, and sent him to his father, who told him he was ruined,
and

and was going to disinherit him for not betraying his school-fellows.'

The productions of Cowper's pen were too brief and fitful to break in much upon his indolence. He had never seriously applied to the law, and the death of his father in 1756 removed the motive which induced him to adopt the profession. Well read in ancient and modern literature, endowed with a delightful vein of humour, and with an exquisite appreciation of it in others, he divided his time between his books, his associates, and the pleasures of the town. He indulged in the half-intellectual, half-dissipated existence which might be expected of an unmarried and accomplished young man, who had no other object than to amuse himself. 'I lead,' he wrote in 1758, 'an idle and therefore a most delightful life.' The little patrimony which enabled him to pass his days in this easy fashion was well-nigh spent, and he began to be apprehensive of approaching want, when in 1763 three clerkships of the House of Lords fell vacant, which were the patent right of his cousin and intimate friend, Major Cowper. The Major offered him the two most lucrative of these offices. He accepted the 'splendid proposal;' and, in his own language, 'seemed at the same instant to receive a dagger into his heart.' The stab came from no more momentous cause than the recollection that the duties, though almost mechanical, were discharged in public. However much he was at home with his facetious and jovial companions, they had not helped to banish his native shyness. Many years afterwards, on warning a young acquaintance against the 'vicious fear,' which had proved 'his own ruin,' he told him that the mingling with men of pleasure would not cure it, but would rather increase it in more sober society. The bashfulness inherent in Cowper's disposition had been aggravated by the disease which shook his understanding ten years before. The notion of doing anything, however easy, where there were ears to hear and eyes to behold him, was quite intolerable, and, after spending a week in torment, he prevailed on his kinsman to allow him to relinquish his two appointments for the worst of the three posts, which, if less profitable, was more private. His satisfaction at the change was of short duration. A party among the Peers questioned the Major's right of nomination, and determined at any rate to harass his candidates by a searching examination into their qualifications at the bar of the House. 'I knew,' said Cowper, 'to demonstration that upon these terms the clerkship of the journals was no place for me. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves on any occasion is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation; others can have none.'

While

While feeling it impossible to face the ordeal, it seemed equally impossible to give up competence for poverty, and brave the censure and contempt of his friends. The conflicting emotions brought on a fever. With an enfeebled body and a mind upon the rack, he attended daily for upwards of six months at the clerk's office to acquire the necessary information, and all this time he turned over the leaves of the journals without any comprehension of what he read. That he should have submitted to a torture as useless as it was protracted was the necessary consequence of his being just as impotent to fly as to combat.

The vacation arrived, and amid the pleasures of Margate he managed to shut out the alarming prospect from his view. But when October saw him again in London, with the day of trial drawing near, his misery returned with redoubled violence. Lifting up his eyes to heaven in a spirit of rancorous reproach against his Maker, he cursed aloud the hour of his birth. He had a foreboding that insanity was impending, and ardently desired it, that it might relieve him from his dilemma. His apprehension that it would not seize him in time seemed likely to be verified. The dreadful ordeal approached, and he was still in his senses. He therefore turned his thoughts to self-destruction as his sole remaining resource. In his happier hours the idea of death had made him shudder. He now welcomed it as a deliverance from a more agonising fear. He easily persuaded himself that what he desired was lawful, or, allowing it to be criminal, that the torments of hell would be more endurable than his present distress. On two occasions at taverns he got into a conversation with a total stranger upon suicide. Each of these persons agreed that it was one of the rights of man to live on or to die at his own discretion. Cowper had doubtless introduced the topic, and given the tone to the argument. What with him had a real and frightful meaning was nothing more with his chance companions than idle babble. He considered it nevertheless decisive of the question that he should have met with an independent concurrence of sentiment in a couple of lax talkers, who, unprincipled as they were, would have shrunk from the responsibility of advising him to destroy himself if they had known that he was about to act upon their opinions. His scruples removed, he determined to be in readiness, and one evening in November purchased half an ounce of laudanum.

He was now within a week of the period when he was to appear at the bar of the House of Lords. That he might not lose the chance of any turn of events in his favour, he resolved to put off drinking the poison till the very last moment. In proportion as the thoughts of a man are fixed upon himself, he is apt

to imagine that others are thinking of him likewise. In insanity there is often an intensity of personal consciousness which makes its victim fancy that he is the object of allusions which have not the remotest connection with him. The morning before the day which was to decide his fate, Cowper read in a newspaper a letter which he was convinced was a satire upon himself, and designed by the writer to goad him on to self-destruction. 'Your cruelty,' he inwardly exclaimed, 'shall be gratified; you shall have your revenge!' Flinging down the journal in a passion, he rushed out of the coffee-room and made his way to the fields with the intention of committing suicide in some retired ditch. When the moment arrived to die his purpose wavered, and the idea struck him that he might hide his head abroad, and thus get rid of the whole of his perplexities. He would sell what he had in the funds, and when his money was spent he could change his religion, and obtain an asylum in a monastery. He hastened to his chambers, and commenced packing up his portmanteau. Action in his infirm and tumultuous state of mind at once produced vacillation. Again suicide appeared the preferable plan, and this time he resolved to perish by drowning. He got into a coach and drove to a frequented part of the river. The water was low, and a porter was sitting upon some goods on the bank. The least check sufficed to turn him from a design which he feared to execute. He went back to the coach, drew up the shutters, and made an attempt to drink off his laudanum. The mere effort filled him with terror, and his whole body shook with a convulsive agitation. 'Distracted,' he says, 'between the desire of death and the dread of it, twenty times I had the phial to my mouth, and as often received an irresistible check; it seemed to me that an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards as I set it against my lips.' Unable to conquer the fear which was the cause of the phenomenon, he alighted at the Temple and repeated the experiment in his own apartment. Filled with disdain at his 'pitiful timidity,' he put forth his hand towards the laudanum with 'the most confirmed resolution.' His fingers suddenly contracted in the effort, and this, which was the effect of the terror always renewed at the critical moment, appeared to him to have 'the air of a divine interposition.' He stopped to muse upon the incident. He ended by being convinced that suicide was a crime, and in a fury of indignation threw his laudanum out of the window.

His mind oscillated from death to life, and from life back to death. His scruples of conscience had no sooner served the purpose of staying execution than the opposite evils were again in the ascendant, and he returned to the conclusion that self-destruction

destruction was his only means of deliverance. He sat brooding in his chamber the remainder of the day without making any fresh attempt to destroy himself, but when he went to bed it was with the resolution not to see the morning light. He fell asleep, woke at three o'clock, immediately got his penknife, and for two or three hours kept it directed to his heart. The point was broken off, and when he occasionally pressed upon it, as he thought with all his might, but evidently with nerveless indecision, it did not enter the flesh. Day dawned, and the hour was at hand when a friend was to call and accompany him to Westminster. The approach of the dreaded minute infused into him an energy that he had not known before. He fastened his garter to an iron pin at the top of the bed-post and attempted to hang himself. The pin bent with his weight, and his halter slipped off. He tied it next to the frame of the tester, which instantly snapped short. He then formed a loop at the opposite end of his garter, threw it over the top corner of his half-open door, and, pushing away the chair upon which he stood, hung till he was unconscious. The garter broke before life was extinct, and he fell upon the floor. Hearing his own dreadful groans as sensibility began to return, he thought himself in hell. In a few seconds he realised his situation, and staggered back to bed. Presently his laundress came to light the fire. He sent for his patron, pointed to the garter, and related to him what had occurred. The Major replied, 'You terrify me; to be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate.' He carried away with him the form of appointment, and Cowper was relieved of the horrible phantom which day and night had affrighted him for months, and driven him to these mournful attempts at suicide.

The trial at an end which had induced him to seek a refuge in the grave, his mind instantly reverted to the guilt of the proceeding. From the sin of self-destruction he was led to reflect upon the other transgressions of his life. His time, since his illness in 1752, had been passed by his own account in that 'uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence' which he concluded would be for his mind's health when he burnt his prayers. His conscience sometimes pricked him, but his usual remedy was to banish thought. Averse as he was to the practice of Christianity, he retained a hesitating, theoretical belief. His latent principles were roused if he 'heard the Gospel blasphemed;' and, when half-intoxicated at convivial meetings, he would argue vehemently in its favour with his infidel companions. A deistical friend once cut short the disputation by alleging that, if what he said was true, he would by his own showing be certainly damned. He had the conviction that this presage was about to

be fulfilled. The terrors which assailed him were as great as when the examination was impending; they had merely changed their direction, and the belief that he had incurred the wrath of the Almighty overwhelmed him with misery. He conceived the idea that when the Saviour pronounced a curse upon the barren fig-tree he had him in his mind. He took up a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher, and immediately caught his eye upon the words 'The justice of the gods is in it.' He inwardly exclaimed, 'It is of a truth.' He could hardly open a book without the first sentence upon which he lighted appearing to be some express condemnation of himself. He bought a ballad that a man was singing in the street because he believed that he was the subject of it. He imagined the people stared and laughed at him, and that his acquaintances either avoided him or spoke to him in scorn. If anything diverted his attention for an instant from his despairing ideas, a flash, he says, from hell was darted into his heart, and the question was forced upon him, 'What is this to me who am damned?' He soon inferred that he had been guilty of the unpardonable sin 'by his neglect to improve the mercies of God at Southampton.' Two circumstances confirmed the impression. In a reverie between waking and sleeping he fancied that the iron gate of the choir of Westminster Abbey was flung violently in his face as he was about to enter to attend the prayers. 'A sentence,' he says, 'of excommunication from all the churches upon the earth could not have been so dreadful to me as the interpretation which I could not avoid putting upon this dream.' The other evil prognostication grew out of an effort to repeat the Creed for the purpose of testing his faith. Such an experiment to a man with his mind overthrown, and in the depths of religious despondency, was sure to agitate him to the centre. When he reached the second sentence the first was obliterated from his memory. He endeavoured to recover it, and just as he was about to succeed a tremulous sensation in the fibres of his brain defeated the attempt. He was thrown into agony by the omen. He made another trial, and the effect was precisely the same. He no longer doubted that it was a supernatural interposition to inform him that he had no part whatever in the truths expressed in the Creed. His desperation was complete. His knees knocked against each other, and 'he howled with horror.' He had a sensation like that of real fire in his heart, and he concluded that it was meant to be a token and a foretaste of the eternal flames. He composed some Sapphics, in which he describes himself as 'more abhorred than Judas;' and while exclaiming that hatred and vengeance are waiting with impatience to seize his soul, he deems it
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an aggravation of his lot that hell is bolted against him lest it should afford him some shelter from his miseries.*

In this deplorable condition he remembered his cousin Martin Madan,† an evangelical clergyman, whom he had hitherto thought an enthusiast, and to whom he now turned as his best hope of relief. Madan proved to him from the Bible that Jesus Christ was a sacrifice for sin, and Cowper gathered a gleam of comfort from a doctrine which he instantly saw was adapted to his case, though he questioned whether the pardon purchased for others would be extended to him. Up to this time, he says, 'I was as much unacquainted with the Redeemer in all his saving offices as if his name had never reached me.' He was revolving the subject with comparative calmness when a fresh attack supervened. The anxieties of his mind had begun by disordering his brain. The process was now reversed, and the increase of the physical malady brought back his mental alarms. He was in that state in which

'Nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceived.' ‡

The character which these *chimæras* assumed was determined by the predominant direction of his thoughts. He awoke one morning with the sound of torments ringing in his ears. 'Satan,' he says, 'plied me close with horrible visions and more horrible voices.' As he walked up and down his room in dismay, expecting the earth to open and swallow him up, a horrible darkness came over him, and with it a sensation of a heavy blow within

* The fourth stanza concludes with the lines,—

'I'm called, if vanquished, to receive a sentence
Worse than Abiram's;'

and the expression, 'if vanquished,' was pronounced by Southey to be evidently a mistake. 'He did not,' Mr. Willmott justly remarks, 'remember the history in the sixteenth chapter of Numbers, where Dathan and Abiram, the leaders of a rebellion against Moses, are resolved to abide the consequences of it. Accordingly they were vanquished, and the opening of the earth was the result of the defeat.' Cowper thought their fate preferable to his own, because they were engulfed at once; while of himself he says,—

'I, fed with judgment, in a fleshly tomb am
Buried above ground.'

Southey supposed that '*fed* with judgment' was another corruption, from his not being aware of the phraseology of the Bible—'I will feed them with judgment.' (Ex. xxxiv. 16.)

† There was a double connection between him and the poet. Cowper's aunt, Judith Cowper, married Colonel Madan, the father of Martin, and Martin's sister married her cousin Major Cowper, whose kindly patronage had produced the present catastrophe.

‡ Milton, '*Paradise Lost*.' Book ii.

his head. He cried out with the pain, his expressions grew confused, and it became evident to his friends that he was too far gone to be at large. He had a slight acquaintance with an amiable physician, who kept a private asylum at St. Alban's, and to whom he paid in later years the graceful compliment of designating him as

‘Cotton, whose humanity sheds rays
That make superior skill his second praise.’ *

The unhappy patient was placed under his care on the 7th of December, and afterwards reckoned it a special instance of the Providence which attended him throughout, that he should have fallen into such beneficent hands instead of being consigned to some London practitioner.

Cowper dated his madness from the moment when he felt as if he had received a blow upon his brain. As long as his thoughts remained coherent he seems to have considered himself sane. In the midst of the wild disarray of his ideas his conviction of the terrible nature of his sins, and his expectation of instant judgment, continued clear and uninterrupted. Five months were spent in this awful delusion. By long familiarity with the prospect he began to grow indifferent to it. He determined that, pending the execution of the sentence, he would endeavour to enjoy himself. He laughed at the stories of Dr. Cotton, and told him some of his own to match them. He even regretted that he had not indulged his appetites more freely, and envied those miserable spirits who had run the round of sensuality before they met the just retribution of their deeds. Notwithstanding that these notions savoured of insanity, and that he retained his belief in his dreadful doom, his inclination towards cheerfulness was the turning point in his malady. This second and milder stage of the disorder had lasted nearly three months, when he was visited (July 25, 1764) by his only and much loved brother, who was a Fellow of Ben'et College, Cambridge. Cowper gave vent to the fixed idea of his mind—his expectation of sudden judgment. His brother protested that the whole was a delusion. The vehemence with which he spoke arrested the attention of the poor patient, who, bursting into tears, exclaimed, ‘If it be a delusion I am the happiest of beings!’ Hour by hour his hope increased. His visions that night were pleasing instead of gloomy, and at breakfast next morning he had a growing conviction that the decree of condemnation was not irrevocable. For weeks he had never opened the Bible. His reviving spirits

* Hope.

induced him to take it up, and the first verse which met his eye was the 25th of the 3rd of Romans,—‘Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.’ In the crisis of his disorder he would have thought that he was specially excepted from the blessing. His reason having returned, he did not hesitate to take the doctrine to himself. ‘Unless,’ he says, ‘the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice was choked with transport. I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder.’ It might be inferred, both from Cowper’s letters and poetry, that, apart from his insanity, his temperament was tranquil, and that a composed cheerfulness was more congenial to him than the ebullitions of enthusiasm. It was entirely otherwise. ‘My feelings,’ he wrote to Mr. Unwin, ‘are all of the intense kind. I never received a *little* pleasure from anything in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme.’ The sudden rebound from months of agonising despair to unclouded happiness produced the utmost violence of transport. Dr. Cotton was alarmed lest it should terminate in a fatal frenzy. But the ecstasies of joy are more transient than the visitations of pain, and the danger from this source was not of long duration. Yet an unusual exultation animated him for weeks. If he did but mention the name of the Redeemer tears of thanksgiving were ready to run down his cheeks. He was too elated to sleep much, and grudged every hour spent in slumber. ‘To rejoice,’ he says, ‘day and night was all my employment.’ He celebrated the mercy which had visited him in a hymn entitled ‘The Happy Change.’ It was not in the pride of authorship that he wrote. He tells us that when his passions were roused he had always recourse to verse as the only adequate vehicle for his impetuous thoughts. To keep silence was impossible, and no prose which was not inflated could, in his own opinion, have done justice to his conceptions.

The ‘Personal Narrative’ of Cowper is a complete refutation of the popular notion that religion made him mad. Both his attacks arose from causes that had no connection with it, and when the subject engaged no part of his attention. In the first visitation it was only after the disease had taken root that he sought relief from prayer, which he abandoned the moment his health was restored. In the second and more terrible concussion of his mind it was not till his frenzy had driven him to attempt suicide that his conscience took alarm, and diverted his attention from what would equally have fed the

the disease—the ruin of his prospects, his personal disgrace, the censure, or worse, the compassion of his friends. Being already insane when he commenced the review of his past life, he saw it of necessity through the distorting medium of a disordered imagination. Rational for the most part as were his conceptions of Christianity, he may even, when he was convalescent, have overrated the enormity of some of his actions. But his testimony to facts must not be confounded with the interpretation he put upon them. Although his judgments in one or two particulars may have been erroneous, his statements of what he really did and thought bear the stamp of scrupulous fidelity, and, if their accuracy is admitted, he did not err in concluding that his general conduct called for bitter repentance. He had not, indeed, lived a life of open profligacy—for those, he says, who knew him best esteemed him ‘a good sort of man;’ but he had passed his days in self-indulgence, and in the total neglect of religion. He had entirely abandoned the practice of devotion, and seems not to have believed in its efficacy. When, subsequent to his conversion, he told his friend Hill that he could only return his kindness by prayers, he added, ‘If you should laugh at my conclusion I should not be angry, though I should be grieved. It is not long since I should have laughed at such a recompense myself.’ In a word, while professing a belief in Christianity, he held it folly to pay in practice any allegiance to the Creator. ‘I thought,’ he says, ‘the service of my Maker and Redeemer an unnecessary labour; I despised those who thought otherwise; and if they spoke of the love of God I pronounced them madmen.’* Unquestionably many of his former acquaintances now pronounced the same verdict upon him, with the specious addition that they would urge the fact that he had been insane for a triumphant proof that his religion was insanity. He anticipated this result, and ‘was concerned to reflect that a convert made in Bedlam was more likely to be a stumbling-block to others than to advance their faith.’ The manner, however, in which he had acquired a knowledge of himself and the Gospel could not affect the truth of his conclusions, and he might well

* At the time when Cowper was going through the sorrowful form of preparing for his examination at the bar of the House of Lords he wrote a letter to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, in which he says that if he was to open his heart to her she would see nothing ‘to shock her.’ ‘This,’ remarks Southey, ‘was the fair testimony he gave when capable of giving it.’ How far he was capable of giving any fair testimony as to what ought to shock may be judged from the circumstance that he penned the words at the period when he was persuaded that a man was mad who spoke of loving God. The self-complacent opinion he then expressed of his state was merely an illustration of his assertion, that ‘he had obtained a complete victory over his conscience.’

be thankful for any dispensation which enabled him, after living without God in the world,—

‘To see by no fallacious light or dim
Earth made for man, and man himself for Him.’*

Cowper remained nearly a year at St. Alban’s after his disorder abated. In Dr. Cotton he had a friend who loved Christianity, and who was as well qualified to afford assistance in this department ‘as in that which was more immediately his province.’ Every morning the physician conversed with his patient upon what was now the absorbing topic of his thoughts. He was consequently happy in his retreat, and a nature less sensitive than his might have shrunk from reappearing in the world. The expense alone induced him to quit what he called ‘the place of his second nativity,’ and which he ever after associated with his joyful recovery, and not with its wretched antecedents. He wished on removing to fix his residence near Cambridge, that he might share the society of his brother, and he was, at any rate, resolved that he would appear no more in London, ‘the scene of his former abominations.’ The painful recollections connected with it, the awkwardness of meeting his old companions, his determination to shake off the greater part of them, and the impossibility of pursuing his profession, all combined to turn him from his previous haunts. He resigned a small office—that of Commissioner of Bankrupts—worth 60*l.* a-year, for the double reason that it required his presence in town and that his ignorance of law would not permit him, now he weighed the words to which he swore, to take the customary oath. The scanty income which remained would have been insufficient for his maintenance if his relations had not clubbed together a little later to make him an allowance. The frightful proofs he had given of the desperate nature of his malady left them no room to blame him.

His brother could find him no convenient lodgings nearer than Huntingdon. Thither Cowper set out on the 17th June, 1765, his heart aching at the thought of returning to a world in the pollutions of which he had had so ‘sad a share,’ and dreading lest his ears, as he journeyed, should be offended by oaths, which were the common language of the time. He took Cambridge by the way. He arrived at his new abode on the 22nd, and his spirits sank when he found himself alone in a strange place without a friend to comfort him. He walked a mile from the town, and, kneeling down in a screened nook of a field, prayed that he might be cheered and supported. He

* Retirement.

returned to his lodgings light in heart. The next day was Sunday. Entering the church with feelings different from what he had ever entered a church before, he could with difficulty restrain his emotions. His heart warmed to all the congregation; and observing that a man who sat in the pew with him was singing with much devotion, he inwardly exclaimed, 'Bless you for praising Him whom my soul loveth!' A vivid and beautiful picture which almost reproduces the impressions he describes.

He had very uncomfortable expectations of the accommodation he should meet with at Huntingdon, and found to his surprise that he liked his lodgings, the locality, and the people. He thought the town among the neatest in England. Cobbett was of the same opinion. In his 'Rural Rides' he calls it 'one of those pretty, clean, unstenched, unconfined places that tend to lengthen life and make it happy.' Of the neighbouring country he had no good to tell—'few trees and those scrubbed, few woods and those small, few hills and those hardly worthy of the name;' but the immediate environs he admired to enthusiasm. 'Above and below the bridge are by far the most beautiful meadows that I ever saw in my life. Here are no reeds, here is no sedge, no unevennesses of any sort. Here are *bowling-greens* of hundreds of acres in extent, with a river winding through them full to the brink. I think it would be difficult to find a more delightful spot than this in the world.' The description of Cowper, written a year and a half after he had settled there, is as picture-like, but much less flattering. 'My lot is cast in a country where we have neither woods, nor commons, nor pleasant prospects; all is flat and insipid; in the summer adorned only with blue willows, and in the winter covered with a flood. Such it is at present: our bridges shaken almost in pieces, our poor willows torn away by the roots, and our haycocks almost afloat.' Cobbett painted the view as he saw it in June, Cowper in a dreary January, and we must allow for the different impressions produced by sunshine and verdure, and by a watery landscape beneath an overcast sky. Yet it is curious that the coarse, vituperative demagogue, though he too, callous as he was, had a heart for nature, should have discriminated a beauty, real of its kind, which was lost upon the nicer eyes of the poet. Not that he could have lacked scenes to satisfy his sympathies. Indeed, he had said in an earlier letter that the country was fine for several miles round. If the true admirer of what is lovely in creation has not the pleasure of general prospects, his attention is only turned more intently to individual features, and he frequently derives a greater gratification from this close acquaintance with humble beauties than from more pretending and extended views. Cowper possessed,
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in an unusual degree, the happy art of detecting charms in spots the least adorned 'with sweet nature's grace.' 'Everything,' he said, 'I see in the fields is to me an object; and I can look at the same rivulet, or at a handsome tree, every day of my life with new pleasure.' Transferred to London in boyhood, and a constant resident there, with the exception of occasional holidays, till he was thirty-two, he never acquired a relish for its noise and bustle, nor lost the passion he had imbibed for the country while a child.

'I never framed a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene.' *

Any such scene was sufficient for his desires if combined with quiet; and whatever might be the merits of the environs of Huntingdon when contrasted with other rural districts, they were Elysium in comparison with Fleet-street and the Strand.

He dreaded the idea of having new acquaintances to make with no other recommendation than that of being a perfect stranger, and hoped that none of the inhabitants would take the least notice of him. A patient fresh from a lunatic asylum, who came to reside in a town where he was totally unknown, and with which he had no sort of connection, could not be the subject of speculations which it would be comfortable to contemplate. This view, however, of the question does not appear to have troubled him, for his insanity was never a painful topic. He looked at it through the light of the blessing he had derived from it, and chiefly thought of it as the means by which he had been delivered from a worse madness. On the occasion of his paying a visit, in 1768, to his friendly physician at St. Alban's, he said that he visited it every day in thought, and that the recollection of what occurred there, and the consequences which ensued from it, made all the other circumstances of life appear insipid and unaffecting. It was not as a person who had been disordered in his intellect, but as a character to be suspected, that he feared the unfavourable comments of the Huntingdon gossips. It hurt his pride when he became familiarly known in the place that some people had spoken of him as '*That fellow Couper*;' and, with the secret motive of furnishing ocular demonstration of the splendour of his connections, he introduced young Unwin to his old patron the Major. At first his desire to be let alone appeared likely to be realised. He had been eleven days at Huntingdon when he wrote to Hill, 'I have received but one visit since here I came. I don't mean that I have refused any, but that only one has been

* 'The Task,' book iv.

offered.'

offered.' This single intruder was his woollen-draper, whose motives may be supposed to have been as much commercial as friendly. By degrees the aristocracy of the place dropped in, and in a couple of months he knew all the 'visitable people.' 'Two families,' he said, 'in particular have treated me with as much cordiality as if their pedigrees and mine had grown upon the same sheepskin.' That he came from St. Alban's could not long have remained a secret. Curiosity or compassion may have induced the original callers to break in upon his seclusion, and his appearance, his manners, and his intelligence must soon have accredited him to the most sceptical. A few of the inhabitants were sympathetic spirits, and altogether he thought it 'the most agreeable neighbourhood he had ever seen.' A twelvemonth before he would have thought it intolerably dull. The still life of Huntingdon suited his altered frame of mind, and had the twofold charm of fitness and novelty.

His mode of passing his time was simple. One day in every week he and his brother spent together. Each alternately visited the other, and the distance of fifteen miles to Cambridge forced Cowper for a while to become a horseman. In the earliest of his letters which has been preserved (August, 1758) he tells a fellow-Templar that he never rides unless compelled, because a little contact with the saddle bruised and chafed him. It cost him a good deal of trouble at Huntingdon to attain to a very moderate measure of equestrian skill. Like his own John Gilpin, he was not only 'galled in his seat,' but had a difficulty in keeping it. A walking pace was tedious, a trot jumbled him, and a gallop threatened to throw him into a ditch. Except to take exercise he rarely stirred from his fire-side and his books. His reading was not the continuation of his London studies. He had entered into a new world of thought, and had completely broken with the past. So indifferent was he to all his old pursuits, that he never once, in five-and-twenty years, inquired after the library which he left in town, and which contained his father's stores as well as his own. When a quarter of a century had gone by he asked Hill if he could inform a bookless student in what nook his stray volumes might be found. In the interval somebody had appropriated this convenient collection of authors which appeared not to have an owner, and Cowper consoled himself with the reflection, 'that no such loss did ever befall any other man, or could ever befall him again.' To read and meditate upon religion was at present his sole occupation in his solitary hours. 'A letter,' he said, 'upon any other subject is more insipid to me than ever my task was when a schoolboy.' The pains of hell had lately gat hold upon him, and he turned
from

from everything which belonged to his former self to gaze with undivided and unwearied delight upon the heaven which had opened before his eyes.

He brought to Huntingdon the attendant who waited on him at St. Albans: and in that charming strain of quiet humour which was as natural to him as to breathe, he unfolds, in a letter to Hill, the difficulty he experienced in his novel task of keeping house for himself and his servant.

'A man cannot always live upon sheep's heads and liver and lights, like the lions in the Tower; and a joint of meat in so small a family is an endless encumbrance. My butcher's bill for last week amounted to four shillings and tenpence. I sot off with a log of lamb, and was forced to give part of it away to my washerwoman. Then I made an experiment upon a sheep's heart, and that was too little. Next I put three pounds of beef into a pie, and this had like to have been too much, for it lasted three days, though my landlord was admitted to a share in it. Then, as to small beer, I am puzzled to pieceen about it. I have bought as much for a shilling as will serve us at least a month, and it is grown sour already. In short, I never know how to pity poor housekeepers before; but now I cease to wonder at that politic cast which their occupation usually gives to their countenance, for it is really a matter full of perplexity.'

The ultimate result of what he called 'his good management and clear notion of economical affairs' was that in three months he spent the income of a twelvemonth. In the fourth month he arrived at the conclusion that, to avoid total bankruptcy, he must be boarded as well as lodged. He began at the same time to feel the want of companionship. The visits of his neighbours were not frequent; and as 'cards and dancing were the professed business of all the gentle inhabitants,' he would have derived no pleasure from a closer intercourse with that portion of the community. Under these circumstances he was induced to take a step which had the happiest influence upon his future life.

Among the friends which Cowper made at Huntingdon was the family of the Unwins, consisting of husband and wife, and a son and daughter. The father, an elderly clergyman, who held a college living upon which he did not reside, had once been master of the free school, and had now a large house in the town where he took private pupils. He is described by Cowper 'as a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as Parson Adams.' His wife, who was much younger than himself, was the daughter of a draper in Ely of the name of Cawthorne. 'She has,' writes Cowper, 'a very uncommon understanding, has read much to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess.' The son was just of age. He was of a singularly amiable and vivacious disposition, with

with the openness and frankness of youth, had fair talents, and more than average acquirements. The daughter, a girl of eighteen, 'was of a piece with the rest of the family,' and was 'rather handsome and genteel,' but she must have missed one great charm of the poet's society from having no perception of his humour, which, like a dish of delicate flavour, is lost upon obtuse palates, though, to those who can taste it, it is as much more delicious as it is more refined than coarsely-seasoned viands. This little domestic group he pronounced to be altogether the cheerfulest and most agreeable it was possible to conceive. The impression was mutual. From the moment he set foot in the circle 'he was treated as if he had been a near relation.' Fascinated by these new companions, he wondered that he liked Huntingdon so well before he became acquainted with them, and imagined that he should find every place unpleasant that had not an Unwin.

Delighted as Cowper seemed with the whole of the family, the real attraction to him was Mrs. Unwin and her son. Their doctrinal opinions were the same with his own, their piety as earnest and pervading. A reserved person is chilled by reserve and disgusted by forwardness. An ingenuous frankness alone can put him at his ease and elicit a responsive freedom. The artless candour of the young man immediately won the confidence of his bashful elder. They poured out their hearts to each other at the first interview, and the moment his visitor was gone Cowper retired to his bed-room and prayed that God would give 'fervency and perpetuity to the friendship, even unto death.' As he prayed so it proved in the issue. Of the mother he wrote at the very commencement of the acquaintance, 'That woman is a blessing to me, and I never see her without being the better for her company.' Just at the time when his solitary situation grew irksome to him, one of Mr. Unwin's pupils left. It occurred to Cowper that he might, perhaps, be allowed to fill the vacancy. The effect which the notion had upon him showed that though perfectly sane his mind continued to be morbidly sensitive. He was seized 'with a tumult of anxious solicitude,' and the language of his heart was, 'Give me this blessing, or else I die.' With a great effort he diverted his thoughts after a day or two into another channel, and found that his mind kept repeating with increasing energy, 'The Lord God of truth will do this.' Manifestly as the words were the offspring of the wish, he was convinced that they were not of his own production, derived some assurance from the presage, and took courage to propound his darling scheme. His proposal was at once accepted, and on Nov. 11, 1765, he removed to his new retreat. It more than answered his fondest anticipations. He had resided there four months

months when he wrote that in Mrs. Unwin 'he could almost fancy his own mother restored to life again to compensate him for all the friends he had lost, and all his connections broken.' On a subsequent occasion he composed some lines in which he happily expressed the familiar truth, that incidents which appear to us mysterious or purposeless furnish us, in their full development,

'With proof that we and our affairs
Are part of a Jehovah's cares.'

Of all the illustrations of this fact which his memorable history afforded, none was more conspicuous than the Providence which led him against his own wishes to Huntingdon, and guided his unwilling footsteps to the door of the Unwins. His disposition inclined him to marriage, but he had too much conscience to run the risk of transmitting his frightful malady, and it is clear that from the period of his second attack, which admitted of no doubtful construction, he never entertained the idea. He had hardly appeared to be cut off for ever from the intimate delights of a domestic circle, when he found them in the friendship of the inestimable woman whose story is henceforth blended with his own.

The days of Cowper flowed on in tranquil cheerfulness between devotion, reading, conversation, walking, and gardening. Little more than a year and a half had elapsed when the peace of the household was suddenly interrupted by the violent death of Mr. Unwin. As he was riding one Sunday morning in July, 1767, to his curacy of Gravely, he was flung from his horse, and his head was dreadfully fractured. He was too much injured to be carried back to Huntingdon, and after lingering till the Thursday he expired in a cottage about a mile from his home. At such a moment the sympathy of her devoted companion must have been as important to Mrs. Unwin as her own had previously been to him. They at once determined that the change of circumstances should not dissolve a bond which had become stronger than ever; but in a different way the event was big with consequences to Cowper, and instead of depriving him of one associate supplied him with a second. A few days after the accident the celebrated John Newton was on his road through Huntingdon. His journey thitherwards at this crisis was said by the poet eighteen years afterwards to have been such a wonderful dispensation of Providence, that he thought it gave him a claim to the especial attention of a ghostly counsellor, who had been sent by Heaven for the express purpose of finding him out. The result was accomplished by the zealous minister calling, at the request of an acquaintance, upon Mrs. Unwin, to whom he was

was then a perfect stranger. He invited the friends to settle at his cure of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, and they gladly embraced the offer for the sake of his preaching and conversation. He hired for them an old house, of which the garden at the back was only separated by an orchard from the garden of the vicarage. By opening doors in the walls of the respective domains a direct communication was established, and the two families lived almost as one. In September the poet removed to a dwelling which was to be his home for twenty years, and where almost all the works were composed which have given an interest to his name and history. The front of his new tenement looked upon the market-place, and wore such a desolate aspect that when young Mr. Unwin first saw it he was shocked to think that his mother lived there. The rest of the town was not attractive. Cowper describes it as 'populous, and inhabited chiefly by the half-starved and ragged of the earth.' The principal occupation was lace-making, which furnished, even to unremitting diligence, so scanty a pittance, that it was barely sufficient to sustain a miserable existence. When a charitable donation enabled the poet to provide six children with one pair of blankets, 'they jumped out of their straw, caught them in their arms, kissed them, blessed them, and danced for joy.' The majority of the people were brutal in their manners and heathenish in their morals. Little creatures seven years of age made the place resound every evening with curses and villanous songs. The cottages were disposed in a long dreary street, and the tottering mud walls and torn thatch of many of them were in keeping with the wretchedness of the inmates. The surrounding meadows were flooded during the winter; and Cowper was often doomed to sit for months over a cellar filled with water. The air in the rainy season was impregnated with the fishy-smelling fumes of the marsh miasma; and to this he ascribed the slow and spirit-oppressing fever which visited all persons who remained long in the locality. 'There were beautiful walks,' he said, 'but it was a walk to get at them,' and for eight months in the year he seldom cared to pick his way through the 'almost impassable dirt' which intervened. None of these evils had much effect upon him during the early years of his residence. He was experiencing the truth that the 'mind is its own place,' and the social and spiritual advantages he enjoyed made Olney a heaven to him.

Pecuniary embarrassments had induced the Vicar, Moses Brown, to become a pluralist, and he resided at Blackheath, where he was chaplain of Morden College. His debts failed to make a numerous family a care to him. He said that when he had only two or three children he thought he should have been distracted with

with the anxiety of providing for them, but when he had a dozen he was easy, and thought no more of the matter. According to Mr. Cecil, he was a pious minister, who had trained many of his people in the way they should go, and an over-indulgent father, who had allowed his sons to take the way they should not. Mr. Newton had been his deputy for three years and a half when Cowper settled in the parish. It was a remark of the famous Dr. Sydenham that 'everybody some time or other would be the better or the worse for having but spoken to a good or bad man.' The curate of Olney was one of those persons to whom few could speak without being the better for it. His father was the master of a trading vessel, and he had himself spent the larger part of twenty years at sea. He was once impressed on board a man-of-war, was made a midshipman, deserted, and was flogged. In his rage at the subsequent hardships he endured, he formed the design of murdering the captain, and would have executed his intention but that he could not bear that the lady whom he afterwards married should think ill of him. The general recklessness, indeed, of his early life was as signal as the piety of the remainder. He was a scoffer of the Bible, a frightful blasphemer, and an abandoned profligate. He had seen and suffered much, and both in good and in evil had displayed a resolute will. By the force of a powerful understanding and an inflexible purpose he became, during his voyages, a proficient in Latin, learnt the rudiments of mathematics and French, and later, when on land, acquired a fair knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. He received no instruction whatever after he was ten years old, and the result of his self-education was to give him a firm grasp of his knowledge and an unusual independence of thought. Desperate as he had been in wickedness, defying both God and man, a feminine tenderness lurked in his nature. 'He could live,' says his biographer, Mr. Cecil, 'no longer than he could love.' On one of his voyages, when a letter from Mrs. Newton miscarried, and he imagined that she was probably dead, he lost his appetite and rest, and in three weeks' time was brought to the brink of the grave. With an adamant frame which had resisted hardships that few of the strongest men could have withstood, and with a marvellous energy of disposition which had once spurned all control, he had nearly died of a broken heart from the mere apprehension that his wife was no more. He had arrived at his ultimate convictions on religion by a gradual process, and had passed through various stages of wickedness, temptation, conflict, and amendment. Though his principles and conduct had long been fixed, he was not ordained till he was close upon thirty-nine, when he was appointed to the curacy of Olney. He found

that Cowper had read his Bible to so much purpose that he needed no instruction in doctrine. What he wanted was a companion, of kindred sentiments and equal understanding, with whom to interchange ideas. The entire world, perhaps, could not have supplied a person more fitted for the purpose than Mr. Newton. The transitions of feeling through which he had passed had some resemblance to those of his newly-made friend, but he had gone far deeper into vice. There was hardly a mood of mind connected with religion with which he was not familiar from his own experience. The warmth of affection which attempered his masculine nature rendered him a counsellor as gentle as he was discriminating. His conversation was singularly racy, and abounded in apt and lively illustrations. The closest intimacy at once ensued between two such congenial spirits, equals in love, in piety, in worth; and if the one was possessed of the finer genius, the other had the advantage of a more vigorous character, and a greater capacity for the affairs of life. They made it a rule to spend four days in the week together, and were rarely 'seven successive waking hours apart.' Mr. Newton numbered the alliance among his 'principal blessings.' It was a blessing in which his parishioners shared. He considered Cowper 'a sort of curate,' from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted. The lay-pastor, we are told, was affable in his conversation with them, sympathised in their distresses, advised them in their difficulties, and animated them by his prayers. Absorbed in his round of religious duties, he was averse to all other employments. 'You will ascribe,' he wrote to Hill, in May, 1768, 'my dryness and conciseness in the epistolary way to almost a total disuse of my pen. My youth and my scribbling vein are gone together, and unless they had been better employed it is fit they should.' He said shortly afterwards that 'he had that within him which hindered him wretchedly in all he ought to do, and that he was prone to trifle and allow time to run to waste;' but this is a self-reproach which would be uttered by most persons who exact of themselves a rigorous account.

Since his removal from Huntingdon distance interposed to prevent frequent intercourse with his brother, and their weekly dwindled down to annual visits. In the middle of February, 1770, Cowper was summoned to Cambridge by the fatal illness of this sole remaining relic of his home. 'We have lost the best classic and most liberal thinker in our University,' wrote Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, to Dr. Parr, when he announced the death of John Cowper. 'He sat so long at his studies that the posture gave rise to an abscess in his liver, and he fell a victim

to

to learning.' So said John Cowper himself when he was dying. 'I have laboured day and night to perfect myself in things of no profit; I have sacrificed my health to these pursuits, and am suffering the consequences of my misspent labour. I wanted to be highly applauded, and was flattered up to the height of my wishes; now, I must learn a new lesson.' He had been in his own language 'blameless in his outward conduct, and trusted in himself that he was righteous.' He could not yield to the belief that he stood in need of a Redeemer, and had long desired to be a deist. After the transformation which had taken place in Cowper at St. Alban's, he endeavoured to impress his convictions upon his brother, who first discussed the question, and then, to avoid disputes, listened to argument and exhortation in silence. His attention, however, was roused. He bought the best writers on controverted points, studied them with diligence, and compared them with Scripture. Blinded, he says, by prejudice, he continued not to perceive the doctrine of redemption, yet wished to embrace it, and was even persuaded that he should some day be a convert. Upon the whole, his antipathy gained upon his inclination; for, at the period of his illness, he was on the verge of closing with the Deism which appeared so attractive, and which did not, like the Gospel, interfere with his self-esteem. Cowper, on his arrival, found him ignorant that his illness was mortal, and quite unconcerned about religion. There was one seeming exception to his ordinary indifference. 'When I talked to him,' says the poet, 'of the Lord's dealings with myself, he would press my hand, and look kindly at me, and seemed to love me the better for it.' But this did not arise from any partiality for doctrines which he heard heedlessly at other times. The action clearly proceeded from generous sympathy with the griefs and joys of the speaker. As warm hearts are easily kindled into gratitude, the remark, 'that, though many sick men had friends, it was not every man who had a friend that could pray for him,' drew forth from the sufferer an additional tenderness. 'He generally expressed it,' says Cowper, 'by calling for blessings upon me in the most affectionate terms, and with a look and manner not to be described.' At the expiration of three weeks, as he was praying one afternoon to himself in bed, he suddenly burst into tears, and with a loud cry exclaimed, 'Oh! forsake me not.' He afterwards stated that he had reflected much upon Christianity during his illness, that the subject remained obscure to him, and that he sent forth the cry at the moment when the light was darted into his soul. He threw his arms round the neck of his brother, and, leaning his head upon him, said, 'If I live, you and I shall be more like one another than we have been. But, whether I live or

not, all is well. God has visited me with this sickness to teach me what I was too proud to learn in health.' At another time he added, 'I see the rock upon which I once split, and I see the rock of my salvation. I have learned *that* in a moment which I could not have learned by reading books in many years. How plain do texts appear to which, after consulting all the commentators, I could hardly affix a meaning! There is but one key to the New Testament, there is but one interpreter.' The key he had discovered was that 'Jesus Christ was delivered for our offences, and rose again for our justification.' He wondered, as well he might, that a fact so plain should have been invisible to him before. His self-abasement was henceforth great. 'That I ever had a being,' he said, 'cannot be too soon forgot.' He had charge of a parish about seven miles from Cambridge, and thought much of the people there. 'Thou hast intrusted many souls unto me,' he exclaimed in one of his prayers, 'and I have not been able to teach them because I knew thee not myself.' His repentance was accompanied by the hope that it would be accepted through the Saviour whose atonement he had understood so late, and after a few days more of bodily suffering, in that hope he calmly expired on the 20th of March. 'I have felt a joy,' wrote Cowper, 'upon the subject of my brother's death such as I never felt but in my own conversion.'

Three years from this period the joy which had resulted from his conversion was extinguished, never again, except in transient gleams, to be renewed on earth. Mr. Newton engaged him to join in the composition of a collection of hymns, partly 'for the purpose of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere Christians,' partly 'to perpetuate the remembrance of an endeared friendship.' While the work was proceeding his conversation one morning betrayed that his malady had returned. Southey produces a portion of two hymns, and the whole of a third, to show that the despairing nature of the ideas to which his mind had been directed by the employment was the cause of the calamity. The quotations are accompanied by the admission that, though the fragments which are given betray despondency, the strain in both cases passes on into hope, that in other parts of the series there is a tone of cheerful devotion, and that none of the sentiments differ from those which ordinary converts constantly experience. In fact, the states of feeling which Cowper has embodied in verse appear just as frequently in the productions of Mr. Newton. Impressions which are common to every Christian can be no evidence of a peculiar condition of mind. Cowper was so far from indulging in gloom, that his sixty-eight hymns, whether they are of praise, penitence, or prayer, are nearly all, in their conclusions, expressive of comfort, and there is not one that displays a tendency to morbid

bid depression. The very specimen which Southey strangely adduces as 'denoting a fearful state,' was written to celebrate the *deliverance* from it, and is a song of triumph, and not of misery. It is clearly a description of his terrors at the Temple and St. Alban's, and ends with hailing the day-star that broke upon him and preserved him from despair. He depicts the dawn which chased away the darkness, and leaves us with a prospect as radiant as the sun from which he derives his comparison. In substance it is the same idea to which he gives utterance when, referring again to this crisis of his life, he says:—

'It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.'

The inference which Southey drew from the few stanzas he extracted implies, what yet seems hardly credible, that he mistook the retrospective portions of the hymns for descriptions of the feelings of their author at the moment of composition. If it had been possible to compress such a chaos of remote and conflicting emotions into the brief space that he was engaged upon the task, the fruits would never have appeared in their present shape, for he must already have been raving mad.

The form which Cowper's insanity ultimately assumed might lead some persons to overlook the fact that his religion hitherto had not been moody. When remorse, stimulated by disease, drove him to desperation, he had not yet entered upon his Christian life. He had no sooner tasted the sweets of it than he was transported with delight. Time, in taming down his spirits, did not quench them. He always referred to the eight years and a half which elapsed between his restoration at St. Alban's and the renewal of his disorder at Olney as to years of unparalleled joy. What they looked in the retrospect they had appeared in their passage. Wherever we catch a view of his feelings—in his 'Personal Narrative,' in his 'Correspondence,' in his sketch of his brother—he paints religion in bright and happy colours. Southey, speaking of one of his letters to Lady Hesketh, says that 'it is in a strain of that melancholy pietism which casts a gloom over everything.' The pietism might seem melancholy to those who could not sympathise with it. To Cowper it was exactly the reverse, and he tells his cousin on this identical occasion 'that any place is delightful to him in which he can have leisure to meditate upon the mercies by which he lives, and indulge a vein of gratitude to God.' 'That he enjoyed a course of peace, short intervals excepted,' from his removal to Olney up to the reappearance of his lunacy, we know from the testimony of Mr. Newton, who 'passed these six years in daily
admiring

admiring and aiming to imitate him.' He was accustomed to take part in the prayer-meetings held in the parish, and he informed Mr. Greathead that his constitutional timidity vanished on these occasions 'before his awful yet delightful consciousness of the presence of his Saviour.' This, while it shows the exhilarating nature of his emotions when his heart was stirred the deepest, appears to have been the only act of doubtful prudence in which his piety engaged him, though the danger did not proceed from religious excitement, but from his nervous dread of a public display. His fear of an audience put an end to the idea of taking orders, which duty suggested to him when he came fresh with enthusiasm from St. Alban's. 'Had I,' he said, 'the zeal of Moses, I should want an Aaron for my spokesman.' The familiarity he had contracted in the interval with rustic congregations had not removed his apprehensions, and the prospect of pronouncing a prayer before a company of villagers agitated him for hours beforehand. Though the effect was comparatively brief, it bore too close a resemblance to his former disastrous experience to be hazarded wisely. No ill consequences appear to have ensued. A mode of life which kept him cheerful in the main for upwards of five years could not be very disastrous. Nor, unless Cowper communicated his sensations, could any blame be attached to Mr. Newton, who might easily suppose that the man who trembled to be examined at the bar of the House of Lords on a subject of which he knew nothing would have no apprehension of pouring out the petitions which filled his heart before the lace-makers of Olney.

Even if Cowper's religious tendencies had been melancholy instead of cheerful, there is no reason to think that writing hymns would have deepened his gloom. His whole life was devoted to religion. It was the staple of his thoughts, his conversation, and his reading. He did not wait till he had to turn a stanza to fix his meditations upon pious themes; and we can discover no warrant for Southey's assertion, that in putting these habitual topics into metre 'he was led to brood over his sensations in a way which rendered him peculiarly liable to be deluded by them.' That the act of versifying had not this result, but the reverse, we know from his own authority. In the long dark years when religion seemed to frown upon him, and he trembled if he was even drawn in to speak of it, he could with pleasure make it the subject of his song, because, as he said, the difficulties of expression, rhyme, and numbers were an amusing exercise of ingenuity, and engrossed more attention than the matter. Not animated by faith and hope as when he wrote the 'Olney Hymns,' but sunk in despair, he could descant in his works upon his own case,

case, and upon all the themes which reminded him of his misery, and derived more advantage from the employment than from any other recreation. In the face of these facts Mr. Newton has been charged with want of judgment because, finding him devoted to religion and fond of poetry, he advised him, when he was in his healthiest condition of mind, to put some of his religion into verse. Under every aspect the theory is untenable that the train of thought suggested by the Hymns disordered his understanding. The notion has been chiefly entertained by those who disliked his school of theology, and their prejudices have evidently influenced their opinion of the pernicious effects of his pious musings upon his reason. Although the fact were established, it would of itself prove nothing against the soundness of his belief. 'The letters of Cowper,' remarks Mr. Cecil, 'show how much he was occupied at one time by the truths of the Bible, and at another time by the fictions of Homer; but his melancholy was originally a physical disease which could be affected either by the Bible or Homer, but was utterly distinct in its nature from the matter of both.' Whatever of good or evil is capable of agitating the mind will be capable of disordering it, and religion must continue to be one of the agents in insanity as long as it retains its vehement hold upon the human heart.

It was in a different way, we conceive, from what has been alleged that the composition of the Olney Hymns proved injurious to Cowper. In announcing eight years afterwards his next poetical undertaking to Mr. Newton he adds, 'Don't be alarmed: I ride Pegasus with a curb; he will never run away with me again. I have even convinced Mrs. Unwin that I can manage him and make him stop when I please.' This plainly points to his having pursued his theme with too much ardour before, and overtasked an intellect which was unable to endure a strain. It was his nature to throw himself with enthusiasm into any occupation which pleased him, and the nerve, he says, of his imagination twanged with vehemence under the energy of the pressure. No undertaking could have enlisted more of his sympathies than the one in which Mr. Newton had embarked him, and prior to experience it was not easy to divine that he would rhyme with such assiduity as to bring on a fit of insanity. The malady assailed him in January 1773. His power to set his faculties in motion was gone, and he spent hours in blank imbecility, unless an impetus was given to his mind by a question, when he was capable of returning a rational answer. A melancholy of the darkest die overshadowed him. He believed that his food was poisoned, that everybody hated him and especially Mrs. Unwin, though he would allow no one else to wait upon him.

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His disposition to commit suicide required perpetual vigilance, which, coupled with the trying nature of his delusions, rendered the task of tending him a fearful task, both to mind and body. His incomparable friend discharged the office for nearly two years, not only with cheerfulness but with gratitude, and said that if ever she praised God it was when she found that she was to have all the labour. Her constitution never entirely rallied from the shock it received. Mr. Newton in a less degree had his share in the burthen. That he might be more out of the noise of a fair, Cowper moved in March, for a single night, to the Vicarage, which he had previously refused to enter, and chose to remain there a year and a quarter. As often as Mrs. Unwin urged him to return to his own house he wept and implored to be permitted to stay where he was. An inmate in his condition was no small disturbance to the domestic peace of Mr. Newton. But the piety and affection of that admirable man were equal to the occasion. 'The Lord,' he wrote towards the conclusion of the poor patient's stay, 'has given us such a love to him, both as a believer and as a friend, that I am not weary.' When the deliverance came he confessed that his feelings had sometimes been restive, but added, 'I think I can hardly ever suffer too much for such a friend.'

The recovery of Cowper followed the same course that it had done at St. Alban's. From having his whole attention turned inwards upon his despairing thoughts, he began to notice the things about him. He fed the chickens; and some incident made him smile—the first smile that had been seen upon his face for more than sixteen months. He was continually employed in gardening, and talked freely upon his favourite employment. Other topics of conversation he rarely noticed. As he continued to improve, he expressed in verse, according to his wont, the desperate ideas which burned within him. At the end of May, 1774, he seemed to realise his position in Mr. Newton's house, and suddenly desired to go back to his own. A few days were necessary to prepare it, and he passed the interval in impatience. The attack at Olney lasted longer than the one which grew out of the business of the clerkship, and the restoration was less complete. Two distinct impressions filled the mind of Cowper—an awful melancholy which impelled him to suicide, and a piety which led him to place his whole dependence upon God. He blended these pervading feelings, and fancied that the Almighty had commanded him, as a trial of obedience, to offer up himself for a sacrifice, as Abraham had been commanded to offer up his son. In this persuasion he attempted to commit suicide, and failed to accomplish his design. He imagined that his faltering purpose was a proof of his faithlessness, and that he was condemned in consequence

sequence to irrevocable perdition. No one who reads his 'Personal Narrative' of his previous seizure can fail to remark that, though otherwise written in a sober strain, he imperfectly distinguished between supernatural visitations and the effects of disease. The vividness of his delusions begot in him the conviction that they must be derived from a source more potent than a disordered brain. 'My dreams,' he wrote, 'are of a texture that will not suffer me to ascribe them to any cause but the operation of an exterior agency.' To the end of his days he remained persuaded that the injunction to self-destruction, and the subsequent sentence of condemnation, were revelations from Heaven. Sane in every other particular, he could not perceive that the visions and voices had been the products of insanity. He was the slave of an idea which he acquired in madness, and which he yet believed to have had an origin that was independent of it. From this hour he lived in his own conviction a doomed man, and if hope ever gleamed upon him, 'it was merely,' he said, 'as a flash in a dark night, during which the heavens seemed opened only to shut again.' Since judgment had been pronounced, he argued that it was useless for him to pray; nay more, that 'to implore mercy would be to oppose the determinate counsel of God.' He ceased to attend public or domestic worship, and behaved in all respects as though his personal concern in Christianity was at an end. He said in 1782 that he had not asked a blessing upon his food for ten years, nor ever expected to ask it again. Mr. Unwin consulted him on the proper mode of keeping Sunday. He gave his opinion, but added 'that he considered himself as no longer interested in the question.' When there was a prospect of Mr. Newton's successor in the curacy removing from Olney, Cowper expressed a desire that he should stay, because a new comer would wonder at his avoiding every religious observance, and might assail him with arguments, 'which would be more profitably discharged against the walls of a tower.' This was the calm, inflexible character which his delusion assumed. His soul was not tempest-tossed as in the height of his disease, but the waters froze as they subsided, and presented the smoothness and bleakness of ice.

It was not till May 1776, that Cowper renewed his correspondence with Hill, who managed his pecuniary affairs. For upwards of three years his faculties appear to have been unequal to the production of an ordinary letter. He says he was a child, and was compelled to seek amusement in childish things. Religion, which had been his sole pursuit, was forbidden fruit, and his life was suddenly reduced to a blank. His earliest attempt to fill up the vacancy was by taking care of three leverets, which grew up as tame as cats, and as fond of human society. As his health im-

proved

proved he resolved to be a carpenter, and constructed boxes, tables, and stools. The strain to which he was put in the constant use of saw and plane inflamed his eyes, which were never strong, and after a twelvemonth he exchanged the heavy work for the more delicate task of making bird and squirrel cages. He became tired of this calling, and having taken a share, from the time he settled in the country, in the common operations of the garden, he now aspired to succeed with its nicer products. His pride was to raise the earliest cucumbers and melons. An orange-tree and two or three myrtles exercised his ingenuity for an entire winter in the effort to guard them from frost. 'I contrived,' he says, 'to give them a fire-heat, and have waded night after night through the snow, with the bellows under my arm, just before going to bed, to give the latest possible puff to the embers.' This suggested a greenhouse, which he built with his own hands, 'and which afforded him amusement for a longer time than any expedient to which he had fled from the misery of having nothing to do.' In the year 1780 he bethought himself of landscape-drawing, and commissioned Mr. Unwin to purchase him five shillings' worth of materials, adding, 'I do not think my talent in the art worth more.' He succeeded beyond expectation, and in a little while he glanced, in his playful way, at the excellence of his productions. 'I admire them myself, and Mrs. Unwin admires them, and her praise and my praise put together are fame enough for me.' The occupation turned out injurious to his eyes, and he abandoned the pursuit as he was attaining to skill in it. His proficiency in his several mechanic employments he ascribed to heroic perseverance, and not to natural dexterity. He did not rely exclusively upon manual arts. When the world of sacred literature was closed to him he reverted to profane. For the first time since he left London he took to reading secular books, and appears to have had a preference for the works of the day. His slender income was diminished by the death of his brother, who contributed to his support, and in 1776 he even adopted the idea of supplying the deficiency by his own exertions. He conceived the humble scheme of instructing a few boys between eight and ten in the rudiments of the classics, and applied to Hill to recommend him. He would have found pleasure for a while in recalling and imparting his familiar schoolboy lore, but the fact could not have been suppressed that he had lately emerged from a long fit of lunacy, and no parents came forward to intrust their sons to his charge. 'If it were to rain pupils,' he wrote, 'perhaps I might catch a tubful. But till it does, the fruitlessness of my inquiries makes me think I must keep my Greek and Latin to myself.'

In summer Cowper wanted little aid from books or mechanic
arts.

arts. His love of fine weather, sauntering, and gardening, kept him as happy out of doors as his disorder permitted. Winter was the period when he needed every device to fill up his hours, and divert his mind from preying on itself. The year 1780 made a woful gap in his enjoyments, for it was the year which deprived him of the society of Mr. Newton. This indefatigable pastor informed Mr. Cecil that he remained at Olney till he had 'buried the old crop on whom any dependence could be placed,' and that an incorrigible disposition prevailed with most of the survivors, which he in vain endeavoured to redress. 'I see in this world,' he once remarked, 'two heaps—human happiness and misery. If I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If a child has dropped a halfpenny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.' No words could convey a more forcible impression of the importance of not deeming any sorrow too insignificant for interposition, or show in stronger colours the tenderness and beneficence of Mr. Newton's nature. He had abundant opportunities for their exercise in poverty-stricken Olney, and had exhibited them in an extraordinary degree on the occasion of a fire in October, 1777, which involved numbers of inhabitants in extreme distress. In the midst of his exertions and liberality a mob of revellers, 'full of fury and liquor,' beset his house on the 5th of November, and he was obliged to buy them off to save his wife from the terrors of an attack. 'We dwell,' he wrote, 'among lions and firebrands, with men whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongues a sharp sword.' When, therefore, Mr. Thornton presented him to the rectory of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London, he resigned a charge where no zeal was sufficient to produce reformation, and no benevolence could secure him from ingratitude. 'Next to the duties of his ministry, he had made it,' he said, 'the business of his life to attend to his afflicted friend,' and, however much the companionship may have been diminished by Cowper's refusal to participate in any act of religion, the loss of a wise and watchful intimate must have been severely felt. Mr. Page, the successor of Mr. Newton, exasperated the parishioners, and found no favour with the poet. The new minister was dismissed from the curacy in a twelvemonth, but he appears to have continued preaching in some building out of a spirit of opposition for four years longer, when, having quarrelled with his two or three lingering adherents, he withdrew altogether. His last words to his audience were, 'Now let us pray for your wicked Vicar.' He had been replaced in the beginning of 1781 by Mr. Scott, the author of the '*Commentary on the Bible*,' who was regarded with respect,

respect, but not with fondness by Cowper, and was no addition to his social resources. His own household had long been reduced to Mrs. Unwin. Her son resided at his living of Stock, in Essex. Her daughter had married in 1774 a worthy clergyman, Mr. Powley, and was settled in Yorkshire. The winter of 1780 arrived, and the melancholy recluse was without a sufficient expedient to kill time and care, when Mrs. Unwin suggested to him to turn poet in earnest.

He had previously been accustomed to compose short pieces on occasional subjects—such as his old friend Thurlow's promotion to the Chancellorship, the burning of Lord Mansfield's library, and the starvation of a goldfinch in the adjoining house. 'It is not,' he said, 'when I will, or upon what I will, but as a thought happens to occur to me, and then I versify whether I will or not.' He states that he wrote solely for amusement, as a gentleman performer takes up his fiddle, and found so much pleasure in the employment that he often wished he possessed the 'faculty divine,' and could be more than a trifler in the art. When Mrs. Unwin urged him to attempt something of greater moment, she gave him the 'Progress of Error' for a subject. He completed it in December, and in the three following months produced 'Truth,' 'Table-Talk,' and 'Expostulation'—about two thousand five hundred lines in all. He would gladly have sent them straight into the world, but the publishing season was past, and it was arranged that his book should be printed in the summer and autumn of 1781, to be ready against the succeeding winter. The stimulus supplied by the prospect, and the gratification of seeing his productions in type, set him rhyming afresh in spite of the sunny weather, which usually put a stop to his mental employments, and between May and August he more than doubled the quantity of his verse, and composed 'Hope,' 'Charity,' 'Conversation,' and 'Retirement.' He wrote with less rapidity at the end than at the beginning. 'Time was,' he says, 'when I could with ease produce fifty, sixty, or seventy lines in a morning; now I generally fall short of thirty, and am sometimes forced to be content with a dozen.' The facility acquired by practice was not in his case an equivalent for the activity of mind which is generated by novelty. His patience was tried by the dilatoriness of the printer, but his work was fairly launched in March, 1782, and the man who attempted suicide from the dread of facing a few matter-of-fact questions at the bar of the House of Lords, stood forth a voluntary and eager candidate for general applause. He subsequently confessed to Lady Hesketh that he had in his nature 'an infinite share of ambition,' with an 'equal share of diffidence.' The balance of these qualities had hitherto kept him inactive,

inactive, and he imagined, when his book was on the eve of publication, that his innate bashfulness would still have rendered it 'impossible for him to commence author by name,' if he had not been nearly indifferent whether he was praised or abused. There did not, he protested, live the being who would be less annoyed by being chronicled as a dunce. In this idea, as he afterwards acknowledged, he was completely deceived. Except in the periods when the pangs of despair swallowed up all his other emotions, 'everything,' to use his own words, 'affected him nearly, which threatened to disappoint his favourite purpose of working his way through obscurity into notice.' However apathetic he might fancy himself before the die was cast, he really published because he thought well of his verse, and had an inward persuasion that it would procure him the distinction he coveted. His retirement, no doubt, assisted his courage. He could address the world from 'the loopholes of his retreat,' and as he did not mingle in the crowd he had little to fear from personal humiliation in the eyes of associates. The influence of this consideration appeared in his especial anxiety for a favourable judgment upon his labours in the 'Monthly Review,' on account of its being read by a carpenter, a baker, a village schoolmaster, and a watchmaker, in the place where he lived. 'Wherever else,' he exclaimed, 'I am accounted dull, let me pass for a genius at Olney.' So much was he deluded when he sometimes fancied that he only cared for the commendations of the judicious.

Cowper was fifty years old when he completed his first published volume of poems. The pieces he had composed in the preceding decade—a period of life when most men are in the maturity of their understandings—still gave little, and often no indication of the power which lurked within him. There is neither felicity of thought nor language in the copies of verses that he circulated among his friends, and what renders his failure more extraordinary is, that he endeavoured to put the whole of his strength into his work, and elaborated these trifles with the utmost care. Whatever was short he justly held should be nervous, masculine, and compact, and he was never weary of touching and retouching, that he might fulfil his theory of excellence. 'Nervous, masculine, and compact' are, however, the last epithets which could be applied to the feeble and jejune produce of all this toil. Even the rhymes, about which there could be no deception, are frequently wretched. He talked of a false rhyme disgracing a stanza, and in the first stanza of his first Olney hymn makes *God* rhyme to *road*, and *frame* rhyme to *Lamb*. In another hymn, entitled the 'House of Prayer,' we have in the course of five stanzas such rhymes as these—*secure, door; place, praise; crowd, would; gives,*

gives, thieves. In the Olney hymns, indeed, the poet occasionally breaks out; but the greater part of his sacred strains consist of religious truisms, which are so prosaic in expression and so deficient in metrical finish, that he more often lowers than elevates his theme. In his new volume he took a wider sweep, and his vigour increased with the demands which were made upon it. Yet 'Table-Talk' and its seven companion poems, in the heroic measure, have many of the faults of his previous efforts. His mind revolted from the artificial school of Pope, which had long been in vogue, and he preferred the ease and elasticity of Dryden. He had been confirmed in this taste by the careless and forcible effusions of his early associate Churchill. The defects which arose from haste in the latter were copied by Cowper with design. He carried freedom to the point of slovenliness, and in the resolution to be natural and unconstrained, he often became flimsy and diffuse. He went so far as to adopt the singular opinion that rugged lines were essential to give variety to the metre, and his ear was less pained by discord than by sustained sweetness. He failed to attain to the quality for which he made such sacrifices, for in seeking to avoid a monotony of polish he fell into a monotony of negligence. After reading the expression of his belief that no inaccuracy will be found in his rhymes and numbers, and his protestations that he never suffered a single verse to pass till he had rendered it as perfect as he was able, it is not a little surprising to meet with a specimen like this, in which he is speaking of Heaven:—

‘And is it not a mortifying thought
The poor should have it, and the rich should not?’

Here he has dispensed altogether with rhyme in favour of a commonplace idea, clothed in the tamest possible language. In other instances he has preserved the rhyme, but has purchased it by eking out his couplet with unmeaning expletives, as in the example which follows:—

‘The Frenchman first in literary fame—
Mention him, if you please: Voltaire?—the same.’

No other part of the piece is in dialogue, and the deformity of the paltry second line is increased by the forced expedient of supposing the reader suddenly to break in with a question, and, having asked it, to anticipate the reply by answering it himself. His notions of melody were not violated by such a verse as—

‘Endur’st the brunt, and dar’st defy them all;’

or by the couplet in which, describing the Jews, he says—

‘Thy temple, once thy glory, fallen and rased,
And thou a worshipper e’en where thou mayst.’

If

If these had been occasional blemishes, they would have been of no great consequence; but he never proceeds far without lines which are prosaic both in sound and language, without forced or false rhymes, and without feeble amplifications which hardly rise to the level of ordinary talk. In aiming at the familiarity of easy elegance and of idiomatic liveliness, he constantly sinks into a loose, tame, diluted style, which offends alike the ear and the understanding. The works of Churchill are little read, because, with a diffused power which attests the vigour of his mind, his individual passages have not often that condensed and signal excellence which causes them to live in the memory. The natural tendency of Cowper was towards the error of his predecessor, and he took him for his model for the very reason that he ought to have shunned his example.

The main object of the Poems was to recommend Christianity and denounce vice. There is considerable sameness in the sentiments of some of the pieces, and the thoughts are in general more remarkable for their truth than for their profundity. He endeavoured to be facetious as well as serious. 'I am merry,' he wrote, 'that I may decoy people into my company, and grave that they may be the better for it.' He did not succeed in his effort to harmonise the ludicrous and the solemn. The dignified parts are marred by their juxtaposition with a jocularly which is by no means refined. His humour in his letters is graceful and original. In his poems, with the famous exception of John Gilpin, it is mostly common, flat, and sometimes even vulgar. He plays with themes which are not a proper subject for jest, and which could least of all be supposed a matter of mirth to him. He condemns the ancient prude to perdition, and after telling her that she will be sentenced for her 'sanctimonious pride' to the same place with such offenders in the like kind as hermits and Brahmins, adds,—

'nay, never frown,

But, if you please, some fathoms lower down.'

This sorry piece of pleasantry was written at the time when he believed that he was doomed by an irreversible decree to depths as low as those to which he consigned, with mock-civility, the self-righteous old maid. With these drawbacks, the poems contain many passages of remarkable vigour. He is sparing of imagery, and his beauties consist in general of pure and unadorned English, just and earnest sentiments, and a native strength which is not impaired by affectation or any straining after effect. The lines in which he characterises slavery are a brief specimen of the force which distinguished his better strains:—

'All

'All other sorrows Virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
But slav'ry!—Virtue dreads it as her grave;
Patience itself is meanness in a slave.'

As the feebler parts preponderated, the volume had only a moderate success, nor is there any reason to think, if he had stopped at this point, that his reputation would have increased with time. His case is curious. He had been a versifier nearly all his life. By his own confession he had spared no pains to do his best. At the age of fifty, when further improvement was unlikely, he put forth several thousand lines, which by turns were grave and gay, and which seemed to reflect every quality of his mind. Had he died at this period, nobody could have suspected that an undeveloped genius had been taken prematurely from the world, and that he possessed a poetical power of a far different stamp from anything which he had hitherto exhibited. His letters indeed, if they had been published, would have ensured his celebrity. They have never the air of being composed, and yet are as elegant and classic as the most finished compositions. His humour, like his style, was spontaneous, and imparts a flavour to an infinity of trifles which in themselves would have been insipid. He never exaggerates for the sake of effect. Every word bears the impress of truth. He did not aim at conciseness, nor does he deal much in reflections, opinions, and criticisms. He confines himself mainly to the little incidents and feelings of the hour, and these he tells with a charm and distinctness which are unequalled in any other familiar correspondence. With all the beauty of these graceful effusions, he had no expectation that they would contribute to his fame; for he begged his correspondents to burn them, and would have been dismayed at the idea of exposing the confidences of friendship to the eye of the world. His earliest epistles are as perfect as his latest, and he would almost seem to have been born a letter-writer, and to have been made a poet.

Nothing in the workings of his mind revealed to Cowper the true bent of his poetic faculty: he learnt it by accident. His lively friend, Lady Austen, whose acquaintance he had made in 1781, was an enthusiastic admirer of blank verse. She urged him to attempt it, and he promised to comply if she would furnish the subject. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon anything; write upon this sofa.' The conversation passed in the summer of 1783, and in October, 1784, 'The Task,' which took its name from the incident which gave rise to it, was in the hands of the printer. Neither the author nor the muse who suggested the topic could have foreseen to what it was to lead. It was a blind and lucky hit.

hit. Cowper was not one of the poets who drew his ideas from the realms of imagination. He rarely attempted to conjure up situations which he had not experienced, nor did he ransack his mind for images and sentiments which did not make part of his common thoughts. His works were the counterpart of the ordinary, every-day man. In 'Table-Talk' and its companion pieces he had made, he said, his confession of faith. He had poured out in them the theological and moral opinions which had governed him for years, and he seemed to have nothing to add. If he had been reminded that half the story was untold, and that to complete the portraiture he might follow up the promulgation of his creed, with a description of his in-door and out-door occupations, of the walks he habitually trod, and the scenes upon which he incessantly gazed, interspersed with such reflections as they were wont to excite, he would probably have shrunk from so personal a theme. He was insensibly led to execute a plan which he would not have framed upon deliberation by the happy chance that he was set versifying upon an object which plunged him into the midst of his home pursuits. He commenced by treating of the 'Sofa' in a playful, mock-heroic strain. The use of the sofa as a couch for invalids suggested to him the pleasures of health, exercise, and activity. This at once set him dilating upon the beauties of nature, which no man regarded with a more observant eye, or enjoyed with a more intelligent delight. He was now fairly engaged in depicting the ordinary tenor of his life at Olney, and he did not stop till he had traversed the entire round. The apparent dulness of his existence, its narrow range, its unbroken uniformity, the absence of events, and the unromantic character of the neighbouring scenery, appeared to present no very promising field for poetry to a man whose habit was to describe things as they were, without any embellishment from fancy. But, in fact, the commonness of the materials rendered the sympathies associated with them only the more universal. Fireside enjoyments, domestic happiness, English landscapes, and English winters, were subjects which, when touched by the hand of a master, appealed to the experience of millions. It added to the charm that the author spoke in his own name, and thus gave life and reality to the whole—a biographic as well as a poetic interest. 'My descriptions,' he said, 'are all from nature: not one of them second-hand. My delineations of the heart are from my own experience: not one of them borrowed from books, or in the least degree conjectural.' The religious, social, and political opinions interspersed were all upon the side of truth, goodness, and humanity, and were such opinions as might be expected from an amiable recluse, whose judgment was not

warped by the prepossessions which are generated by self-interest or by party and personal ties. The execution of the delightful design is for the most part nearly perfect. He has displayed one quality in a stronger degree than it was ever possessed by any other describer of nature—the capacity of painting scenes with a distinctness which makes them like visible objects to the mind. They are not more vivid than true, and he has blended the accuracy of the topographer with the picturesqueness of the poet. The language is no longer of the commonplace character which is so often found in his previous works, but is as choice as it is simple. Nothing in ‘The Task’ is more remarkable than the skill with which he constantly picks out the one felicitous word in the tongue which conveys his meaning with the happiest effect. The sketch he gives in ‘The Winter Evening’ of the appearance of the landscape before snow, and of the fall of the ‘fleecey shower’ itself, is one instance out of many of his wonderful faculty for picturesque delineation. The whole indeed of the fourth book, which is his masterpiece, abounds both in out-door and in-door scenes of magical power. Like all works of consummate excellence, the impression of its greatness increases with prolonged acquaintance. The beauties are of the tranquil and not of the exciting kind, and the exquisiteness of the workmanship is easily overlooked by hasty eyes. His reprobation of the vices and follies of his age is sometimes admirable, but sometimes declamatory, flat, and tedious; and where he aspires to be sublime, as in the description of the Earthquake in Sicily, he is grandiloquent without true force or spirit. His ear for blank verse was much finer than for the heroic measure; and though it has not the swelling fulness nor the variety of Milton, it is limpid and harmonious, and suited to the subjects of which he treats. As ‘The Task’ is one of the most charming poems in the world, so it is also among the most original. Mimicry, Cowper said, was his abhorrence, and he at one time avoided reading verse for fear he should be betrayed into unconscious imitation. He states, however, that the poets of established reputation remained as fresh in his memory as when they were the companions of his youth; and nobody can fail to perceive how much he had been influenced in his descriptions of nature by ‘The Seasons’ of Thomson. He outstrips his predecessor. The proportion in him of what is good is larger, and his good passages are in general of a higher grade of excellence. His language is more select and felicitous, his metre is more musical, his scenes are more picturesque, and his topics are more various. ‘The Winter’ of Thomson, which is his noblest production, will not stand a comparison as a whole with the ‘Winter Evening’ of Cowper.

It speaks well for the taste of the day that 'The Task' became immediately popular. In the same volume appeared another piece which was already famous. This was the 'History of John Gilpin,' which was printed for the first time in the 'Public Advertiser' towards the close of 1782. It was here again Lady Austen who prompted him. She had known the story from her childhood, and related it to him one evening when he was suffering under more than ordinary dejection. He continued to break out into convulsions of laughter after he retired to bed, and his merriment not permitting him to sleep, he turned the incidents into verse. From the effect which the tale had upon him, it may be presumed that he owed the comical details as well as the outline to his friend, and that he did little more than supply the language and the metre. Nothing can be happier than the manner in which he has dressed up the diverting mishaps which befall the London shopkeeper, who, with all the confidence of inexperience unconscious of the difficulty, attempts to ride on horseback when he has never ridden before. The good-humour with which Cowper has endowed his 'knight of the stone bottles' imparts an additional air of hilarity to the ballad.

'When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,

"The wine is left behind,"'

a less amiable man would have broken out into angry exclamations at the dreadful neglect of his wife.

'"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,"'

is all the vexation which John expresses, and he evinces the same beaming, easy disposition at every stage of his disasters. The ludicrous sallies of Cowper were by his own account a violent effort to turn aside his thoughts from the gloom which overwhelmed him; but however low his spirits might be by nature, he had equally by nature a strong vein of pleasantry, which was too habitual to be always the result of determination.

Before 'The Task' was finished the friendship with the lady who suggested it was dissolved. In the summer of 1781 she was staying with her sister, Mrs. Jones, the wife of a clergyman, who lived in the vicinity of Olney. The poet was on visiting terms with the Joneses, and chancing to see Lady Austen in their company when he was looking out of his window, he was so struck with her appearance, that he sent Mrs. Unwin to invite them to tea. His first impression was confirmed. He was charmed with his new acquaintance, an immediate intimacy ensued, and she was shortly known to him by the endearing title of 'Sister Anne.' She was a woman of quick sensibilities, 'had high spirits, a lively fancy, and great readiness of conversation.' Her vivacity was

tempered by a solid understanding, and a moral worth 'which induced us,' says Cowper, 'in spite of that cautious reserve that marks our characters, to trust her, to love and value her, and to open our hearts for her reception.' So sprightly, so intelligent, and so affectionate a companion was like new life to the lonely hypochondriac. To go into her society was to step out of gloom into sunshine, and his dark musings vanished under the influence of her contagious cheerfulness. Anxious to perpetuate the blessing, he encouraged her to take lodgings in the vicarage-house, which was only occupied in part by the curate. Thither she removed in 1782, and there Cowper visited her every morning after breakfast, and there he and Mrs. Unwin dined with her every alternate day. The intervening days were not lost to friendship, for the sole difference was that Lady Austen dined with them. Thus it continued till the summer of 1784, when the poet during her absence wrote her a letter, in which, with many expressions of tender regret, he broke off the intimacy. His reason for this step was the supposition of Lady Austen that his love meant marriage. He addressed 'Sister Anne' some affectionate verses; and Hayley, who received his information from herself, says that, though it is not the inference he should have drawn, 'she might easily be pardoned if she was induced by them to hope that they might possibly be a prelude to a still dearer alliance.' The letter in which Cowper put an end to this expectation was burnt by the disappointed lady in a moment of vexation, but she spoke of its contents to Hayley, who expressly declares that it would have 'exhibited a proof that, animated by the warmest admiration of the great poet, she was willing to devote her life and fortune to his service and protection.' It is extraordinary that there should have been any speculation upon the cause of the severance, when we have the direct testimony of a man of delicate feelings, who was far too scrupulous upon such subjects to have published a conjecture in the form of an assertion.*

It is certain that Cowper, on his part, had never entertained the notion of matrimony. He had contracted obligations towards Mrs. Unwin which must have precluded the idea, even if no other objection had existed. For twenty years she had waited upon him with a tender assiduity of which women alone are capable, spending her health in his service, and never wearying of her mournful task. In his repeated fits of dejection she could hardly venture to leave him for a moment, night or day, and her poor bark, he said, was

* Mr. Willmott is of the same opinion, and says that the cause of the separation from Lady Austen is 'stated by Hayley with a positiveness and authority that cannot be questioned.'

shattered by being tossed so long by the side of his own. Lady Hesketh never recovered the effects of a winter which she spent with him during one of his attacks. Loveable as he was from his genius and disposition, the exhaustion of body and spirit which the attendance upon him involved would have tired out any person who had not carried friendship to the pitch of devotion. Instead of being, as he was, among the worthiest of men, he must have been a monster of ingratitude if he could have been so little touched by Mrs. Unwin's self-sacrifice and affection as to desert her in her age for a newly-discovered acquaintance, and leave her to solitude and neglect. Neither is there the slightest reason to suppose that, apart from his sense of duty, he would have given the preference to her rival. In conversation Lady Austen was more brilliant than Mrs. Unwin, but the most dazzling are seldom the most valuable qualities, and the fascinations which were a pleasing supplement to existence would have ill-supplied the place of the endurance, the meekness, the sterling sense, and sympathetic tastes of his old and faithful ally. Her character has been drawn by Lady Hesketh, who says of her, that she loved him as well as one human being could love another, that she had no will or shadow of inclination that was not his, and that she went through her almost incredible fatigues with an air of ease which took away every appearance of hardship. Notwithstanding her trials, she preserved a great fund of gaiety, and laughed upon the smallest provocation. Her knowledge and intelligence were both considerable. She was well-read in the poets, and had a true taste for what was excellent in literature. Cowper had the highest opinion of her judgment. He submitted all his writings to her criticism, and asserted that she had a perception of what was good and bad in composition that he never knew deceive her. He always abided by her decision, altered where she condemned, and, if she approved, had no fear that anybody else could find fault with reason. Such a rare combination of merits was not likely, with a person of Cowper's disposition, to be cast into the shade by the cleverness, vivacity, and personal charms of Lady Austen. He proved, indeed, by his conduct a few years later, that his attachment to his admirable Mary was as deep as hers had been to him, and that he realised in practice the beautiful ideal which he had drawn of friendship in his 'Valediction,' where he describes it as a

'Union of hearts without a flaw between.'

The literary fame of Cowper caused some of the friends and relations, who supposed him lost to themselves and the world, to re-open their intercourse with him. Foremost among the number was

was his cousin Lady Hesketh. Their correspondence had been suspended for nearly nineteen years, when she once more addressed him in October, 1785. He was transported with pleasure at the renewal of his intimacy with this dear companion of his youth. His letters to her thenceforth overflow with fondness, and were only interrupted by her annual visits to him. She went to Olney in June, 1786, and was lodged in the rooms which Lady Austen had vacated at the vicarage. Never did the poet look forward to any event with more eager delight than to the anticipated meeting, and the reality did not belie his expectations. Her company, he said, was a cordial of which he should feel the effect as long as he lived. Her arrival brought with it another advantage. Cowper had become friendly with the Throckmortons, a Roman Catholic family, who lived at the pretty village of Weston, about a mile from Olney. They had a house to let, which was commodious in itself, and had the additional recommendation that it adjoined their own pleasure-grounds, 'where a slipper would not be soiled even in winter,' and where in summer avenues of limes and elms afforded a delicious shade. Of all the places within his range it was the one which the poet preferred for its beauties, but it was rendered inaccessible to him in bad weather by the intervening road of mud, and in sultry weather 'he was fatigued before he reached it, and when he reached had not time to enjoy it.' Though the Throckmortons were anxious to have him for a tenant for the sake of his society, and he was equally anxious to embrace the offer for the sake of their walks and prospects, as well as their company, his inability to bear the expense of furnishing would not permit him to entertain the project. No sooner did Lady Hesketh appear upon the scene than she insisted upon defraying the cost of the removal; and November saw her cousin comfortably housed in the 'Lodge' at Weston. He had not shifted his quarters before it was necessary. The ceilings of his miserable tenement at Olney were cracked, the walls were crumbling; and when a shoemaker and a publican proposed after his departure to share it between them, the village carpenter pronounced that unless it was propped they would inhabit it at the hazard of their lives. Once the poet returned to take a look at his old tottering dwelling. 'Never,' he says, 'did I see so forlorn and woful a spectacle.' Cold, dreary, dirty, and ruinous, it seemed unfit to be the abode of human beings. His eyes notwithstanding had filled with tears when he first bid adieu to it, for he remembered how often he had enjoyed there in happier days a sense of the presence of God, and that now, as he supposed, he had lost it for ever.

Any gratification which may have been produced by the
removal

removal to Weston was quickly dispelled. He had not been there above two or three weeks when Mr. Unwin caught a fever and died. Cowper spoke of the loss with calmness in his letters; and, affectionate and united as the friends had always been, they met so seldom that the event could have left little void in his life. Mrs. Unwin bore her heavier share in the calamity with the resignation she had acquired from prolonged trials and habitual piety; but, depressed herself, she must have been less equal than usual to cheering her companion, and the deeper gloom which overshadowed him may have been the cause of the fresh attack of lunacy which shortly after supervened. There is a gap in his correspondence from January 18 to July 24, 1787; and he passed the interval in a state of almost total insanity. As in his two previous attacks, he attempted suicide. He hanged himself, and was only saved by the accident of Mrs. Unwin coming in before he was dead and cutting him down. When he recovered he informed Mr. Newton that for thirteen years he had believed him not to be the friend he loved, but somebody else. He considered it at least one beneficial effect of his illness that it had released him from this disagreeable suspicion, and that he no longer doubted the identity of his old familiar companion, nor was compelled to act a deceitful part when he addressed him. No limits can be placed to the hallucinations of a disordered understanding; and it would be possible in the nature of things that, when he emerged from the visitation of 1773, he might fancy, in spite of the evidence of his senses, that the pastor at the vicarage was a mockery and a cheat, and only the outward semblance of the genuine man. In this case, however, it is certain that no such delusion had existed, and that the impression was a chimera engendered by the disease of 1787. After Mr. Newton settled in London Cowper wrote to him once a fortnight, or oftener, and his letters have none of the constraint which the alleged conviction must have produced. They are, on the contrary, peculiarly confidential. They chiefly turn upon those fearful secrets of his heart which he would have been the least willing to lay bare to a stranger, and display throughout a strong attachment and a reverential regard. They have not the same playfulness as his sportive epistles to Mr. Unwin, but this was because he thought it due to the apostolical character of Mr. Newton to abstain from trifling. Religion had been the original bond of their intimacy; and when the poet ceased to partake of the consolations of Christianity, the point of sympathy was not changed, though the instrument sent forth a melancholy, instead of a cheerful sound. He poured his spiritual grief, as he had once poured his spiritual joys, into the ears of his confessor, and

and told him that to converse with him, even upon paper, was the most delightful of all employments, since it helped to make things seem as they had been. He would not have penned these words if he had believed that he was addressing an impostor, any more than he would have signified to him, as he did, the extreme satisfaction he had derived from his society when this honoured friend came to stay with him at Olney. He gave practical proofs of the sincerity of his professions. He submitted his first volume of poems to Mr. Newton's revision, asked him to write the preface, and requested that he would allow his name to appear on the title-page as editor. His habitual words and acts all alike discountenance the idea that in his more lucid years his madness was carried to the pitch of discrediting the identity of one of his dearest intimates. It was a retrospective notion created and fixed in his mind during his latest fit of frenzy.

It was fortunate for the poet that before his attack he had embarked in an occupation which engaged without trying his faculties, and which assisted to promote his returning convalescence. When he had completed the 'Task' he found that a fresh scheme was essential to draw off his attention from his distempered thoughts. He was unable, he says, to produce another page of original poetry, for as he did not go out of himself for his materials he soon exhausted the stock of his experience. In his early manhood he had read Homer with a fellow-Templar, and as they read they compared the original with the translation of Pope. They were disgusted to find that puerile conceits, extravagant metaphors, and modern tinsel had been substituted for the majesty and simplicity of the Grecian, and they were often on the point of burning his unfaithful representative. The recollection came back upon Cowper when he was at a loss for employment, and induced him, as an experiment, to take up the 'Iliad' and turn a few lines into blank verse. With no other design than the amusement of the hour he went on with the work, till, pleased with his success, he resolved to translate both the Epics of Homer. He determined that he would accomplish at least forty lines a day; and as he was firm in his purpose, and never intermitted his task, the vast project proceeded rapidly. He had been two years engaged upon it when it was interrupted by his illness, and he resumed it with eagerness the moment his madness abated. His first version was full of the quaint language of the writers of the fifteenth century, which he imagined was the kind of English that made the closest approach to the simplicity of the Greek. His friends objected to his obsolete phraseology. He began by altering it with reluctance, and ended by wondering that he had ever adopted it. His corrections amounted to a re-translation of
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the work, and his re-translation went through two elaborate revisions. Five years of incessant labour were expended on the undertaking, nor was it time thrown away. His Homer is a great performance. He has preserved the vivid pictures, the naked grandeur, and the primitive manners of the original. He does not excel Pope more in fidelity than in true poetic power. The style may seem austere at a casual glance, but will be found on a close acquaintance to be full of picturesqueness, dignity, and force. In the passages where he creeps, the old bard himself has seldom soared very high. The combined majesty and melody of the ancient measure could not be approached, but the blank verse of Cowper's translation has a fuller swell and greater variety of cadence than his 'Task,' and is, in general, sufficient to sustain the ideas. His version is not, and never will be popular, but those who turn from the English Homer with distaste would probably be devoid of a genuine relish for the Greek.

In 1789, while 'Homer' was still in progress, John Johnson, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and grandson of Roger Donne, who was the brother of Cowper's mother, made a pilgrimage into Buckinghamshire, out of pure admiration for his kinsman's works. Charmed with the young man's simplicity, enthusiasm, and affection, the poet treated him like a son. Through his means a communication was opened with some of the great author's other maternal relations; and a cousin, Mrs. Bodham, sent as a present to Weston the portrait of his mother, which produced the famous lines that are known and treasured by thousands who care little for poetry. He tells us that he wrote them 'not without tears,' and without tears they have rarely been read. The description was as usual the literal transcript of his feelings, and the language was the worthy vehicle of his life-long affection for the revered mother who inspired them. He struck a chord which found an echo in every heart that ever loved; and the touching allusions to his own tragic story redoubled the pathos. It is the glorious distinction of Cowper that he is the domestic poet of England, and has his hold upon the mind by more pervading and charming sentiments than any other writer of verse.

His 'Homer' dismissed, Cowper had again to seek a scheme on which to employ his thoughts. His publisher projected a splendid edition of Milton's works, and engaged him to translate the Latin poems and annotate the English. Hayley was employed about the same time to write a *Life* of the illustrious bard for another edition; and the newspapers represented the two editors as antagonists. Upon this Hayley sent a sonnet and a letter to Cowper disclaiming the rivalry, and expressing the warmest admiration

admiration of his poetry. From being total strangers, a vehement friendship sprang up between them. An invitation to Weston was accepted by Hayley. The personal intercourse increased their mutual attachment, and 'dear brother' was the title they bestowed on one another. Shy and reserved as Cowper was, and little as he was disposed to seek acquaintances, he was no sooner brought in contact with a congenial spirit than his social feelings flamed forth. His later correspondence glows with affection for the new friends who were attracted to him by the delight they had received from his writings. But he did not long enjoy this accession to his pleasures. In December, 1791, Mrs. Unwin had a slight paralytic attack. 'I feel,' he said, 'the shock in every nerve. God grant that there may be no repetition of it!' The repetition came nevertheless, and with increased severity, in May, 1792. She lost her powers of speech, and the use of her legs and right arm, and could neither read, nor knit, nor do anything to amuse herself. 'I have suffered,' wrote the poet, 'nearly the same disability in mind on the occasion as she in body.' He abandoned Milton, took upon himself the office of nurse, and wore out his strength and spirits in attending on her. He who had been unable to bear his burthen without her assistance, had now to carry her load as well as his own. Bowed down by the double pressure, his gloom increased upon him. His dreams were more troubled; he heard voices more frequently, and their language was more threatening. He was prevailed upon to visit Hayley at his place in Sussex, in the hope that his patient would be benefited by the change. His long seclusion and his shattered nerves made a stage-coach journey appear more alarming to him than a campaign would be to men of sterner stuff. He set off in August, 1792, and remained at Eartham six or seven weeks. Mrs. Unwin derived no substantial advantage, and shortly afterwards grew weaker both in mind and body. Cowper said of the lines on his mother's picture that he composed them with more pleasure than any he had ever written, with a single exception, and that exception was the sonnet in which he celebrated the devoted woman whom one of his friends described 'as an angel in everything but her face.' The poet now addressed to her a more famous piece. His verses 'To Mary' are among the most touching and beautiful ever penned. The intensity of his affection for his poor paralytic informs every line, and is summed up in the exclamation '*My Mary!*' which forms the burthen to each stanza. Simple as is the phrase, he has made it speak volumes of love and tenderness by its connection and repetition.

The steady decline of his 'Mary's' understanding dragged his down along with it. Lady Hesketh paid him her annual visit in the

the winter of 1793. He then hardly stirred from the side of Mrs. Unwin, who was fast relapsing into second childhood. He took no exercise, nor used his pen, nor even read a book, unless to her. To watch her sufferings in bleak despair, and to endeavour to relieve them, was his sole business in life. By the spring of 1784 he was reduced to that state that he refused to taste any food except a small piece of toasted bread dipped in water. He did not open his letters, nor would suffer them to be read to him. Lord Spencer procured him a pension from the Crown of 300*l.* a year, and he was not in a condition to be told of the circumstance. He abandoned his little avocations of netting and putting together maps, and, goaded by the restless spirit within him, walked up and down the room for entire days. He lived in hourly terror that he should be carried away, and once stayed from morning till evening in his room, keeping guard over his bed, under the apprehension that somebody would get possession of it in his absence, and prevent his lying down on it any more. The sole hope of his restoration was in change of scene and air, and with much difficulty young Johnson at last prevailed on the sufferers to accompany him to Tuddenham, in Norfolk. The transference was effected in July, 1795, and in August they moved on to the village of Mundesley, on the coast—a place impressive from the gloom of its sea and cliffs, but ill suited to cheer the desolate mind of Cowper. ‘The most forlorn of beings,’ he wrote on his arrival, ‘I tread the shore under the burthen of infinite despair, and view every vessel that approaches the coast with an eye of jealousy and fear, lest it arrive with a commission to seize me.’ The feeling that he should be suddenly laid hold of, and hurried away to torment, continued to grow on him. In January, 1796, he informed Lady Hesketh ‘that in six days’ time, at the latest, he should no longer foresee but feel the accomplishment of all his fears;’ and in February he wrote her a letter, in which he bid her adieu, and told her that, unless her answer arrived next day, he should not be on earth to receive it. His afflicted Mary was the first to be released. She calmly sunk to her rest in the December of this year, at East Dereham, in Norfolk, where Mr. Johnson had taken a house. Cowper uttered no allusion to her danger, nor seemed to be conscious of it, till the morning of her dissolution, when, on the servant coming in to open his shutters, he said, ‘Sally, is there life above stairs?’ A few hours after she breathed her last, and when he was informed of it he conceived the idea that she was not really dead, but would wake up in the grave, and undergo, on his account, the horrors of suffocation. He therefore expressed a wish to see her, and, under the influence of his preconception, he fancied he observed her stir. On a closer

closer view he plainly discovered that she was a corpse. He flung himself to the other side of the room, as from an object that was much too painful to behold, and never mentioned her again. Her memory was associated with happier days, and to speak of her in his present depths of misery would have aggravated his distress.

In the winter of 1797 he was beguiled into revising his translation of Homer, and worked at it steadily as of old, till he had gone through the whole. He completed his task on the 8th of March, 1798, and a few days afterwards he wrote 'The Cast-away.' This was his final effort at original composition. The rack of mind he had undergone for years allowed his genius to burn at intervals as brightly as ever. His last is one of his most powerful pieces, and its only fault is, that it is too painful in its pathos. During the two remaining years of his pilgrimage he attempted nothing of more moment than to translate little Latin poems into English, or English poems into Latin. In the spring of 1800 symptoms of dropsy appeared in his feet, and quickly proved fatal. A physician who visited him asked him how he felt? 'Feel!' he replied; 'I feel unutterable despair.' Such despair he continued to feel while consciousness remained, and he expired on the 25th of April, to wake up from his delusion in a happier world.

ART. VII.—1. *A Bill to extend the Right of Voting for Members of Parliament, and to amend the Laws relating to the Representation of the People in Parliament.* Prepared and brought in by Lord John Russell, Sir G. Grey, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir C. Wood), and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 12th February, 1852.

2. *A Bill further to amend the Law relating to the Representation of the People in England and Wales.* Prepared and brought in by Lord J. Russell and Sir J. Graham, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 16th February, 1854.

3. *A Bill to amend the Laws relating to the Representation of the People in England and Wales, and to facilitate the Registration and Voting of Electors.* Prepared and brought in by the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Disraeli), Lord Stanley, and General Peel, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 28th February, 1859.

4. *Information for Reformers respecting the Cities and Boroughs of the United Kingdom, Classified according to the Schedules of the Reform Bill proposed by John Bright, Esq., M.P.* Prepared,

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at the request of the London Parliamentary Committee, and also showing the Results of the Government Reform Bill, by Duncan McCluer.

IT was once observed by that remarkable man whose sad and almost sudden loss the whole country has had so recently to deplore,* that history, when we look at it in small fragments, may prove anything or nothing; but that it is full of useful and precious instructions when we contemplate it in large portions, or rather when we take in at one view the whole lifetime of great societies. This observation is so just, and yet at the same time it is so little regarded, that in our last number we thought it advisable to bring into one continuous review all the instances in which Parliament has interfered by legislative action either with reference to its own functions, or as regards its own composition. At the same time the reasons which led to that interference, and the principles which guided it when any change was introduced, were stated and explained. Moreover, we endeavoured to fix in our own minds, as well as to make present to the minds of others, 'the whole lifetime of the great society' in which we are living, before we would break up or even propose any material alteration in that very remarkable but prescriptive form of government, which, according to the remark of a distinguished American, made to Lord John Russell on the eve of his proposing the Reform Bill, has lasted so long and has been so strong.† It is indisputably clear from that review that our ablest statesmen, whenever they suggested any material changes in the constitution of the State, have declined to proceed upon mere theories of their own. They have always required, in justification of such changes, the plain proof of some actual grievance, some tangible abuse, some practical injustice, to which they might apply an actual, tangible, or practical remedy. As soon as they ascertained that a remedy was needed, they never failed, at least in intention, carefully to adapt it to the malady to be cured. We scarcely know of a single instance in which they have had recourse to innovating experiments or crude empiricism.

To ignore the past; to speculate on the future; to act on mere theory, however ingenious; or to import any novelties which may work well in other Institutions, but which are not in harmony or consistent with our own—these are notions totally at variance

* Lord Macaulay.

† See Hansard, xcix. 920. 'I remember,' said Lord John Russell in 1847, 'on the night before I was to bring in the Reform Bill, speaking to an American of distinguished talents, who then represented his country at this Court. I said to him, "I cannot but feel great anxiety in proposing to make an alteration in the Constitution which has lasted so long." "Yes," he replied, "so long and so strong." That is past the truth with regard to our constitution.

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with that wise, safe, and practical policy which has always characterised the legislation of this country through all its history. We may therefore learn from that history—whenever it is contemplated, as it ought to be, according to the remark of Lord Macaulay, in large portions, and not fragmentally—that if we are to make any further alterations in our representative system, such alterations should always be effected by the same methods, and based as it were upon the same principles, as those by which we have hitherto been guided. Since the question has been completely reopened by four administrations in no less than four successive Parliaments, it would be most inconvenient, as Lord Derby stated when he accepted office in 1858, to leave such a subject still dangling in the air, to be tossed about in this or that direction as chance or folly might happen to carry it. However desirable it may have been that the subject should not have been re-opened, Parliament is now bound to consider it fully; and that with the view, as both Houses have themselves declared, ‘of removing every just cause of complaint, of increasing general confidence in the Legislature, and of giving additional stability to the settled institutions of the State.’* Acting in this spirit, and desirous of lending a helping hand towards the attainment of so important an object, we now propose to redeem our pledge by discussing the whole matter in all its bearings. We shall disguise nothing, and we shall flinch from nothing; for the constitution of this country and the well-being of the people are matters too serious to be hastily taken up or lightly passed by.

The questions which arise are these:—First, whether there are not some classes of persons and some kinds of property to whom or to which the franchise may be extended; secondly, whether there are still any unrepresented places to which representatives might advantageously be given; thirdly, whether the present law relating to elections might be further improved, so as to ensure their more perfect freedom, without intimidation and without corruption; fourthly, whether the existing duration of Parliament is upon the whole the best which can be devised; and fifthly, as a corollary from these propositions—or rather as an incident to be borne in mind in considering each of them—whether the supposed advantages to accrue from such changes would or would not be more than counterbalanced by the inconveniences attending them. These points will necessarily embrace the whole subject; and they may be stated broadly, as challenging our decision on certain matters which are the very essence of our representative system,—that is to say, the extension of the

* See the Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne in 1854.
suffrage,

suffrage, distribution of seats, freedom of elections, and the duration of Parliaments.

I. The first point is the extension of the Suffrage. All parties are more or less agreed that certain classes whose intelligence, industry, station, and independence would entitle them to the franchise, are now shut out, or at least they are debarred by the limited character of our electoral arrangements, from the power of exercising it. We believe that this is mainly owing to two causes:—first, to the circumstance that many descriptions of property have not, among their incidents, the incident of the suffrage; though, on every ground of reason and policy, they deserve it as much as those other kinds of property to which that incident was originally attached, or has subsequently been extended; secondly, it is owing to that sharp and unmeaning line of demarcation which was drawn by the Reform Act between the elector and the non-elect, when a house and land of 10*l.* occupation value was made almost the single substitute in the borough constituencies for the many franchises which then existed, or which might have been introduced. The amount and extent of this exclusion it is difficult to determine, but we are firmly persuaded that it is not near so great as it is convenient for those who pander to popularity roundly to assert. Four or five,* or even six millions, are glibly talked of as the aggregate minimum which ought to be found in the English constituencies. This assumes (and even then it is an exaggeration) that every adult male is entitled to a vote. But if any test whatever is to be applied by which we are to insure independence of action, honesty of purpose, freedom of choice, and power of deliberation—it is perfectly clear that every adult male cannot be included. Some abatements must necessarily be made. What those abatements are or ought to be is another matter. In truth it is there that the whole gist of the question will be found to lie; and yet, under the cover of vague generalities, this is the point which is usually evaded. The difficulty of the problem is no doubt great; but if we are in earnest, it must be grappled with; and we shall therefore make no apology for troubling our readers with such details as will enable us to form a judgment upon it.

The total number of electors in England and Wales is about 506,000 in the counties, and 439,000 in the boroughs. That at least was the estimated number in 1856-7.† The aggregate,

* See Mr. Hume's Statement in 1847. Hansard, 3rd Series, vol. xcix. p. 884.

† Mr. Bright's returns show a little difference. According to them the population was 19,857,000, and the voters 943,248. See No. 121, Sept. 1859. But these returns were taken for the year 1858.

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therefore, at that period, was somewhere about 945,000. At the same time, the population may be taken, in round numbers, at 19,000,000—of which one-half were females, reducing the males to 9,500,000. One-half of these again were under 21, reducing the adult males of all descriptions to 4,750,000. The problem to be solved, therefore, is how many of these adult males which constitute the difference between 945,000 who have the franchise, and 3,805,000 who have it not, should be entitled to claim it.

The Radicals would solve this problem at once by saying, 'All, or, at least, very nearly all;' and they would rest their case upon that kind of hypothetical right, whereby they assume that every one is entitled, either directly or indirectly, to a voice in the Government under which he lives. As a corollary to this they jump to the conclusion that the supposed right can only be secured by personal representation, or universal suffrage; or if that be unattainable, as they know it is, then that it should be aimed at in an imperfect degree by manhood suffrage, or in a degree still more imperfect by that which has been called, though very loosely, household suffrage. Now, whatever decision Parliament may come to, we are satisfied it may be shown that these, at any rate, are not the modes by which the problem can be satisfactorily solved.

Personal representation is simply an impossibility, unless there be any one so ingenious as to find out a way by which each voter may actually return his own member. It is obvious that the minority, of whatever number that minority consists, must still remain in an unrepresented state. Some dissatisfaction has always been felt at a circumstance which is the plain and necessary result of all elections; but this dissatisfaction would be enormously increased if personal representation were interpreted to mean a personal right to exercise the franchise, irrespective of all other qualifications; for then the choice would be transferred to mere numbers, and the minority who were beaten by mere numbers would be more discontented than a minority which was beaten by those whose opinions they had some respect for. As long as the arrangements by which a majority binds the minority are so constituted that upon the whole they fairly declare the corporate mind, and signify honestly the general will of a free, independent, and intelligent community, they answer in the main the great ends for which men are brought by specific conventions into different states of civil society. In such a case the minority submits to the decision of the majority, because it knows that the corporate opinion is reasonably ascertained and legitimately acted upon; but if that majority, instead of being composed of the intelligence, virtue, and industry of a people, should be a majority, told
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by the head, whether good or bad, diligent or idle, educated or ignorant, the better part of the community, finding that their opinions were drowned or lost in the tumult of the mass, would feel, and justly, not only that they were unrepresented, but also that they were misrepresented. Any attempt to mitigate the evil by giving to the minority a potential voice, so that they might have a member of their own, would be totally at variance with the whole theory of personal representation, and consequently we dismiss that kind of proposition as a simple impossibility.

Universal suffrage is open to all, or almost all, of the same objections as those which apply to personal representation; but with those who talk most loudly about it, it has this absurdity in addition—that it never means what the words convey, or what its advocates intend. The meaning which the words convey would include all persons of every kind, whatever might be their sex, age, or condition. The advocates for this system say that it is unfair to push their argument to this extreme, that every rule has its exceptions, and that the exceptions in this case must qualify the rule to a certain extent—that is to say, that every male person who is not a minor, a criminal, a bankrupt, or a pauper, is entitled to have a voice in the making of those laws which he is bound to obey. Well, but if that be so, do not the advocates for this system perceive that, by their own showing, they have admitted themselves, as lawyers phrase it, entirely out of court? Why exclude women? Because it is better that they should confine themselves to their own more appropriate and domestic sphere. Why exclude minors? Because a line must somewhere be drawn between those whose judgments are uninformed and immature, and those who are supposed, by reason of their age, to exercise the franchise with prudence and discretion. Why exclude criminals? Because their dishonesty is a just disqualification. Why exclude bankrupts, insolvents, and paupers? Because their circumstances do not imply a sufficient amount of independence to enable them to vote freely. Some exceptions therefore, even with the advocates of universal suffrage, must plainly be admitted; and these exceptions are as plainly founded on considerations of a social and a moral character.* Station, position, mental capacity, and pecuniary circumstances, are all of them elements which must needs be regarded, unless we are to give an undue preponderance to ignorance, idleness, and even vice, over industry, education, independence, and virtue.

Upon similar grounds, if this reasoning be correct, Manhood suffrage will also require very numerous exceptions. The

* See Mr. Gregg's 'Essays on Social and Political Science,' vol. ii. p. 478.

contrary opinion is based on the assumption that every adult male is entitled to have an equal voice in the enactment and administration of those laws which he is bound to obey. The fallacy of this assumption is so transparent, that it hardly demands an answer. But the answer given by the most philosophical and the ablest advocate of that kind of suffrage is so conclusive, and withal it is so much to the point, that we cannot refrain from recapitulating it here in his own words. Speaking of these advocates he observes:—

‘They say that every one has an equal interest in being well governed, and that every one, therefore, has an equal claim to control over his own government. I might agree to this, if control over his own government were really the thing in question: but what I am asked to assent to is, that every individual has an equal claim to control over the government of other people. The power which the suffrage gives is not over himself alone—it is power over others also. Whatever control the voter is enabled to exercise over his own concerns, he exercises the same degree of it over those of every one else. Now, it can in no case be admitted that all persons have an equal claim to power over others. The claim of different people to such power differs as much as their qualifications for exercising it beneficially. *If it is asserted that all persons ought to be equal in every description of right exercised by society, I answer, not until all are equal in worth as human beings. It is the fact that one person is not as good as another, and it is reversing all the rules of rational conduct to attempt to raise a political fabric on a supposition which is at variance with fact.*’*

The remainder of the passage is an apt illustration of the foregoing reasoning, and it is well worth referring to, though too long to quote.

We should have thought that these observations of Mr. Mill were absolutely conclusive against Manhood as well as against Universal suffrage. But not so: that philosophical writer, whose reasoning and conclusions we thus far concur in, would still desire to give every one a vote. He goes on to say that, ‘when all have votes, it will be both *just in principle* and *necessary in fact* that some mode be adopted of giving greater weight to the suffrages of the more educated voter! Some means must be devised by which the more intrinsically valuable member of society, the one who is more competent for the general business of life, and possesses more of the knowledge applicable to the management of the affairs of the community, *should*, as far as practicable, be *singled out and allowed a superiority of influence in proportion to his higher qualifications.*’ Accordingly he would establish, if the time were ripe for it, a gradation of voting among different classes.

* See Mr. Mill’s ‘Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform,’ pp. 22 and 23.

Assuming,

Assuming, for example, that the ordinary unskilled labourer had one vote, he thinks that the skilled labourer should have two; the foreman or superintendent of labour ought perhaps to have three; the farmer or manufacturer three or four; a member of any profession requiring a long, accurate, and systematic mental cultivation—such as a lawyer, physician, surgeon, clergyman, or artist—should have five or six; and a graduate of any University, or a person freely elected a member of any learned Society, should be entitled to at least as many. But since, in his opinion (and here again we entirely concur with him), the time is not come for obtaining, or even asking for, a representative system founded on such principles, he would only recognise them so far at present as to pave the way for their future introduction by making a considerable extension of the suffrage subordinate to an educational qualification. This kind of qualification he afterwards describes, and if we interpret his conclusions rightly, he seems to mean that every person* who can copy a sentence of English in the presence of the Registering Officer, and perform a common sum in the Rule of Three, should be placed on the Parliamentary electoral roll.

Now, without commenting, except by way of passing remark, on the great dissatisfaction which such a scheme, when fully completed, would certainly occasion, by giving to the easy combination of a few an enormous superiority over the general mass, which they would not be much disposed to concede, it is sufficient to observe that the plan in every shape absolutely negatives, on unanswerable grounds, the very notion of Manhood suffrage. For if Manhood suffrage means, as we conceive it does, an equal voice or share in the representation, there cannot be a doubt that no system would be more unequal than that proposed; none would excite greater dissatisfaction; none would provoke more bitter jealousies. The observation, however, is not unimportant, for it will help us most materially to the solution of the problem which invites an answer, namely, ‘How many of the adult males which constitute the difference between 945,000 who have the franchise, and 3,805,000 who have it not, should be entitled to claim it?’ Mr. Mill says, those who can copy a sentence in English and perform a sum in the Rule of Three. Well, how many are those? It appears by the last Report of the Registrar-General,† that more than one-third of the males who were married in 1858 made their marks when signing the register—so that the number of adult males who could fulfil even the easiest part of Mr. Mill’s qualification could not be more than two-thirds; and though there are no means of ascertaining the number of adult males who can perform a sum

* See pamphlet, p. 29.

† Registrar-General’s Report, 1859. See pp. vii.-ix.

in the Rule of Three, we fear we are much within the mark when we assume that a fourth or fifth of the whole number would hardly be equal to that task. If taken at a fourth, this would reduce the adult males, who, according to Mr. Mill, ought to have the franchise, from 4,750,000 to $\frac{4,750,000}{4}$, that is to say, to about 1,875,500; or if taken at a fifth, it would reduce them from 4,750,000 to $\frac{4,750,000}{5}$, that is to say, to 950,000, or about the number of the present constituencies.

Setting then aside Personal representation, Universal suffrage, and Manhood suffrage, as things impracticable, or morally and socially prejudicial to the community, what shall we say to Household suffrage? Here again we are met *in limine* by an ambiguity of phrase. What is meant by a householder? The matter was discussed, at least cursorily, when Mr. Hume's motion in the House of Commons on National Representation was brought forward in 1849. And as near as any definition could be arrived at, even in the minds of those who originated and supported that motion, it seemed to signify, if it signified anything, not a person who held a house, but a person whom a house held. Whether he was the owner or occupier of the whole, or whether he were a lodger or temporary occupier of any part, of it, he was, according to the author of that motion, to be entitled to a vote; provided only he had claimed to be rated to the relief of the poor. Now, whatever may have been the value of such a proposition in the estimation of those who supported it originally, it has clearly given way, and has in fact been given up, in the face of free and open discussion. Even with those who formerly stood up for it, that kind of suffrage is hardly insisted upon. A clearer proof could not be adduced that loud cries and bold assertions are not to be taken, or rather mistaken, for the true voice of public opinion. At that time Mr. Hume's proposition was supported and defended as just and reasonable and highly expedient. But is that the language now used by those who voted for it? We consider Mr. Bright as perhaps on the whole the ablest exponent of that class of politicians who may be called, for want of a better name, Ultra-Liberals. Now Mr. Bright voted, though he did not speak, in favour of Mr. Hume's motion. In the last two years we have been made acquainted with most of his views on Parliamentary Reform. Vote by ballot, redistribution of seats, and extension of the suffrage are the principal objects at which he aims. But what does he intend by extension of suffrage? Does he intend that particular Household suffrage which Mr. Hume recommended and for which he

he voted? Nothing like it. He felt that this would introduce into the constituencies (we are going to quote his own words) 'scores,' and 'hundreds,' and 'thousands' of persons, many of them 'intemperate,' some of them 'profligate,' some of them 'naturally incapable,' and '*all of them in a condition of dependence* such as to offer no reasonable expectation that they would give their votes in a manner not only consistent with their own opinions and consciences (*if they have any in the matter*), but consistent with the representation of the town or city in which they live.'* In confirmation of this view, he refers to the opinions of 'the working men' who had corresponded with him; and he illustrates it most fairly by that which takes place in Scotland. There he finds that it is the custom in Edinburgh not to rate those who live in a house of lower value than 4*l.* a-year, because they are among the most helpless of the population. Consequently he admits that a rating suffrage in Edinburgh at 4*l.* a-year would at once exclude all that class; and he is prepared to maintain that it would 'be advantageous rather than otherwise that such persons should not be admitted on the electoral roll.' But then he points out a difficulty which might arise from taking that test, since the custom in England with reference to rating is different from that which prevails in Scotland. In England, he says (and he says truly), that the custom has obtained, sometimes by law and sometimes by agreement, that the landlords pay the rates even of the lowest and poorest class of dwellings—consequently, he argues, a rating franchise would admit a class in England which would exclude the same class in Scotland; that this would be a distinction which Parliament could not be expected to support; and that then comes the question whether you are to make some rule by which that unfortunate class in Scotland would be admitted, or a rule by which the corresponding unfortunate class in England would be excluded. Very candidly, as well as rationally, Mr. Bright has furnished us with a plain answer to his own question; and this will help us still further to the solution of the problem which has to be solved:—

'I should propose,' he says, 'a plan something like this. It is almost impossible, I fear, to make this matter quite clear to everybody here, but I have received so many letters about it, and I have found it so much a matter of discussion, that, with that perfect candour with which I have treated the public on every matter connected with reform, I feel it necessary now, on perhaps the only opportunity I may have before Parliament assembles,† to meet the question and briefly to discuss it. I think it is extremely likely that if Parliament were to

* See his speech at Rochdale.

† This speech was delivered before Parliament met in February 1878

entertain a proposition so extensive as I have proposed, *they would say it is far better that the corresponding class in England, whom you admit to be so utterly dependent in Scotland that your own plan excludes them, should be excluded.* They might, however, propose that the clause should enact that, *down to a certain point of assessment, as low as they like it to go, whether the tenant paid the rate or the landlord, the tenant should be enfranchised, but below that line which is supposed to set apart this very dependent and unfortunate class, if there be any man ambitious of having a vote, let him tell the officer who is connected with the rating that he wishes not only to be rated, but that he wishes himself, as tenant and occupier, to pay his own rate, which sum of course he might by arrangement deduct from the amount of his rent; and then let him be as free as any of those above him in circumstances to be placed upon the list of the electors.'*

Thus then it is perfectly clear that 'Household suffrage,' without at least a very large qualification which destroys its plain and obvious meaning, is no more admissible than Manhood suffrage, Universal suffrage, and Personal representation. We are evidently gaining something by these discussions. The truth is gradually peeping out. Mr. Bright's admission is a most important one—and we agree with him that such a franchise as Household suffrage would place on the parliamentary roll many persons unfit to exercise the electoral franchise, though we forbear from calling them, as he does, 'profligate,' 'intemperate,' and 'devoid of all conscience in the matter.' It is sufficient for our purpose simply to state that such a franchise would place on the parliamentary electoral roll many persons who, unhappily but most certainly, are in such a situation and condition of life that they would not be free and independent voters within the meaning of Mr. Fox's definition of the best plan for a representative system. According to him, *'the best plan of representation is that which shall bring into activity the greatest number of independent voters; and that plan is defective which would bring forth those whose situation and condition take from them the power of deliberation.'* Now Mr. Bright has shown most distinctly that household suffrage would bring forth a large class whose condition of life did take from them the power of deliberation; and the opinion thus expressed by him is irresistibly confirmed by the evidence taken before the House of Lords' Committee on the Bill of 1850-51 which proposed to amend the Municipal Reform Act. From that it will appear that the Municipal franchise, as settled by that Act, was strangely altered by a subsequent Statute, passed for the purpose of further assessing and collecting the poor and highway rates in respect of small tenements; and this alteration has so impaired the respectability and independence of the different constituencies, that in truth they are at the mercy of those classes
who

who are at the same time the least educated, the least wealthy, and the most corrupt. The subject is a serious one, and it deserves investigation. By the former of these Acts, a three years' residency, coupled with rating and the payment of rates, except those which had become due in the six months immediately preceding the time of registration, constituted together the necessary qualification for the municipal franchise. By the latter, a clause entirely foreign to the purpose of the Act was introduced in Committee—that clause declared that the *occupier* should be entitled to all municipal privileges and franchises when the *owner* had been rated and had paid the rates. In consequence of this change, the poorest occupier is enabled to claim the same Municipal rights and privileges as the other inhabitants of the Town and Borough, although in all cases he is contributing less by one-third, and in some cases less by one-half to the municipal expenses of such Town and Borough, than he would have to do if he himself were rated and paid his own rates.* The effect of this has been and is most detrimental to the Municipal constituencies, and it shows pretty clearly what a similar change in the Parliamentary Constituencies would be likely to produce. It appears from the evidence, that in general, and more especially in the large towns like Newcastle-on-Tyne,† the bulk of this class are far less qualified by education, independence, and sobriety, to exercise electoral privileges than the direct ratepayers. They are described as belonging to the lowest grade of operatives; as consisting in some districts principally, or in great part, of Irish immigrants, unsettled in character and occupation; as taking no interest in municipal elections, unless it is one merely temporary and selfish; as so uneducated that few of them can read and write; as usually under some external influence, by the necessity of ignorance and poverty; as open to the highest bidder; and as taking this bidding in the form of drink and breakfasts given at public-houses, or of a payment in the name of compensation for loss of work, amounting very often to more than a day's wages. In short, they are shown, not only to be dependent, but also corrupt, for without such compensation it seems they would seldom take part in the election, since they care but little, if at all, about it—except as affording them the opportunity of having a 'good tuck out:' that is to say, of drinking and feasting at the expense of the candidate. To this we should add what appears in another part of the same report, that the rateable value of the tenements rated under the Act is generally but a small, often an insignificant portion of the whole

* See 13 and 14 Vic., c. 99.

† See Report, iv.

rateable property of a ward. The small tenement voters frequently form an absolute majority. In one case the Act has increased the number of voters from 381 to 948, the minority representing property of the value of 26,000*l.*, while the majority represents property of the value of 4000*l.* only. In another case, 302 small tenement voters are able to control the elections of a ward, though their rating is no more than 66*l.*, out of a total of nearly 16,000*l.* In Bridgewater, where the small tenement occupiers are of so low a class that numbers of them receive parish relief during the winter, they form two-thirds of the constituency; and in Sunderland,* which affords a striking example of this state of things, it appears that, out of 5300 voters, 1000 pay on 29,000*l.*; while 4300 pay on 7000*l.* only. From this state of facts the Committee have drawn two important conclusions. In one place they say—

‘The result then of the clause enfranchising the small tenement holders has been in these and similar cases to transfer the power of electing those who have the management of the municipal funds, from the persons who pay the rates, to those who at most only bear indirectly an insignificant proportion of the burthen, and sometimes pay nothing, either directly or indirectly, to the municipal revenues.’ And they add,—‘In numerous cases, wherein the clause in question has come into full operation, the owners and occupiers of a very small part of the rated property have paramount influence in the taxation and expenditure of the borough.’

In another place they observe:—

‘While there is no doubt that the Act is of great service in facilitating the collection of rates, it is quite clear that it has produced, wherever large numbers of small tenement occupiers have been admitted to vote, a serious deterioration in the character of the Constituent body. Taking different wards of the same town, the evidence before them justifies the Committee in believing that those in which the small tenement voters are most numerous are the most noted for the prevalence of malpractices. *No trifling deterioration of the constituency is implied in the mere fact, that in many cases the direct rate-payers are completely outnumbered by those who either pay no rates, or pay them so indirectly that they are hardly aware of the payment, and whose ignorance of municipal affairs is not enlightened by the self-interest of contributors to the local taxation.*

After this we think we may say that the present state of the Municipal franchise, which, through a mistake, has thus been placed on the worst possible footing, is absolutely conclusive, like Mr. Bright’s reasoning on the smaller occupiers in Scotland

* See Report, p. v.

and in England, against the introduction of Household suffrage. Nay, more; it shows, as plainly as facts can do, that, unless the suffrage is carefully limited and restrained to those who are capable of exercising it honestly, as well as freely, the greatest mischiefs are likely to arise. Where, then, should the limit be put? The evidence taken before the House of Lords' Committee would seem to indicate, as a matter of justice as well as of policy, that it should be made to commence with those tenements where the rates cannot be compounded for by the landlord. In other words, the line should be drawn, as in all principle and fairness it ought to be drawn, where the occupier must contribute, in proportion to the value of his own holding, an equal share with the rest of the inhabitants towards the usual municipal expenses. That limit cannot be put higher than a 6*l.* rating, or its equivalent an 8*l.* value. Below that amount it is perfectly clear that the smaller occupiers are, as a body, really dependent on the influence of others. They are not, in fact, when taken as a class, in such a situation and condition of life as to enable them to exercise that power of deliberation which Mr. Fox's rule very reasonably requires. There may be some, doubtless there are, who have that power, but these might be provided for in a different way, without including them in the general mass, which would make their votes of no avail. For the sake, therefore, of the better class of voters, as well as for the sake of the Constituencies generally, it is absolutely necessary that those whose position will not allow them to act freely should be excluded. Rather, we should say, that, according to the temperate reasoning of Mr. Mill, they cannot be admitted to the same privileges as the rest of their fellow-citizens until they are raised to the same level of intelligence and independence. Horne Tooke once declared that justice and policy alike required that a share in power and contribution to power should be proportionate to each other. But this is a result which will never be attained if those who, from their poverty, neither do nor can be expected to contribute to the municipal burdens are placed upon an equality with those whose rates must be paid in full, and by themselves, instead of being compounded for at a lower figure and paid by another. Any other limit would unquestionably fulfil the prophetic language of Sir E. Lytton, and place capital and knowledge 'at the command of impatient poverty and uninstructed numbers.'

The limit, therefore, which ought to be put on that vague generality, Household suffrage, is tolerably plain. No doubt it brings down the number of persons who may be admitted to the franchise, consistently with its free and independent exercise, to a much smaller amount than the actual number of adult males for whom

whom it is sometimes very loosely claimed. We have estimated the number of adult males in England and Wales at 4,750,000. The number of inhabited houses in 1857 was 3,275,000. So that the number of adult males who are actually householders could not be more than 3,275,000. Now, out of these 3,275,000, not less than 1,700,000 houses—that is to say more than one-half—were under the value of 6*l.*, according to Mr. Newmarch's electoral statistics.* The exact proportions we shall have no means of determining accurately until we are furnished with those returns which the Government has recently directed to be made. But, with such figures alone before us as those to which we have just adverted, we can approximate, at all events, towards the truth. For, taking Mr. Fox's rule as our guide, and deducting the occupiers of those tenements whose rates may be compounded for and paid by the landlord, the number of adult males will be reduced at once from 4,750,000 to $\frac{3,275,000}{2}$ —that is to say, to 1,637,500. Further deductions, however, according to the same rule, must also be made. For some of these tenements are occupied by women, some are unoccupied, and in some of them, moreover, and even others of a higher value, there are many lodgers who are not so well off as those who are occupiers of a tenement rated at 6*l.* only; and, therefore, in no respect are they so independent as those under whose roof they obtain a temporary and precarious abode. To ascertain the number of these lodgers is not very easy. But the great majority—in fact, almost all of them—would come within the class whose circumstances, according to any rule (whether we take Mr. Fox's, Mr. Mill's, or Mr. Bright's), would disqualify them from exercising it as they ought. A considerable number, therefore, must be further deducted from the former residue of 1,637,500, and when that is done, there could not be more than 1,400,000 or 1,500,000 adult males to whom the franchise, according to Mr. Fox's rule, could properly be given. But, as we have already about 950,000 electors, it follows that an addition of 400,000 or 500,000, either by the reduction of the old franchise, or by the introduction of a new franchise, will probably place on the electoral roll every person who may properly and prudently be admitted to it. And it is not altogether unworthy of remark, that this result, with respect to extension of the suffrage alone, would produce a Reform Bill as extensive as that which was passed in 1832. At that time the total constituency of England and Wales was raised from 430,000 or 450,000 to 800,000, or thereabouts. An addi-

* See pp. 190, 199.

tion to it now of 400,000 or 500,000 electors would raise it more than as much again.

But, in order to make any new measure of reform not merely an extensive but a beneficial measure (the great aim which should always be kept in view, however strangely it has always been neglected), it would be most unwise simply to have recourse to the clumsy expedient of reducing the occupation value of the voter's tenement in counties and boroughs—that is a line which must necessarily be arbitrary, usually uncertain, and often unintelligible. All the bills at the head of our article, the Bill of 1852, the Bill of 1854, and the Bill of 1859, have recommended the introduction of new franchises. The reason for that recommendation was not ill put by Lord J. Russell, when he said, in the year 1852, that, 'by taking a uniform 10*l.* value, and by abolishing all those intricate franchises which previously existed, the authors of the Reform Bill had confined themselves too much to one species of franchise. They did not make it sufficiently various, and, therefore, it was not sufficiently comprehensive.' Nobody can doubt that this confession of the original error is well-founded. A varied franchise will furnish, in fact, the only means of representing equitably a variety of interests. The difficulty consists in ascertaining and defining of what kind those franchises should be, and what are the conditions which ought to attach to them. Each of the bills professes to deal with this part of the subject, but they do not deal with it in the same way, or to the same extent. By the first of these bills every male person of full age, and not subject to any legal incapacity, was to be entitled to register his vote in the county or borough in which he lived, if he had been charged either under any assessment of the duties of assessed taxes (except certain licences), or under any assessment of the duties payable from properties, trades, and professions. The conditions attached to this franchise were a twelve months' charge previous to the day when the register was made up; payment of so much of the charge as was due on the 5th of January then next preceding; and a six months' residence within the place, or seven miles of its boundary, in respect of which the vote was claimed. Such an addition is clearly right in point of principle, because it makes taxation and representation go along with each other. The only question would be, whether the conditions attached to the franchise are sufficient to secure a community of interests in the place where this franchise would have to be exercised.

By the second of these Bills the franchise was intended to be conferred,—

- 1st. On persons in receipt of salaries, from public or private employment,

employment, of not less than 100*l.* per annum, payable quarterly or half-yearly.*

2nd. On persons in respect of 10*l.* per annum derived from the Government funds, or from Bank or East India Stock.

3rd. On persons paying 40*s.* per annum, either as assessed taxes or under the Property and Income Tax Act.

4th. On Graduates of any University in the United Kingdom.

5th. On persons who have for three years possessed a deposit of 50*l.* in any savings-bank.

The conditions to be attached to these franchises were—first, a twelvemonth's residence in the county or borough where the vote was to be registered; secondly, a twelvemonth's receipt of the annual income; thirdly, a twelvemonth's payment of the 40*s.* charge; and fourthly, in the case of a savings-bank deposit, a three years' possession of it. In point of principle there could be little opposition to these additions, except as regards the first; but as regards the first, we must express our doubts whether a suffrage from salaries given as such would not open the door to many influences which it is desirable and almost necessary to control.

By the third of these Bills the *new* franchises intended to be introduced were as follows:—

1st. Persons in the beneficial enjoyment of 10*l.* per annum from the Government funds, or Bank or East India Stock.

2nd. Persons in the beneficial enjoyment of 20*l.* per annum, as a pension, pay, or superannuation allowance, in respect of any past employment in Her Majesty's Naval, Military, East Indian, or Civil service.

3rd. Depositors in a savings-bank to the amount of 60*l.*

4th. Graduate of any University.

5th. Minister of any religious denomination.

6th. Barristers-at-law, sergeants-at-law, certificated pleaders or conveyancers.

7th. Certificated attorneys, solicitors, or proctors.

8th. Members of the medical profession.

9th. Certificated schoolmasters.

10th. Lodgers who shall pay a rent of not less than 8*s.* a-week, or 20*l.* per annum.

The conditions to be attached to these franchises were—first, the receipt of the annuity or income, or the possession of the savings-bank deposit, for twelve calendar months previous to the 21st day of June in each year of registration; secondly, residence

* Sect. xxiii.

in all cases (except the case of a lodger) for the same twelve calendar months within the county or borough for which the claim to be registered is made; thirdly, as regards lodgers, actual occupation for a similar period of twelve calendar months; and fourthly, registration in one place only, when the party claiming has two or more places of residence. In point of principle we doubt No. 2—namely, the pensions and superannuation allowances; and we believe No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, and No. 9—or those which are called the fancy franchises—would be probably unnecessary, and often objectionable. The other propositions, to which we have taken no specific exceptions, have much to recommend them. It is right, for example, that those who contribute to the revenues of the country by the direct taxation which is imposed upon them, should have, if possible, a voice in the matter. It is right moreover, since personal property has acquired an interest which it did not possess when the framework of the constitution was originally compacted, that this kind of property, as well as that which principally consists of real estate, should be represented. It is further right that those who are trying to acquire such property by deposits in a savings-bank, and have thereby given the strongest proof of economy and foresight, of intelligent prudence, and a desire for independence, should be entitled to place themselves upon the register, although they may neither invest their money in a forty-shilling freehold, nor happen to be occupiers of a 10*l.* tenement. It is also right that many industrious and painstaking persons—born perhaps to poverty, but rising in the world—well educated, but struggling hard with little more than professional incomes—should have the means of placing themselves on the register, if they should not come within any of the qualifications above allowed. The persons to whom we here refer are the unbeneficed clergy; unmarried members of the learned professions; half-pay officers in the navy and army; young architects, sculptors, and painters; hundreds who are employed in study or tuition; and thousands of clerks, foremen, shopmen, and skilled artisans, who are in the receipt of good salaries or wages. These might be reached to a certain extent by giving votes to those who had previously graduated in an University; and they might also be reached to a much greater extent by allowing lodgers, at a certain rental, to acquire the franchise. Both these additions are therefore admissible; but then in this, as in most of the cases herein enumerated, it would be absolutely necessary, by the most careful provisions, to connect them by feeling as well as by interest with the county and borough where their vote is to be exercised, so that they might have that *juris consensum et utilitatis communionem* with the

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rest of the constituency which alone can make an incorporated people. We believe that in such cases there is no way whatever of accomplishing this object, except by the obligation of continuous residence. Nor should it be forgotten that, without more guards than those which were introduced into the last Bill, frauds in registration and personation in voting might easily be practised, if an abstract qualification, unconnected with visible property, were made the basis of the electoral right. Certainty of possession and continuity of residence are therefore preliminary and essential conditions which ought to attach to such franchises as these. Without these conditions, abuses would be endless.

For the reasons adverted to above we have purposely excluded from the new franchises all those which might either be derived from quarterly salaries, as proposed by the second Bill, or from pensions and superannuation allowances, or from a professional and educational status, as proposed by the third. Not only will such franchises be open to abuse which it would be difficult to control, but they would not be necessary if the others were allowed. Taking the qualifications which are assumed as starting-points in the other new franchises, it is hardly possible to conceive a person, claiming to be registered for a franchise from salaries, or from pensions, or from a professional or educational test, who would not be entitled to exercise his right from money in the funds, from the payment of direct taxation, from a deposit in a savings-bank, from an University degree, or from apartments or lodgings; but suppose there were one or two such persons, they would probably at all events attain their rights by having recourse to one of the old franchises, if they were only varied to such an extent as a due regard to the proper working of our representative system would require or suggest. And this observation leads us at once to that part of the subject which has been so much talked of, and, we ought to add, so little considered. Nothing can be easier than to reduce an occupation value from one figure to another; but if it be desirable still to maintain a due regard to the numerous rights and the varied interests which we know to exist—if it be wise to adhere to those principles which time and experience have equally sanctioned, instead of having recourse to those novelties which a thirst for change and a love of experiment alone recommend—if reason and good policy alike declare, as they seem to do in the thoughtful reflection of Mr. Mill, as well as in the glowing indignation of Mr. Bright, that a predominance should be given to property over poverty, knowledge over ignorance, industry over idleness, and honest independence over thoughtless incapacity—we cannot conceive anything more foolish than to place the County and Borough franchises

franchises on one uniform level, or to bring them down to such a standard that it would be vain to expect from them either power of deliberation or freedom of action.

In the three Bills at the head of our article the old franchises are dealt with in the following manner. By the first of these Bills the occupation-value in Counties was intended to be reduced from 50*l.* to 20*l.*, and the value of the copyhold and leasehold franchise was intended to be reduced from 10*l.* to 5*l.* above all rents and charges; while in boroughs the occupation-value of 10*l.* was reduced to a *rateable* value of not less than 5*l.*, and for the purposes of registration it could not be compounded at a less amount. By the second of these Bills the occupation-value in counties was reduced from 50*l.* to 10*l.*, of which not less than 5*l.* was to arise from some dwelling-house or holding, and not from land only; while in boroughs the occupation-value of 10*l.* was reduced to a rateable value of 6*l.*, with a power to the tenant, whose rates had been compounded for, to claim to be rated at the compounded amount. By the third of these Bills the occupation-value in Counties was reduced from 50*l.* to 10*l.*, and the value of the copyhold and leasehold franchise was reduced from the clear yearly value of 20*l.* over and above all rents and charges to the clear yearly value of 5*l.* over and above all charges and incumbrances, but without any deduction on account of rent. By the same Bill the occupation-value in Boroughs was left where it was, with the view of endeavouring to identify the suffrage both Town and County: requiring on the one hand the 40*s.* freeholders resident in towns to vote for the Town, and enabling on the other the 10*l.* occupier resident in the county to vote for the County.

The mere recapitulation of these propositions shows how unsettled men's opinions are when once they begin to draw arbitrary lines and theorise upon government, instead of acting on the less ostentatious, but still the wiser and more practical, plan of requiring some proof of the defects to be supplied and the abuses to be remedied before they disturb the regular action of a most valuable but very complicated machine. Any one who considers the full effect of introducing such new franchises as suggested above, will see that the variation or reduction of the old franchise may be deemed almost a secondary object. Most of the persons who by station and respectability are entitled to have votes, would, through the new franchises, be enabled to obtain them. But there may, and probably would, be some who now are excluded by the arbitrary line which the law has drawn, and who could not take advantage of the new franchises; and such men, with some degree of justice, may complain that they are entitled on *other considerations* to the benefit of the

the suffrage quite as much as their next-door neighbours who are only preferred to them by the unequal operation of an arbitrary rule. According to the original framework of our Constitution this is a complaint which never could have arisen. For, as we have shown in our former article, every person of free condition who contributed directly either to the burdens of the state, or to those of the place in which he dwelt, was entitled to have a voice in the choice of his representative. The nearer we go back to that framework, the better will be our chance of enlarging as well as adapting the building to the reasonable exigencies of the age in which we live. This is a result, however, which can never be accomplished simply by drawing an arbitrary line unconnected with the duties and burdens which the inhabitants may be called upon to discharge or to bear. Some test must necessarily be taken; and it would be well to take that which the legislature has imposed as the proper criterion for measuring the capacity of the different inhabitants to discharge the one or bear the other. Such a test we have both in Counties and Boroughs—in Counties, where the juror's qualification commences, implying thereby a due assessment to imperial taxation,—in Boroughs, where the tenant's obligation is fixed for contributing, like his neighbours, without composition and without abatement, a full share to the local burdens. Acting on these principles, every householder* in a county who is rated or assessed to the poor-rate or to the inhabited house duty on a value of not less than 20*l.*; and every occupier in a borough† assessed at a sum exceeding 6*l.* a-year (being therefore a person whose local burdens could not be compounded for at one-third of their value), would, as a general rule, be entitled to vote. Until the returns which the Government have asked for are placed in our hands, it would be premature to lay down, with any degree of accuracy, how many would be added by such a reduction in the counties and boroughs to the two sets of constituencies. But judging from returns which are now before us,‡ we believe it would include (if every one claimed for such qualifications) at least 200,000 in the one, and nearly that number in the other. This, with the new franchises above recommended, would clearly raise the Constituencies of the kingdom to that amount, which in point of number as well as capacity would include all those who, by their position and social station, may fairly be considered as well entitled to claim and exercise the electoral privilege. And thus, while everything is justly conceded, so far as regards the exten-

* 6 Geo. IV., c. 50.

† 13 and 14 Vict., c. 99.

‡ See and compare Mr. Knight's return, sess. 1859, No. 112; Mr. J. S. Smith's return, same session, No. 7.

sion of the suffrage, the grounds upon which that extension is made would not introduce that fatal principle which two of these Bills unhappily suggest, that large numbers may be added to a constituency who do not bear the same burdens as those which attach on the rest of the community with whom they reside. We are convinced that the course which has recently been pursued of extending municipal or political power to those who are exonerated at the same time from a proportionate share of direct taxation, whether local or imperial, is one which cannot be justified in reason, and must in the end be absolutely fatal to all good government. A vast inroad was made in this principle, when the window-duty, affecting most of the tenements which conferred the franchises, was transferred by substitution to those houses only which were above the value of 20*l.* a-year. Another great inroad was made upon it when the composition of rates, on the ground of poverty, was allowed to give Municipal privileges to those who were exempt from Municipal burdens. That these inroads may not be carried farther—that powers and responsibility may always go together—let the juror's qualification and Imperial taxation form the basis of the occupation franchise in Counties, and let equal rating and the payment of rates form the basis of the same kind of franchise in cities and boroughs. On any other hypothesis, power and privilege will be permanently vested in one set of men, while the duties of citizenship and the burden of taxation are cast upon another. Responsibility and power will be finally severed. 'They who govern will not pay, and they who pay will not be allowed to govern.'*

II. Such are the modes in which the suffrage may with least danger be extended. The next point which we have to consider is the distribution of seats.

This has been dealt with in very different ways by those who profess to set themselves up as authorities on this subject. Mr. Hume† moved vaguely, 'That the apportionment of representatives be rendered more equal to the population.' Mr. Roebuck advances with great boldness, and urges at once, as the organ of the Committee of Parliamentary Reformers, 'A reappointment of seats that shall make such an approach to an equalisation of constituencies as shall give in the United Kingdom a majority of members to a majority of electors.'‡ The first of the three Parliamentary Bills made Birkenhead and Burnley new boroughs, and

* This epigrammatic sentence is borrowed from the *Times*. We hope that influential journal will still maintain it.

† See our last number, pp. 556, 557.

‡ See former note.

added to 65 of the existing boroughs 106 unrepresented towns, which had no connexion whatever with them, except the connexion of a supposed proximity. The second of the Bills proposed to disfranchise 19 boroughs altogether, to take away the second member from 33 more, to add a third member to 37 counties or divisions of counties, to divide Lancashire into three divisions, and the West Riding of York into two, to confer on 8 of the existing boroughs the privilege of sending a third member to Parliament, and to enable Salford to return two, the Inns of Court two, and the University of London, Birkenhead, Burnley, and Staleybridge, one each. The third of these Bills would have taken away the second members from 15 boroughs which now return two; would have separated Middlesex and South Lancashire into two divisions, and the West Riding of Yorkshire into three; and would have created seven new boroughs, namely, West Bromwich, Birkenhead, Burnley, Staleybridge, Croydon, Gravesend, and Hartlepool. Mr. Bright's Schedules* would have absolutely disfranchised 86 places, leaving the counties exactly as they are. They would have entirely recast the borough constituencies by allotting one member to 110 places, where the population was more than 8000, and less than 25,000; two members to 43 places, where the population was more than 25,000, and less than 54,000; three members to 23 places, where the population was more than 54,000, and less than 120,000; four members to 12 places, where the population was more than 120,000, and less than 300,000; six members to 5 places, where the population was more than 300,000, and less than 400,000; and since the Tower Hamlets exceeded the last number by 100,000 at least, that favoured suburb was to be divided into two divisions, each of which was to have the privilege of returning four members, that is to say, eight in the whole!

Can anything be more unsatisfactory than these different propositions? Can anything be wanted more than the recapitulation of such suggestions to show conclusively that those who profess to be our ablest public men are little better than children groping in the dark, when their principal guides in framing Constitutions are a few figures of arithmetic? Can anything lead more directly to the belief that they prepare such measures with a view to success or personal popularity, and not because they believe them to be right? or must we conclude that they are simply attempting to do something, because they are told that something must be done, without having an idea in their own

* It ought to be remembered that these Schedules refer to the whole kingdom, while the Government Bills were confined to England and Wales,

minds as to what that something ought really to be? Very different was the way in which our statesmen formerly acted. Even in the midst of the Reform excitement in 1832, the authors of that measure disclaimed the idea of proceeding on mere theories of their own. The acknowledged principles upon which the Constitution had always been based were the only guides which they professed to recognise. They acted on the conviction that there was a grievance to be redressed, and an injustice to be remedied. They found that the fabric of our representative system had swerved from its foundations in two particulars. They saw, in the first place, that there were many of the great seats of manufacture and corn trade which had not been brought within its pale; and, in the second place, that there were several boroughs which had fallen so completely into decay, that, according to Lord John Russell, 'They did not and could not represent the opinions of the inhabitants.' To cure these defects they never sought or pretended to 'give a majority of members to a majority of electors,' as Mr. Roebuck proposes, or to adjust the representation in proportion to numbers, as Mr. Bright suggests; but they took from those places which 'did not and could not represent the opinion of the inhabitants' a certain number of seats, and transferred them to those places which had an undeniable claim (in any change that might be introduced) to be heard for themselves and by their own members. Had they done what they are now asked to do, they must have destroyed that variety of representation which alone can provide for a variety of interests. But they knew that this variety is essential to our system; and they also knew that it can only be maintained by still preserving, as part of that system, different constituencies, and of a different character. This was one of the principal grounds upon which Lord John Russell successfully resisted the vague proposition made by Mr. Hume in 1848. After adverting to the fact that, before the Reform Bill, there were many large towns with no representatives, and several decayed boroughs in possession of two, he tells us that the authors of the Bill did not jump to the hasty conclusion that all should be levelled, or nearly assimilated, that he approves, as they approved, of still keeping alive constituent bodies of various kinds—some large and others small—and he gives his reasons very distinctly, and without reserve:*

'Considering,' he said, 'the varied character of the people of this country—considering their varied occupations—considering how many men there are of great intelligence who take little part ordi-

* Hansard, 3rd Ser., cv., p. 1214.

narly in political conflicts—considering how many men there are who give their labours to the world in the shape of works on political science, it may be, or who are conversant with commerce, but who do not enter into the agitations relating to the immediate political questions of the day—I certainly am of opinion that the country, taken as a whole, is far better represented by the varied kind of representation I have just mentioned, than it would be if we had nothing but two large divisions, the counties sending agricultural members, and the large cities commercial members, or representatives of the manufacturing interest.’

The same reasoning is equally applicable to Mr. Roebuck’s plan of ensuring everywhere a majority of members to a majority of electors. If this were honestly and fairly attempted in England and Wales, it ought to give a member to every 50,000 of the present population. But, to accomplish that end in the different counties and boroughs as they now exist, there should be two members for every 100,000 of inhabitants, three for 150,000, four for 200,000, and so on until the maximum is reached. What would be the result? The rural element of the nation, the scattered and quieter, but not the least valuable part of the community, would be entirely overwhelmed by the pushing, restless, fluctuating element, which characterises, more or less, the population of our towns and cities. According to this principle there would be fifteen counties, partly agricultural and partly commercial, which ought to have four members, four which ought to have five, Lancashire North seven, Lancashire South ten, the West Riding fifteen; while in the boroughs, Leeds and Southwark should have four, Westminster and Birmingham five, Lambeth six, Manchester and Finsbury seven, Marylebone and Liverpool eight, and the Tower Hamlets eleven. Such are the results which the principle contained in Mr. Roebuck’s proposition would naturally bring with it, and there is only one way of maintaining the principle, and avoiding the absurdity to which it would lead; and that is, by dividing or subdividing the different constituencies into equal portions. But should that be done, we are landed at once in electoral districts, not, indeed, with geometrical areas, but within the limits of an arithmetical calculation. Where, then, would be that variety of representation which now opens the door to all classes, all interests, and all kinds of talent? Obviously and plainly it must be destroyed, and an uniform standard established in its stead. This will appear all the more glaring if we take along with it the other part of Mr. Roebuck’s proposition,* namely, ‘the extension of the county franchise to all

* See note to last Number, p. 557.

10*l.* occupiers at least;’ that is to say, an assimilation of the County and Borough franchise, for then we should have a complete subversion of the existing system. The total number of persons rated at 10*l.* and upwards is 613,680; of these the lower part of the constituency, or those rated at sums under 50*l.*, is more than twice as many as the higher class, or those rated above 50*l.* The former amount to 415,517, while the latter amount to 198,163 only. The two classes would be divided into three; of which the higher would have one part, and the lower two. In a trice, therefore, the whole character of the county constituency is changed, and identified with that of boroughs. What would be the consequence? Mr. Mill’s opinion upon that point is decisive and just:—

‘Except in the few places where there is still a yeomanry—as in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and, in some degree, North Yorkshire and Kent—there exists in the agricultural population no class but the farmers intermediate between the landlords and the labourers. A 10*l.* franchise will admit no agricultural labourer, and the farmers and landlords would collectively be far outnumbered by the 10*l.* householders of all the small towns in England. To enable the agricultural population to hold its fair share of the representation, under any uniform and extensive suffrage short of universal, it seems absolutely necessary that the town electors should, as a rule, be kept out of the county constituencies. And the sole alternative is to form them, or the great bulk of them, into constituencies by themselves.’

Mr. Mill is right. The smaller towns in England and Wales, with a population of more than 4000 in each, which an occupation franchise of 10*l.* would bring into the county constituency, are 378. This would overwhelm that property franchise which now forms the principal basis of the country constituencies. For, taking the year 1856 as our guide, the total number of county electors rated to the relief of the poor was then about 415,000, of whom not one-half, or about 198,000, were rated at 50*l.* and upwards; but with an assimilated franchise for counties and boroughs, the total number of county electors rated at 10*l.* and upwards would have been at the same period 613,680, of whom more than two-thirds, or 415,517, would have been rated at 10*l.* and under 50*l.* Thus the tables would be turned. In the one case, property would outweigh occupation; in the other, occupation would outweigh property. Take another test—the test of contribution to the taxes of the country, as derived from property under Schedules A and B, and compare them with that which arises from trades and professions under Schedule D. The following will give the average result in counties:—

The

				£	s.	d.
The Property under Schedule A is per head				5	15	6
" B "				3	13	10
" D "				1	14	0
Total				11	3	4
In the Boroughs, including the City of London—						
the Property under Schedule A is per head				5	15	3
" B "				0	6	7
" D "				7	9	7
Total				13	11	5
In the Boroughs, excluding the City of London—						
the Property under Schedule A is per head				5	11	8
" B "				0	6	7
" D "				5	15	0
Total				11	13	3

From these tables it will be seen, that in the Counties the majority is composed of those who now contribute to the revenue of the country from that which is called real property; while in the Boroughs, the majority is composed of those who contribute to the revenue from professional incomes. Can we want a stronger proof of the wisdom of continuing that old 'well-founded and important distinction' between the county and the borough franchise, whereof property is principally the basis of the one, while occupation and residence is the basis of the other?

Very little need be said of the first of the three Parliamentary Bills, with reference to a change in the distribution of seats, as it did not receive much favour at the time; and we believe its authors are not over partial to it. No objection would possibly be made to the formation of Birkenhead and Burnley into boroughs: both are populous and growing communities, and the former is likely hereafter to command a prominent position as a commercial town. But when we consider the strange proposition of adding to 65 of the existing boroughs 106 unrepresented towns; and when we examine the plans by which that proposition was intended to be worked and carried into effect, we see at once the danger and the difficulty of extemporising theoretical and paper constitutions. The farther we recede from the original framework of our representative system, which recognises for its basis social communities existing as it were within the same limits, subject to the same regulations and law,

law, and bound together by the same ties and interests, the more rapidly we shall descend to electoral districts and the representation of numbers. The towns to be added to the smaller boroughs by the Bill of 1852, had little or no connection between them, except the connection of a supposed proximity. Even that connection, however, was almost always severed by distance, and sometimes interrupted by other boroughs. In Essex—Harwich was to take in Manningtree, which was tolerably near; Halstead, which was some way off; and Coggeshall, which was interrupted by the town of Colchester. In Hampshire—Lymington was to ally itself to Lyndhurst, and to pass by Southampton that it might reach Romsey. In Shropshire—Ludlow was to wander away to a considerable distance in three directions, that it might marry itself to three wives: Clebury Mortimer, Church Stretton, and Bishop's-Castle. In Surrey—Dorking was to be united to Reigate; while Croydon, which is one of the most considerable of the unrepresented towns, was left unnoticed. In Wiltshire—the four boroughs of Chippenham, Calne, Devizes, and Westbury were to intersect each other in the strangest confusion. Calne was to take in Melksham to the south; Chippenham, which is a little to the south-west of Calne, was to go still further south to get at Bradford; Westbury was to be joined to Trowbridge, which is nearer to Bradford, that was to be added to Chippenham; and Devizes boldly passed by Westbury, that it might be quietly absorbed into Heytesbury and Warminster. We need not pursue this matter further, except as a warning against all attempts, however ingenious, to break up into fragments that community of interests which must form the basis of every kind of representation, if representation is to mean, in future, anything more than the representation of numbers.

With regard to the second of the Parliamentary Bills, one of its main objects appears to have been to give to minorities a right to choose their own member. For that purpose it disfranchised entirely 19 boroughs, partially 33, and it apportioned the representation thus set free to the extent at least of 45 members, by adding a third member to 8 boroughs and 37 counties. And whenever any place returned three members or more, no person was to be entitled to vote for more than two candidates. Now the objections to this measure are twofold. In the first place it would be impracticable, and probably impolitic, to introduce into our system the representation of minorities; and if that part of the Bill were rejected, as it would be, then the addition of a third member in the larger boroughs would only give to the preponderating interest in these boroughs a larger power of overpowering the minority, and weakening its influence. In the second place,
it

it would destroy *pro tanto* that varied representation of various classes and various interests which is partly obtained through the smaller boroughs. The first of these objections is in itself fatal; the second opens up the whole question of the existence of smaller and larger constituencies. In their favour is prescription, against them is theory; and we believe that prescription, founded on experience and long usage, is ten times more valuable than all theory, however ingenious, unless it can be shown that the practical working of an existing system is really bad, and that the projected change would probably be better. But is this working of our present system practically bad? We will not reply in our own words, but we will take our answer from the authors of the Reform Act. Their reasons for preserving in the different constituencies that variety which still exists, were stated at the time by Lord J. Russell:—

‘In the representation as we propose to leave it,’* he observed, ‘there will still be a class, which some may think a blot on our system, *but the existence of which I think will add to the permanence of Parliament, and to the welfare of the people.*† I mean that there will be a hundred or more members from places of *three, four, five, or six thousand* inhabitants, who will not perhaps immediately represent any particular interest, and who may therefore be better qualified to speak and inform the House on great questions of general interest to the community. If we had proceeded, as some recommended, *viz.*, to destroy the existing system, and to allow none but members from counties and large cities and towns—although it would have been a representation of the landed, commercial, and manufacturing interests—something would still have been wanting to its completeness. That something I find in a number of persons not connected either with the land, commerce, or manufactures, but who are certainly well worthy to enter these walls, and able to give advice and advance opinions important to the welfare of the community.’

This opinion, thus expressed at the time, he always adhered to; for he again remarked,‡ after an interval of twenty years’ experience,—

‘In the Bill of 1832 we proposed, as I have said, a large and wide disfranchisement, and we did that on the ground that there were certain boroughs that did not and could not represent the opinions of the inhabitants, and therefore were unfitted for admission to the representation. We did it likewise on the ground that there were many great towns and places of manufacturing industry which could not otherwise obtain members, as it was desirable not to increase the numbers of the House: but in looking to the present state [that was in the year 1852] *I cannot see that there is any such ground of necessity*

* 3 Hansard, iv. 338.

† See on this subject Lord Grey, 64 and 86.

‡ Hansard, cxix. 258.

as should induce us now to have recourse to any absolute disfranchisement. It appears to me, as I have stated more than once, and stated at the time of the discussion on the Reform Bill, that nothing but an absolute necessity should induce you to resort to an arbitrary and absolute disfranchisement. What we propose by the name of disfranchisement is simply this—to disfranchise in every case of proved corruption.'

If this reasoning be just, as we conceive it is, it would be unwise to have recourse to absolute disfranchisement in any case, unless there is a proved necessity for it. We should always remember that an addition to the franchise, as before suggested, would raise the constituencies even in the smaller boroughs a third; and it would be very difficult, without destroying the principle of prescription and landing ourselves at once in electoral districts, to lay down as a general rule that in this or that borough the population or the electors are so few that it ought not to return any members in future. Should seats be wanted for other places of growing wealth or increased importance, it would be far preferable to adopt in this respect the course recommended in the last Bill, that is to say, instead of disfranchising any borough altogether, to take away the second member from those which have less than 5000 electors, in order that they may be transferred to the selected places where a fuller or more immediate representation may be deemed desirable. But can it be said that any such necessity really exists, according to the principles upon which the Reform Act was originally framed? If it does, one of two things should clearly be shown. Either it should be shown that there are some places, still unrepresented, of such importance that they ought to have members; or it should be shown that some constituencies are so large that it would be right to subdivide them still further. But can this be shown? In the first place, it is to be observed that there are no unrepresented towns with 40,000 inhabitants, and only five with more than 20,000, viz., Birkenhead, Burnley, Staleybridge, West Bromwich, and Croydon. In the second place, the only large county not subdivided, which has been left with only two members, is strangely enough the metropolitan county of Middlesex; and the only subdivided parts of a county which may fairly require a further subdivision, on account of their wealth as well as their population, are the West Riding of Yorkshire and South Lancashire. The only cases where it might be advisable to give representation and addition to the places above enumerated would be the University of London; and, if that were done, it would be worthy of consideration whether the four Universities in Scotland, and the three Queen's Colleges in Ireland, ought not to be formed into separate constituencies.

However

However that may be, or to what extent it might be prudent to go in each or any of the foregoing instances, the existing vacancies occasioned by the disfranchisement of Sudbury and St. Albans, and the withdrawal of a second member from those boroughs where the population was less than 5000, would provide the means by which such places could obtain members, without increasing the aggregate number of the whole House of Commons. This then is the safest rule by which any disfranchisement can reasonably be regulated; for if we adopt any other, it is a mere wrangle about figures, without any principle whatever to guide us.

Mr. Bright's schedules, in point of principle, are so nearly similar to Mr. Roebuck's theories, that the same objections which apply to the one are quite as applicable to the other also. Both remind us of Mr. Canning's joke at the crazy schemes of Tom Paine and his disciples:—

‘Where each fair burgh, numerically free,
Shall choose its members by the Rule of Three.’

Seriously speaking, however, we are glad to find that Mr. Bright is disposed to drop these schedules, if he can only get that more moderate Reform Bill which he hopes Lord John Russell will be prepared to give him. But, as it is not clear that Lord John Russell will be likely to accommodate him to the full extent of his wishes—while it is perfectly notorious that other members of the Government cannot, if they are true to their former opinions, disfranchise and redistribute the different constituencies to anything like that extent—it may be as well to analyse this plan in some detail, in case it should ever be seriously propounded.

In these famous schedules, Mr. Bright proceeds on the principle of population. It is true that he adds columns in which he refers to the direct taxes payable in each borough; but any one who takes the trouble to examine these schedules will see that population is his only test. The first thing to be remarked on such a scheme is its partial character, even assuming that population is or ought to be the standard of any wise representative system. In redistributing the seats disfranchised, he allots to English counties* 18 members and no more, while he allots to English boroughs, either in addition or by enfranchisement, no less than 78. But the English counties, with a present population of 10,495,000, would (after deducting the boroughs enfranchised, and so taken out of them, and the boroughs disfranchised, and so thrown into them) still have a population of 10,629,791; while the population of boroughs, which now stands at 7,443,822, would, under

* In the schedules, as published separately, English counties are not named; but they will be found in the plan as set forth in the *Times* of January 18, 1859.

Mr. Bright's Bill, be no more than 7,309,961. With an augmented population thus apportioned to counties, and a diminished population thus limited to boroughs, one would have expected that, according to Mr. Bright's own principles, more of the disfranchised seats should be allotted to the former instead of to the latter. Yet how stand the facts? The counties of England and Wales now return 159 members, and under Mr. Bright's Bill they would return 177. The boroughs, exclusive of the two Universities, now return 333 members; they would return, under Mr. Bright's Bill, 290. So that, while an augmented county constituency—consisting of 10,629,791 persons—is to have a representation of 177 members, a diminished borough constituency—consisting of 7,309,961 persons—is to have a representation of 290 members; and thus these schedules which, proceeding upon population, would find on an average every county member representing a population of 66,000 persons, would leave them still representing a population of 60,000 persons; while, as regards boroughs, they would find every borough member now on an average representing a population of less than 26,000 persons, and would leave them representing a population of less than 25,000 persons. If equality be justice, where is it here? All is unequal; and this inequality would be quite as striking if the whole were worked out in complete detail. Upon his own principles, therefore, Mr. Bright's plan would be clearly partial; and, what in our judgment is not less important, this partiality would appear as strong if property and not population were taken as the standard. Taking the aggregate wealth of the counties and also of the boroughs in England and Wales, under Schedules A, B, and D, of the property and income taxation, we believe, according to the best calculations which we have been able to obtain, the county members, one with another, would each of them, under the existing system,* represent very nearly 740,000*l.* of that aggregate wealth, and under Mr. Bright's Bill 660,000*l.*, or a little more; whilst the borough members, one with another, would each of them represent a little less than 300,000*l.*, and under Mr. Bright's Bill a short 350,000*l.* In other words, the property which county members represent will be nearly twice as great as that which borough members represent, while the number of the former is to be 177 only, and the number of the latter 290. Can Mr. Bright have seriously weighed the effect and the consequences of his own proposal? Or can anything more be needed to show that the attempt to make con-

* See Sir Stafford Northcote's returns, which differ very little from Mr. Bright's and Mr. J. B. Smith's.

stitutions and governments by arithmetical rules must always fail?

But this is by no means our only objection to these famous schedules. The inequality and injustice which we have just pointed out are enough to condemn them. There is another principle, however, embodied in them which would be as inequitable and also as impolitic, as the unequalness and injustice above adverted to. We allude to the principle of multiplying members in the same constituencies in proportion to population. According to Mr. Bright's plan, this would be done by destroying the representation of smaller places and adding to the representation of the larger. If that were accomplished, the variety in the system, which all statesmen desire to preserve, would be immensely curtailed. At the same time, the dissatisfaction which is now felt by the beaten minority, in not obtaining a single representative, would be proportionately aggravated. Under the present system, different classes may obtain a voice in different localities; different interests are not swallowed up by that which predominates. But, if these classes and interests are either disfranchised or consolidated in any one place, that which predominates must, by reason of that very consolidation, unduly prevail. It is, therefore, a false step to give, as Mr. Bright proposes to do, four, five, and six members to any one place. The predominating interest, as a general rule, will return them all of one colour, and the remaining interest will be unrepresented. In quiet times there may be a compromise, and here and there it would occasionally take place for the sake of peace; but, if there be an agitation or popular excitement on any subject, the minority will be overpowered by the same voices which swell the cry. They would have no chance whatever of success, and it is more than possible, in such an event, that passion, not reason, would everywhere be triumphant.

On a careful review of the first two points which we had to consider, and the only propositions which have yet been made by those who may be considered the leading men of the day, we think that the first of these bills at the head of our article is best adapted for the first of those points, or extension of the suffrage, and the third is the best for the second of those points, or the redistribution of seats.

By maintaining the distinction which has always existed between the county and the borough franchise, we provide more effectually than we otherwise could for the fair representation of those two great interests, in which all others collect and unite—the agricultural and the commercial. By resting the occupation franchise in the one on a juror's qualification and imperial taxation, and in the other on rating and the payment of rates, we
make

make the duties and privileges of citizenship, as near as may be, co-relative terms. By introducing into both those who contribute to the direct taxation of the State—those whose stake in personal property is as great as that of others in real property or land—those whose means and social position are quite as good as the tenant who occupies the whole of a house, though they themselves only occupy a part of it—and those whose industry and commercial prudence raise a presumption of electoral fitness which ought to be encouraged, we confer on many an electoral capacity, whom an arbitrary line, like a 10*l.* occupation value, must often exclude. Moreover, by conferring these qualifications, with such a residence as will give them an interest in that community where the right is claimed, it is almost demonstrable that every person who is entitled to the franchise by reason of his intelligence, station, and independence, will either have or be capable of attaining it; and this he could do without more difficulty than that which presupposes the necessary guarantees for discharging the trust thereby reposed in him. As regards disfranchisement we may also add that, by still preserving those varied constituencies which tend to secure a varied representation; by not breaking up those prescriptive usages which form for the present a connecting-link with the past and the future, and so give life and continuity to a nation; and by limiting our changes to those cases where a practical grievance is shown to exist, and a practical remedy requires to be applied, we shall make, or retain, an infinitely better distribution of seats than fanciful theories, ingenious calculations, or mere experiment can ever supply us with.

III. The two other points which remain to be considered are, the freedom of elections and the duration of Parliaments. To ensure the first, Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Bright would have recourse to the Ballot; and to limit the last in such a manner as to bring our legislature more completely under the control of public opinion, they would shorten the duration of Parliaments by at least four years. All the Bills at the head of our article are silent on both subjects. But the third, by the introduction of voting papers,—not in substitution of, but in addition to the present mode of taking the poll,—sought to facilitate the elector's freedom in giving his vote, and at once to do away with any necessity, either real or supposed, for providing him with refreshment, or paying his expenses in going to the poll.

With regard to the Ballot, so much has been said that but little new light can be thrown upon the subject. We need only observe here that the advantages of such a system are all founded on a false assumption—a moral error—and a political mistake.

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The false assumption is, that a man's opinions, especially in a free country, can ever be kept secret. In the United States we know that the voting is not secret, and we are sure that in England no man's opinions would be hidden from his neighbour, nor indeed is it desirable that they should be. Acting on this conviction, Burke once said, in his usual clenching and powerful style, 'All contrivance by ballot we know experimentally to be vain and childish to prevent a discovery of inclinations. Where they may best answer the purposes of concealment, they are sure to produce suspicion, and this is a still more mischievous cause of partiality.'^{*} Let us suppose, however, that it is possible to preserve secrecy. Then will be seen the moral error into which we shall have run, namely, the error that a man's conscience will work as well in the dark as in the light—thence will follow the political mistake that any one, and every one, can exercise a trust or discharge a duty which may have either a bad or good effect on all his neighbours as well as himself, uncontrolled by public opinion, and entirely exempt from all responsibility, excepting that which he chooses to impose on his own conduct. Can anything be more irrational on abstract reasoning? or can anything be more perilous if we consult experience? Once, we know, that a plan of secret, instead of open voting, was recommended and adopted in the decline of the Roman Empire; and a contemporary witness has given us his opinion of it. He tells us, in one passage, why this remedy was sought.—'Quæ nunc, immodico favore corrupta, ad tacita suffragia, quasi ad remedium decurrerunt.' Soon afterwards he points out his apprehensions on the subject; and he does not withhold his reasons for them.—'Sed vereor, ne, procedente tempore, ex ipso remedio vitia nascantur. Est enim periculum, ne tacitis suffragiis impudentia irrepat. Nam quoto—cuique eadem honestatis cura secreto, quæ palam? MULTI FAMAM, PAUCI CONSCIENCIAM, VERENTUR.'[†] Subsequently he shows that his fears were realised: 'Scripseram tibi, verendum esse, ne ex tacitis suffragiis vitium aliquod existeret. Factum est.' And then in another passage, which was quoted by the late Sir Robert Peel with great effect in the House of Commons, the result of this change on the public mind is strikingly given:—'Tantum licentiæ pravis ingeniis adjicit illa fiducia—Quis enim sciet? Poposcit tabellas, stylum accepit, demisit caput, neminem veretur, se contemnit.'[‡] With the knowledge of such results we would rather retain the open manliness of the English character,

^{*} See his Works, vol. v., p. 368.

[†] Plin., lib. iii., ep. xx.

[‡] Lib. iv., ep. xxv.

with the means of detecting, and therefore of punishing all attempts to corrupt and deprave it, than knowingly enable some future historian to say of us what Gibbon said of Rome:—

‘As long as the tribes gave their voices aloud, the conduct of each citizen was open to the eyes and ears of his friends and countrymen; the aspect of a pure magistrate was a living lesson to the multitude. *A new method of secret voting abolished the influences of fear and shame, of honour and interest, and the abuse of freedom accelerated the progress of anarchy and despotism.*’

The history of Parliamentary corruption in England has yet to be written—so said Lord Macaulay,* and we believe he is right. But when it is written we also believe the only modes by which it has ever hitherto been checked, or by which alone it can be prevented, are—first, by raising the standard of public morals; and, secondly, by passing such laws as enable us to define and detect the offence, and so to stop by punishing the commission of it. Secret voting never can accomplish either one or the other.

In former times, corruption was most prevalent within the walls of Parliament itself: now, it is manifested most strongly outside those walls. We know how mercenary members had become in the reign of Charles II.: nay more, they were shameless pensioners in a French king’s pay. To Clifford is attributed the infamous demerit of introducing this plague-spot into our system. He is said to have discovered that a noisy patriot, whom it was no longer possible to send to prison, might be turned into a courtier by a goldsmith’s note. ‘Often the wits said that when a pump appears to be dry, if a very small quantity is pumped in, a great quantity of water rushes out; and so when a Parliament appears to be niggardly, 10,000*l.* judiciously given in bribes will often produce a million in supplies.’† The evil was not diminished—it was aggravated, if anything—by that revolution‡ which freed our country from so many other evils. Happily for us, this state of things has long since passed away: partly through the shame which has gradually attached to the reception of a bribe, though not to the giving of it; partly from the publicity with which that shame was made known; and partly by the condemnation of many offenders to heavy fines or imprisonment in the Tower. The corruption of members is now seldom, if ever, heard of. The other kind of corruption, by which the elector’s vote was reached, at first took the form of expensive entertainments. This

* Vol. iii., p. 541.

† Ibid., p. 145.

‡ Ibid.

was in the reign of Charles II. A short time afterwards, that is to say in 1701, the buying of votes was scandalously set on foot as a novel practice by the merchants concerned in the new East India Company. According to Burnet,* there was so little decency about it, that the electors engaged themselves by subscription to choose a blank person before they were trusted with the names of the candidates. The flood-gates of bribery, however, were not fully opened till the general elections of 1747 and 1754. Hallam† then traces it to the increase of wealth by which the rich capitalists sought to counteract the influence of the territorial aristocracy. About this time the sale of seats commenced; and this 'extraordinary traffic' was accompanied in other places by the sale of votes. As soon as this noxious seed sprung up, of course it spread, as all weeds do, until the soil on which they grow is better cleaned. Laws were passed with a view of eradicating it: to a certain extent they succeeded. The riot and debauchery which we can still see in Hogarth's pictures, and read of in Smollett's novels, and the frightful expenses which half-ruined the unhappy candidates, are certainly not what they once were. Still, if the truth must be spoken, we fear it will appear that the corruption and extravagance, which all parties desire to put down, exist as much in the larger Towns as in those Boroughs which are peculiarly the theme of Liberal abuse and the convenient scapegoat of Liberal disfranchisement.

On this subject we do not speak without book. We have now before us some curious returns of those places which have been convicted of bribery between 1851 and 1859. It will be interesting to analyse them.‡ From 1831 to 1851 there were 76 boroughs convicted of bribery; and according to the testimony of a Liberal§ contemporary 'of these only 21 can properly be called small as having fewer than 500 electors, while some of the more constantly and frequently impure places number their votes by thousands.' A Table of them may not be uninteresting—we therefore subjoin a list of those places where the election has been avoided on the ground of bribery, treating, or corrupt practices, distinguishing those cases where the electors were less than 500 from those where they exceeded 1000, and putting in *Italics* the boroughs created under the Reform Act.

* See 'His Own Times,' vol. ii., p. 268.

† 'Constitutional History,' vol. iii., p. 402.

‡ See 'House of Commons Returns,' 1853, No. 431; and see 'Edinburgh Review.'

§ See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 200, p. 589. The Review makes the number 72 instead of 76, but we believe we are right according to the returns.

Year.	Places where Electors were less than 500.	Places where Electors were more than 1000.
1833	None.	Oxford city.
1835	None.	Southampton.
1837-8	Evesham.	Canterbury.
1839	Ludlow.	Ipswich.
1840	Totness.	Kingston-upon-Hull.
1841	Lyme Regis.	Newcastle-under-Lyne.
	Sudbury.	Cambridge town.
1842	None.	Ipswich.
1847-8	Bewdley.	Newcastle-under-Lyne.
	Harwich.	Northampton.
	Horsham.	Southampton.
		Newcastle-under-Lyne.
		Durham.
		Aylesbury.
		Carlisle.
		Cheltenham.
		Derby.
		Lancaster.
		Leicester.
		Lincoln.
1851	Harwich.	Yarmouth.
		Aylesbury.
	Total 9.	Total 22.

So much for the prevalence of corruption down to the end of 1851. Three general elections have since taken place: one in 1852, one in 1857, and one in 1859. All these elections were attended with nearly similar results as regards the corruption of the smaller and larger boroughs. The proportions were still on the side of the latter. Subjoined is a list of these results:—*

Places where Electors were less than 500.	Places where Electors were more than 1000.	
1. Harwich.	1. Blackburn.	7. Kingston-on-Hull.
2. Peterborough.	2. Cambridge town.	8. Lancaster.
	3. Canterbury.	9. Maidstone.
	4. Chatham.	10. Plymouth.
	5. Derby.	11. Durham.
	6. Huddersfield.	12. Liverpool.

After the general election of 1857 there were only two places in England and Wales in which the returns were actually avoided

* See 'House of Commons Returns,' 1854, No. 63, No. 460.

on the ground of bribery or treating—namely, Great Yarmouth and Oxford city. Both of these were among the larger boroughs. The petitions presented after the general election in 1859 have not as yet been all of them heard; but out of those which have been heard—namely, fifteen in all—seven returns* have been avoided for bribery by agents. In one of these there were less than 500 electors, while in the remaining six there were upwards of 1000:—

Place where Electors were less than 500.	Places where Electors were more than 1000.	
Dartmouth.	Aylesbury.	Kingston-upon-Hull.
	Beverley.	Norwich.
	Gloucester city.	Wakefield.

When we add to this statement, that the cases for which Commissions of Inquiry have been issued, under the 15th and 16th Victoria, chap. 57, upon the ground that corrupt practices have extensively prevailed, are—

Canterbury, with a constituency of	1564	Barnstaple, with a constituency of	733
Maldon	1071	Tynemouth	1062
Cambridge town	1797	Gloucester city	1721
Kingston-upon-Hull	5526	Wakefield	952

we are driven to the conclusion that bribery and treating, and undue influences, are as actively at work, to say the least of it, in the larger towns as they are in the smaller boroughs. Nor can we say that the new boroughs created by the Reform Act are so free from corruption, or so moderate in their expenses, as one could wish to find them. Blackburn, Chatham, Cheltenham, Huddersfield, and Wakefield, have all had adverse reports upon them; and the revelations at Wakefield, under the recent Commission, are not very cheering to those who would calculate on purity of election as the probable consequence of a 10l. constituency. Moreover, when we look at the expenses of others, as the same have been returned through election auditors, we own we are astonished at some of the sums which the unfortunate candidates have had to pay at some of these elections. The returns for the general election of 1859 are not yet published; but the returns for the general election of 1857 will show that contests may be as costly, or even more costly, in boroughs than in counties. We will give a few instances of these expenses:—

* See 'House of Commons Returns,' 1859, No. 220, Sess. 2.

Name of New Borough.	No. of Candidates.	Expenses of Candidates.	Total.
Manchester	4	For 2	<i>£.</i> <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>
		2	2253 3 6
			4546 9 9
			6799 13 3
	3	1	412 0 10
		1	776 11 7
		1	2308 12 11
Tower Hamlets ..			3457 5 4
	3	1	806 2 10
		1	1337 13 11
		1	1133 16 6
			3277 13 3
Southwark	3	1	684 2 11
		1	1219 14 1
		1	3880 7 7
			5784 4 7
Lambeth	3	1	1708 0 0
		1	2688 15 7
		1	5339 0 1
			9735 15 8

It is singular enough that the winning candidate in these places is usually the man who paid the most; and there are only two of the old boroughs which can at all vie with them in expense: these are Liverpool and London. But the expenses of Liverpool with three candidates are not near equal to those of Manchester with four; while the expenses of London with five candidates are under those of Southwark, and far less than those of Lambeth, which had only three candidates each. We recommend the consideration of the foregoing facts to those who seek for purity of election either in an extended suffrage or in secret voting. An extended suffrage beyond the point where intelligence and independence may be reasonably assumed, will augment instead of diminish the evil; and the Ballot will wholly prevent its detection, and so increase the temptation to indulge in it. Unless certain impunity is the best preventive of crime, the Ballot would neither put down corruption nor stop intimidation,

nor diminish expense. Exposure, detection, conviction, and punishment, not disproportioned, but suitable to the nature and character of the offence, are the things most needed. Secret voting will give us none of them; but it will give us dark intrigue, private spite, cunning treachery, mean suspicion, reckless indifference to public opinion, and a licensed immunity not only from punishment but also from censure. Having obtained under Lord John Russell's Act the power of inquiring into the fact of bribery before the proof of agency is established, and having further obtained in the last Act (which consolidated the whole of the laws on this subject) a clear definition of the three offences of bribery, treating, and undue influence, we believe that the desiderata now most requisite to be added are—a readier mode of detecting the offences than that which is furnished by the costly machinery of the Election Committees; a revision of the statutes by which Commissions of Inquiry are regulated, so that the two Houses may be enabled to act in a more judicial manner than they have hitherto done in the disfranchisement of voters or of whole constituencies; and such a punishment, when the delinquency is proved, as will prevent its repetition by destroying the advantage expected to be gained from it. In making this remark, we allude more particularly to a disqualification of the party bribing and the party bribed from sitting in Parliament or exercising his franchise, for such a number of sessions, or such a number of years, as may be deemed suitable, without being excessive. These are matters however which ought to be originated by the responsible advisers of the Crown; and we trust that they will state their views on the subject very early in the session, and appoint a committee to inquire into and report upon it.

IV. Upon the last of the four great points into which this subject appropriately divides itself—the duration of Parliament—nothing is said in any of the three Bills at the head of our article; but Mr. Roebuck's Committee of Parliamentary Reform would limit their existence to three years. Now it may be difficult to determine the exact duration which would probably be the best; but we have no hesitation whatever in saying that three years would certainly be the worst. Once it was tried, and it signally failed. Every one who has watched the proceedings of Parliament, knows full well that the sessions which follow and precede dissolution are the least advantageous for real business and useful legislation. The experience of the Triennial Bill taught the statesmen of that day how much those sessions were wasted and thrown away.

‘The first year of a triennial Parliament,’ said Sir Richard Steele, ‘has been spent in vindictive discussions and animosities concerning the
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late elections; the second session has entered into business, but rather with a spirit of contradiction to what the prevailing set of men in former Parliaments had brought to pass, than of a disinterested zeal for the public good; the third session languished in the pursuit of what little was intended to be done in the second; and the approach of an ensuing election terrified the members into a servile management, according as their respective principles were disposed towards the question before them in the House.*

If such was the experience of those times, we must confess it is amply confirmed by our personal observations in these. Nothing is less conducive to deliberate counsel on the part of Ministers, or definite views on the part of the House, than the doubtful state in which they meet after a general election. The right to seats has first to be determined; inquiries broken off have again to be resumed; the opinions of members just fresh from their constituents are imperfectly ascertained; the feeling of the House is rather a feeling of uncertainty and suspense, than that which settles down to practical business and immediate action; and under such circumstances prudent administrations (as it was once observed somewhat quaintly, though not less truly) are slow to resolve upon any measures of consequence, until they have 'felt not only the pulse of Parliament, but the pulse of the people.' Hence it happens that the first session after a dissolution is generally unproductive, and in some measure lost. The session which precedes an expected dissolution has still less to recommend it. Nothing is more deplorable than the way in which members then speak to their constituents, and even abandon their fixed convictions, for fear of giving offence to those whom they believe to be wrong, but dare not say 'No' to. The year 1859 will furnish us with more than one example of this—shall we call it vacillation or degradation?—in some among the foremost of our public men.

The last observation points directly to the great evil of frequent elections. It will make men delegates instead of representatives, and the character of the Legislature would be materially affected and lowered by it. If elections were so frequent as to make the House the accurate mirror of the popular feeling, according as it happened to cry up or cry down either men, or things, or opinions; there is just as much chance of its reflecting these prejudices or hasty resolutions, as that it would represent their reason and deliberate judgment. Nothing is more difficult than to define exactly what 'public opinion' really is. A wit, once asked to define orthodoxy, said 'Orthodoxy is my doxy.' In the same

* Lord J. Russell's '*Modern Europe from the Peace of Utrecht*,' vol. i. p. 364.

way many popular orators seem always to be saying 'Public opinion is my opinion.' But the true sense of public opinion—by which we mean the settled determination of a nation's choice, founded on reason, thought, and reflection—can only be acquired after much deliberation and constant discussion. Many proposals, which sound plausible at first, would be found to be most mischievous if they were at once adopted. Many others are entirely altered and almost remodelled before it would be wise to pass them into a law. Some, which appear theoretically right, may often turn out to be practically wrong—and some few are so far in advance of the general mind that it requires time, patient investigation, and repeated trials to give them a chance of settled acceptance. Now in all those cases where the mere dictates of the popular will would be strongly insisted on, through a frequent appeal to popular prejudice or popular passion, a blind attention to that will would be a positive curse instead of a blessing. Even in the last instance—where the theory of the thing is assumed to be true, but the time for the recognition of it is found to be premature—it is infinitely better that this recognition should for a time be delayed in order that it may be canvassed, discussed, and improved, instead of being forced by pressure from without on an unsatisfied and unwilling minority. Unless they feel that they have had fair play, they will constantly renew agitation upon it. But if fair play has been accorded to them, it is the character of Englishmen then to acquiesce, because they know that they are fairly beaten. '*Le gouvernement d'Angleterre est plus sage, parcequ'il y a un corps qui l'examine continuellement, et qui s'examinaient continuellement lui-même; et telles sont ses erreurs qu'elles ne sont jamais longues, et que par l'esprit d'attention qu'elles donnent à la nation elles sont souvent utiles.*'*

These reflections are sufficient to convince every friend to order and good government, that the existence of Parliament may be too short as well as too long. On the one hand it may be conceded that it is necessary that new Parliaments should be summoned so often as to ensure in the members full justification of the confidence reposed in them, by compelling them to go before their constituents at stated intervals, for a renewal of their trust. But, on the other hand, we are equally confident that the interval between two general elections should be sufficiently long to enable its members to legislate thoughtfully for the whole community, instead of giving an undue preponderance to those interests which are purely local, or to those feelings which are temporary and occasional. If it be the duty of Members to attend carefully, as it

* Montesquieu.

certainly is, to the clear voice of an honest and intelligent public opinion, it is equally their duty to take a large and comprehensive view of the functions of Government, and the interests of the people, without being exposed to every change in the popular sentiment and will, and without acting as mere canvassers for popular favours, or as miserable caterers for popular applause. Whether seven years is the very best limit which could be fixed upon, we will neither pretend to assert nor deny. But when a measure has answered its purpose, and answered it well, the desire to change it, merely from a fancy that something else might be possibly as good, can hardly be characterised by any other name than political pedantry.

We have now gone through the whole of this interesting and important subject; and we have considered in detail every proposition which has been submitted to Parliament, or suggested by any of those public men who are usually deemed Parliamentary leaders. Of other plans worked out in the closets of political philosophers, but not adopted by practical statesmen, we forbear to speak on the present occasion. The science of constructing or reforming a government is an experimental science; and it cannot be taught by *à priori* arguments, however ingenious, or by abstract reasoning, however plausible. Moreover it is a science which has to deal with the most complicated of all things in the most complicated of all relations—man in a social and highly civilised state; united and formed into separate societies of various kinds, and placed here in England with no other restrictions on his natural freedom than those which the necessity of the case requires, but nevertheless with such restrictions as will not enable him to employ that freedom either to the injury of himself or others. Being therefore a science so practical in itself, and intended also for such practical objects, our statesmen must confine themselves, at the present moment, to the practical duty of seeing whether those objects are reasonably obtained, or how far and in what way they can better be realised. Without indulging in vain speculations, we have therefore endeavoured simply to lay down such practical rules, and define at the same time such general principles, as ought to guide and determine our judgment. For some reasons probably it might have been better—under ordinary circumstances we believe it would be—to leave to the Government the sole duty and the exclusive responsibility of originating such measures as they conceive to be most conducive to the well-being of the country, without volunteering any opinions of our own. But there is so much confusion in the present state of parties, the sentiments and opinions of our public men seem so uncertain and so unsettled, the race for power has been and is

so close, and the struggle for victory depends so much on conciliating the opposition of those whom the leaders on both sides of the House entirely disagree with, that we own we are anxious to strengthen the hands of Government itself against the attacks of its own followers; and to keep the Conservatives true to their convictions, in spite of the temptation to win power by means of allies who cannot support them in their general policy.

The constitution of a state is not a matter to be lightly dealt with. It is made for enjoyment and thankful use, not for alteration or speculative experiment. Nothing can be weaker or more unwise than to propose alterations merely to satisfy an artificial demand. Unless it is certain—reasonably certain—that those alterations are really required—that they will harmonise and fit in with other parts of our social system—and that they will not lead, by their novelty or incongruity, to other alterations which would then become necessary—they cannot be recommended, and ought not to be entertained. All changes are sure to be attended with some inconvenience. Change for the sake of change, indicates a morbid and restless feeling which seems to be one of the fatal characteristics of the present day. But change which leads to ulterior change is the very worst of all the courses which any prudent or thoughtful statesman will ever have recourse to. On that ground alone it is above all things important that we should now proceed in such a manner as will give us some chance of permanence and stability in our legislation on this subject. Arbitrary lines—and occupation-values, irrespective altogether of social obligations—the extension of the suffrage for the purpose of increasing the electoral roll, without regard to those local considerations which ought to accompany the right to exercise it—the disfranchisement of boroughs merely because they happen to be small—and the distribution of seats, consequent on that disfranchisement, in proportion to numbers or according to any rules of arithmetical computation—these are changes which cannot be deprecated in terms too strong, since they are sure to be uncertain, unstable, and insecure. In addition to the evils already pointed out, they must bring with them this one above all, that they cannot offer a firm foundation upon which the Government can permanently rest.

Few will pretend that among the intelligent portion of the community there is any demand for such changes as these, and fewer still will venture to assert that, in their judgment, the constitution of Parliament would be actually improved by them. Three general elections have now taken place since the question of Reform was again taken up by a minister of the Crown. But that question

on was not the question upon which any one of these elections took place. In 1852, in 1857, and in 1859, the main and almost the only point upon which the constituencies went to the poll was the question of confidence which ought to be placed in Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston, both of them being opposed—except so far as they have been pushed on by others—to extensive measures of Parliamentary change. The inference is obvious. Public opinion is in favour of it; and, except so far as there is or may be some practical grievance which requires redress, we doubt much whether public opinion, by which we mean the reason and intelligence of the public mind, will ever be in favour of it. The members of the country know full well that though the Reform Act has cured some discontent, cured some defects, corrected some errors, and removed some anomalies which had silently crept in during the inroads of time, it has not improved the character of the House of Commons. Its members as a body possess many qualities which the original Reform Act has probably increased—great knowledge, professional skill in many departments, a considerable capacity for the details of business, untiring activity, restless ambition; but it cannot altogether be forgotten or forgotten that they have not exhibited a proportionate improvement in those qualities which enabled our statesmen in former days to take a large and comprehensive view of the higher functions of government and legislation. The tendency of members since the Reform Act has been, unfortunately, to become representatives of their respective constituencies rather than representatives of the whole kingdom. If this tendency were still further increased by the present legislation, the House of Commons would resemble still more a delegation of ambassadors from distinct communities, and would be danger at all events, to say the least of it, that it is provided with several and often conflicting instructions, would every day become less capable of united action* with themselves or with the House of Lords. This was one of the principal evils which the opponents of Reform invariably dreaded and uniformly denounced. Mr. Canning's arguments were, like the man, brilliant and emphatic; and we have not only in his recorded speeches, but in the heads for his speeches, carefully prepared, which Mr. Stapleton has preserved in his recent biography of that eminent statesman.† The Duke of Wellington's sagacity conveyed his views in one short question,

* 'A Plan for the Constituency,' 1859, by Mr. Austin, in which the reasons for this subject are characterised by the author's usual power and juridical

‘How is the Queen’s Government to be carried on?’ and that is a question which administration after administration has been striving to answer ever since, but with doubtful success. Even Sir Robert Peel, the most powerful minister since the Reform Act, was forced to confess that the greatest difficulty which he had to encounter was to reconcile, if possible, an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons. If that difficulty were so formidable then, let our statesmen beware lest they unduly increase it now. For that purpose let them always remember that the only questions which they have to ask themselves are not, as they seem inclined to do, what kind of Bill is most likely to pass? or what will satisfy unwilling supporters? or what will conciliate unscrupulous criticism?—but what is right? what is wisest? what is best? In short, what will give us the surest guarantees for still preserving that mixed form of government under which it is our happiness and privilege to live?

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, 1840-59.
 2. *Duke of Bedford's Cottages for Agricultural Labourers*, 1850.
 3. *Earl Spencer's Cottages*. Pr. pr.
 4. *Designs for Double Cottage, &c.* By J. W. Poundley. Lichfield, 1855.
 5. *Prize Model Cottages of the Society of Arts*. London, 1848.
 6. *Prize Model Cottages of Royal Agricultural Society*. By H. Goddard, 1849.
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 8. *Hints on Cottage Architecture*. By Henry Weaver, 1850.
 9. *The Dwellings of the Labouring Classes*. By Henry Roberts, 1850.
 10. *Cottage Building*. By C. Bruce Allen. London, 1850.
 11. *Rural Architecture*. By James Sanderson.
 12. *Homes for the People*. By G. Wheeler. New York, 1855.
 13. *Healthy Homes*. Pub. by Metropolitan Association, 1854.
 14. *Cottage Architecture; being Plans Rewarded by the Yorkshire Agricultural Society*. By C. W. Strickland, Esq. York, 1859.
 15. *Agricultural Labourers, as they Were, Are, and Should Be*. By Rev. H. Stuart. Edinburgh, 1854.
 16. *Farm Servants*. By Rev. E. D. Hammond. London, 1856.
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 18. *The Condition of the Agricultural Labourer*. By George Nicholls, Esq. London, 1847.
 19. *The Labourer's Friend*. Reports of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, 1845-59.
 20. *Reports of the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes*. London, 1846-59.
 21. *Reports of 'The Association for Promoting Improvement in the Dwellings and Domestic Condition of Agricultural Labourers in Scotland.'* Edinburgh, 1855-59.
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 23. *Reports of the Hastings Cottage Improvement Society*. Hastings, 1857-59.

AMONG the first and most pleasing impressions of our trite friend, the intelligent foreigner, as he entered England by the old Dover road, were those suggested by the little whitewashed and woodbined cottages which caught his eye at every turn. All books of travels on English ground are full of them. Snugly sheltered in its bower of apple-trees, or more stately group of walnuts, or perched upon a chalk-bank, where the ruthless engineer, cutting his Roman-like road, had left it a land-drift on high, approachable only by its rustic stairs, or dotted at neighbourly distances along the straggling village, with its trim garden of lavender and wall-flowers, seen through the wicket-gate or over the privet-hedge,—the English cottage, above or below, near or in the distance, was alike the delight and envy of the traveller, the theme of the journalist and the poet. ‘There is scarce a cottage,’ says an American tourist just landed from America and France, ‘between Dover and London which a poet might not be happy to live in; I saw a hundred little spots I coveted with quite a heart-ache.’ Whether or not Rogers would have given up his picture-lighted snugger in St. James’s Place for his ‘cot beside the hill,’ and really preferred to have his latch lifted by the pilgrim, instead of his knocker by a London footman, it is certain that the cottage homes of England that border the main roads have long possessed a beauty far beyond the houses in other lands belonging to classes much higher in the social scale, and have been coveted, sometimes not without reason, by those who could, if they chose, have purchased them fifty times over. For the neatness of their external appearance the high road did a great deal. The rustic was quite alive to the compliment of the pointed finger and the pleased countenance of the ‘outsides’ as they noted to one another that pretty cottage and that clustered porch; he knew that his stock or his hollyhock was the best for many miles, and he often returned the smile of excited surprise with one of calm confidence in the worth of his possession. It was a public encouragement long before horticultural prizes, and a very telling evidence of the power of public opinion. The railways have done some damage here. The great travelling public notices few cottage-gardens now, except where the station-master challenges, and indeed arrests admiration by his flower-borders, placed on the bank which he knows the passengers must stop and look at.

The comeliness of the garden of the road-side cottage was generally a sign of the comfort within, and though the beds in both cases were sometimes inconveniently crowded, yet decency and order were maintained, and the tidiness not being the fruit of patronage, or espionage, or forcing, but the natural result of the public eye

eye bearing upon humble life, the benefit to the occupier was real and substantial; and there was truth in the poetry that extolled such homes. It may be feared that even as regards the interior some of the wayside dwellings have deteriorated since the withdrawal of the traffic from the high roads. Certain it is that that class must not be taken as specimens of all the rest. There is a dark side to the picture of even rural cottage-life, which the increasing population, so inadequately provided for, is daily shading more deeply.

The town dwellings of the poor require a chapter of their own. No array of statistics, no sanitary reports, no highly-coloured descriptions in novels (and of all these we should have had more than enough but that the evil still remains unabated), can convey an adequate conception of the horrors of the gregarious life of the poorest of our town population to those who have never visited the haunts themselves. Those pent-up courts, and yards, and alleys, 'rents' and 'rookeries'—the seedplots of every disease, moral and physical, often touching the very hem of the purple and fine linen of their lordly neighbours—still go on swarming and swarming, day by day, with no outlet for their increasing numbers, no new inlet of fresh air or sunshine from the widened street; fearful examples of the evils inevitably entailed by the absence of Thoroughfares in a crowded population. From its extent and intricacies, this is a far more difficult subject to deal with than that of rural cottages; but it is one even yet more pressing, though we may fear that it will not be grappled with as it demands till some new form of desolating plague involves the mansion of Dives in the pestilence which the home of Lazarus has bred. At present, every fresh opening of better streets, by removing masses of these miserable dens, only increases the evil by crowding yet more those that remain. In Paris, where demolition has been going on to a much greater extent than in London, provision has been made for the unhoused population by vast buildings on an improved design in the suburbs; and though these have not met the demand of the class for whom they were built, they yet prove that the wants of the displaced poor have not, as with us, been utterly neglected. To compensate for the vast areas swept bare by the formation of King William and the two Victoria streets, not a single home for the labourer has been erected. Nor is it likely that, in any future clearance, any such provision will be made, unless a stringent clause in the Act that permits the destruction insists on the re-building of an adequate proportion of labourers' tenements on the spot. For we cannot do without the poor among us. Their presence in the midst of our great towns is a necessity more

to the rich than to themselves; and local improvement, which does no more than sweep away their foul-nested rookeries, merely causes the occupants to huddle closer to themselves and to us. We would urge those societies which have specially taken up the matter of securing decent dwellings for the industrious classes of large towns, to endeavour to obtain the insertion in all local improvement bills of a clause stipulating for at least the same amount of house accommodation for the labouring classes as that destroyed by the Act. It would be no greater encroachment on private rights or the rules of political economy, than has often been made for far less important objects; nor would it be unremunerative, from the special facilities which a well-devised design of a new line of street would readily afford of giving due accommodation to all classes.

At present the inadequate and isolated attempts made to diminish this evil can hardly be said to have been successful, however favourably their aims and means may be viewed. There are two prominent Societies which have attempted to grapple with the evil in the metropolis; the one mainly on charitable, the other on commercial principles, though, as it might be inferred, neither society excludes the main principle of the other; nor, for either to be successful, can they be otherwise than partially combined. The purely charitable 'Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes' naturally took the lead, and by the publication of its reports, its periodical '*Labourer's Friend*,' its designs for town and country cottages, its model lodging-houses and family dwellings, built or improved, it paved the way to the much wider field of operations on a commercial basis, the only one on which any permanent stand can be taken. On this foundation was started the '*Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes*,' and the business-like form of its fifteen annual reports at once attests how faithfully it has adhered to its professed principle. It restricts its dividend to 5% per cent., but this sum it has never yet distributed; for, from whatever cause, the houses and lodgings of neither Society have as yet become popular, nor have they reached the average occupation which far worse and dearer houses attain. Many of the rooms, especially those for single men and women, remain untenanted; and instead of rushing, as we might have expected, to comforts made ready to their hand, the people for whom they were intended have hitherto perseveringly hung back from them. This is mainly to be attributed, not to the insufficiency of the accommodation, but to the independent spirit of the British workman, who hates anything offered with the air of charity or
dictation,

dictation, supervision or drill. Though the officers of the Societies carefully avoid both the appearance and reality of unnecessary interference, yet still the objects proposed require certain regulations which are distasteful to a generation accustomed to utter abandonment and licence, and which has had no experience of the blessings of cleanliness and order. A model lodging-house seems, in some sense, to demand a model man, and these are not forthcoming on the nonce. Many refuse to enter from a wholesome fear of hypocrisy. There is a certain amount of profession implied in taking up one's quarters in a Model house; the name is unfortunate, and should at once be dropped. The workman does not feel this kind of dwelling to be his castle; it is not home-like. Englishmen have a particular aversion to living on flats. But this feeling, in good time, will pass away, when the conveniences of the system become better known. From the strong attachment of our countrymen to their home, house prejudices are very strong among us. We all know habitations of a superior class which have been spoilt by the retention of some low hall or favourite closet; we know how pertinaciously London has clung to its ugliest type of a three-windowed house; how bankers still refuse to come out of their dingy parlours; and we must not, therefore, be surprised that the lower orders have an affection for their old modes of living, and are shy at first of adopting the new buildings. The promoters of the movement must not be impatient or chilled by the want of immediate success. All new streets are at first unpopular, but common-sense will in the end prevail, and a few years will show the cleanly, cheap, and convenient flats for the workmen as well filled as are the houses built after the French and Scotch fashion in the West-end. The fact of the entire absence from the new dwellings of the low typhus fever, which never quits the common crowded courts of the London poor, will have its effect in time; and though we could hardly admit the statement of Mr. Simons, that out of the 52,000 yearly deaths in the Metropolis, 23,000 might be saved by improved dwellings, yet undeniable statistics show that, while the yearly mortality in the immediate neighbourhood of the model houses is 25 in 1000, in the model houses themselves it is only 8 in 1000. Now that the preliminary expenses have been got over, building experience paid for, and the habits and wants of the people are better understood, there is no doubt that, with such aid as may be fairly looked for from the legislature, in the spirit of the Lodging-house and Building Acts which have already done much good service, the investment of capital in town dwellings for the poor, on a purely commercial basis, may be made remunerative; and, best of all, a safe and favourable depository for their own earnings. Meanwhile, the
names

names of the great bankers and capitalists who are shareholders in the Metropolitan Society, will guarantee a certain security, though a slow return, to those who care less for the present interest of their money than for promoting the welfare of their poorer neighbours in the matter where they most require assistance, and in the way that will eventually benefit them far more than by direct almsgiving. As yet the improved dwellings are marked and isolated, but let the benevolent design be only persevered in, and the prejudices, chiefly caused by their singularity, will die away, and they will become at once popular and paying.

But our present business is not with the town, where the immensity of the evil must soon enforce the legislative assistance it requires, but with the country, where the cure is simple, and mainly to be obtained from private hands. There is no poetic view of London life for the poor; and even rural cottages may give the heartache from other causes than envy. Though there is not a village in the kingdom where the really industrious, sober, well-living labourer may not find or make himself a decent home, yet scarcely, on the other hand, is there one where there are not many houses which of themselves render the labourer sottish, unhealthy, and untidy. Off the highroads, or far away from the landlord's eye, and indeed in whole villages where moral and physical stagnation have settled side by side, there are dwellings to be found, which in the wretchedness of their accommodation, almost equal the worst in our town courts. It may be feared that the majority of cottages have only a single bedroom. Hardly any but modern ones have three. When the lads employed on a farm lived under their master's roof, the want of bedroom accommodation in the parents' cottage was much less felt than at present, where the change of agricultural habits often causes the whole of an industrious family to sleep at home. Much lamentation has been wasted over the good old times, when the farmer boarded and housed the greater part of his staff, and was supposed to cast a patriarchal eye over the comforts and habits of his servants. Many sentimental tales, and even practical tracts, dwell on our present sad degeneracy from this golden age; but no one, conversant with the working and fruits of the two systems, will fail to acknowledge an improved morality, and a step in civilisation, in the home circle and earlier marriages of cottage life, compared with the rough hugger-mugger condition of the hinds and wenches of the by-gone farm-house.

The only drawback to the present system is the want of room in the cottage-home. Where ample accommodation exists, the boarding of the lads with the parents, for which they pay out of their wage, is often a source of great comfort to the old folk, ensures
them

them a warm fire-side, and delays their falling on the parish. In districts where lace-making or straw-plaiting, or some other of the minor rural manufactures keeps the daughters likewise at home, the good is more than counterbalanced by the evil, and the necessity for a third bedroom becomes imperative. Yet even in these cases there is often only one. To take an example within our own knowledge, in a village generally not ill cared-for, exciting little remark, and far from uncommon. The family consists of father and mother; four daughters, of ages from 28 to 14; three sons, from 22 to 5; one illegitimate grandchild, 2 years old—ten in all. These sleep in a bed-room 16 ft. by 13 ft., out of which the staircase is taken, the eaves of the roof springing from the floor on two sides, leaving three feet only along the centre of the room, from gable to gable, where a grown man could stand upright. The whole cubic contents is scarcely 1000 feet of air, and from this must be deducted the space occupied by beds, chests, drawers, and other furniture, and, what is worse, by the wardrobes of the whole household—the stored-up finery for the Sunday, and the reeking garments of summer's heat or winter's wet of every working day. Now, to say nothing of decency or morality, let us consider this state of things on the more palpable and calculable score of health. The roof, fortunately for the extremes of heat and cold, is thatch, but of this there is a gradual decomposition always going on, there is no under-drawing of plaster, and no ventilation, except in one low window even with the floor. The physical result of such a state of things is inevitable. If fever does not break out, as in the case before us has not yet happened, still the pale faces and the languid limbs proclaim that normal state of lassitude which re-acts on the mind and strangles the energy which would naturally rouse the children to seek better quarters and employment elsewhere. All this in time will tell on the parish, the rate-payer, and the landlord; and it is to this last, who is the ultimate sufferer, and the one who has most power of remedy in his hand, that we must look for any substantial improvement.

The view taken by this class, till of late years, has unfortunately been through the short-sighted spectacles of stewards and agents, who could urge any amount of outlay on farm buildings, except for those on whose inhabitants all the work of the farm depended. While houses, extravagant in size and character, have been built for the tenants, and barns and sheds for every kind of stock, and every conceivable use connected with them, have been erected by their side in pretentious ranges, the cottages for the shepherd, or the waggoner, or the ploughman, were not allowed to enter into the calculations of farm improvement. Not only
were

were the horses and oxen literally far better housed than those who looked after them, but the true remunerative policy was held to be, to pull down every labourer's dwelling as it fell vacant; nor was the vacancy always waited for. In those which are called 'close parishes,' where the whole belongs to one proprietor, and where therefore it was possible to stop any demand, however urgent, for the erection of new cottages when old ones had been demolished, the work of destruction was often systematically carried out, till only one or two houses were left, for private convenience, perhaps for picturesqueness, or at a wife's entreaty. Nor was this so much cruelty to the dispossessed as dishonesty towards the neighbouring parishes, on whom the outcasts were thrown. If it were a boon to one parish to get rid of its poor, it could hardly be intended as a blessing to that to which they were sent; yet by those immutable laws of God, stronger than the maxims of worldly policy, in many cases the depopulated parishes have gained a loss, and mourn their want of labourers.

If the hard rules of political economy are to be applied to agriculture as well as to commerce, as of course in time they must be, it is well to show that the depopulating system is as false in policy as it is in morals. Every farmer knows the advantage of having his team near his arable land; and in grazing counties, where the plough-fields are generally at a distance from the homestead, he prefers his stable placed where the horses may be close to their work, well aware of the wear and tear and loss of having to take them two or three miles each way, going and coming. He has but to apply the same reasoning to the case of his labourers, and he will no longer agree with the agent, when he proposes to pull down cottages to reduce the rates. There is no greater saving than having a man close to his work; and, on the narrowest commercial view, it is false economy to waste so much of a labourer's strength and time as is consumed when he has to walk two or three miles every day, from and to his home. There are more serious social considerations, when it is remembered that much of the common interest between master and man is destroyed when they cease to be fellow-parishioners; that the distance of the labourer's home from that of his employer prevents that kindly visiting and assistance which the farmers' wives almost invariably bestow on the families dwelling around them in the same village; and that a population diminished beneath the natural demand, both leads to a lower system of cultivation and impairs the proper relation of the employed to the employer. It is strange that any right-minded men should have ever gloried in reducing the number of human beings sustained on their property; and that, while they
boasted

boasted of two blades of corn or grass grown where one was grown before, they could point with complacency to the levelled spots where once the cottage stood and the garden smiled. Yet the giant strength of sole proprietors has, in many cases, been most unsparingly used. There are parishes in every county where the population in the last 100 years has diminished, is diminishing, and where it is judged that it ought to be diminished further. And this, not, as in many cases in Scotland and Ireland, where depopulation has been carried out, at great present cost to the proprietor, with the view of bettering both the people and the land, but avowedly on the base sordid motive of relieving the poor-rate, and shifting the burden which the eternal laws have laid upon property, on to the shoulders of neighbours less able to bear it. Poor-law acts have again and again endeavoured to check this evil, and have in a measure prevented the profit of this selfishness, in the distribution of the staff expenses of the Boards; but the course itself is so thoroughly pernicious, that if neither interest nor feeling is powerful enough to stop it, the strong arm of the law should be called in to demand adequate house accommodation for the acreage for every parish, or at least to make the rate proportionate rather to the extent and value of the land than to the pauper population. Perhaps if a return were moved for in Parliament of those parishes the population of which has remained stationary or been diminished in the last seventy years, the publication would stop any further experiments being made in the like direction.

It may indeed be hoped that the exterminating system is one of by-gone times, of an age that spent more money in raising sham ruins of cottages and abbeys as picturesque objects from the hall, than in building and repairing the real churches and houses of which the poor neighbours stood in need. There is a true interest now awakened in the welfare of country labourers, which, beginning by providing better schooling, is now directed to their bodily health and their homes. It may seem that provision for their physical wants should have come first, but we believe that precedence has been well given to the spiritual and moral nature. The labourer, by his schooling, has become far better fitted to appreciate the comforts of an improved home. He wants now a place for his books, and his bureau, and his arm-chair—possessions not dreamt of fifty years ago. His wife can make use both of the oven and the boiler for little daily luxuries beyond bread and washing, and he has means for purchasing a third bedstead. To have given the boon of a well-built cottage to the coarse unlettered hind of the last century would have often been casting pearls before swine, as is literally the

the case in parts of Ireland, where the best room is allotted to the pig—*'for sure isn't he the jontleman that pays the rint?'*

We may be thankful then that the man has been improved before the house he lives in. There was long a feeling existing that something should be done to bring the cottage more in keeping with the hall, the park, and the parsonage. But this began rather with reference to the lord than the labourer. It was unseemly and unworthy of the estate, that slushy heaps should lie beside the front door, and the ragged thatch remain unrepaired. Even its picturesqueness was not enough to recommend such untidiness as this. So doors began to be knocked out at the sides, the front entrance was nailed up, its useless latch remaining, and its jambs were kept guiltless of finger-marks, that all might be in trim order when my lord drove by with an admiring stranger. Preposterous bargeboards were fixed upon the gables, rustic porches affording neither seat nor shelter were attached to the front; and little fir balconies, with the bark on, were tacked before the windows, preventing the casements from opening. The village carpenter was assured that he had made a Swiss cottage, and my Lady Bountiful was satisfied with the improved appearance of the village, which was quite a credit to the proprietor whose neighbourhood it proclaimed. Occasionally things were done on a grander scale. My Lady's heart was touched in her opera-box by the charming little cottage side-scene, and she could not rest till she had transplanted the exotic of the foot-lights into real country life. A fancy village, with outside staircases, and overwhelming eaves, and twisted chimneys, fair and frail as its prototype, sprung up under the wand of a London architect, entailing all possible inconveniences and discomforts on the unhappy occupiers on whom the addition of Swiss costume, after the last theatrical fashion, was in some instances most uncharitably bestowed.

Another instance of the sacrifice of comfort to appearance was in the entrance-lodges to the great houses—where, for the sake of uniformity, a low square room offering four sides and its roof to the weather was placed on each side the gate, entailing perhaps the carrying of the dinner across the road, and certainly necessitating the turning out in the foulest weather to reach the bedroom. Indeed lodges in general, very unlike the gate-houses of our old architecture, were among the most inconvenient dwellings on the estate; their cramped proportions arising from the desire not to raise the visitor's expectations of the mansion too high, by the character of the entrance—a mischievous policy, when it curtailed the due accommodation of the porter.

Happily a more practical view has lately been taken of the requirements

requirements of our agricultural poor ; and several of the largest landed proprietors, have, as by position bound, led the van in the march of cottage-improvement. The Dukes of Bedford and Northumberland have been conspicuous from the comprehensive and business-like view they have taken of the whole matter ; and conscious of the duty of providing decent and substantial houses for the labourers on their estates, they have considered it as an item in the permanent improvement of their property, and have set to work on the principle of obtaining a moderate return on their outlay—the only system which would make their example tell extensively. In a different spirit from the fancy cottage builders of past years, they have entirely considered the accommodation of the occupiers, not their own glorification ; and the result has been the erection of many hundred cottages, not perhaps faultless, but generally excellent in their arrangement, appropriate in their character, and paying such a rent as is not oppressive to the tenant, nor quite unremunerative to the landlord. Though there is no property in which small capitalists so eagerly invest as in cottage property, yet it is well-known—and it is the great stumbling-block in the way of every improver—that nothing pays so ill as new cottages. There is no doubt that the landed proprietor must be prepared to meet the difficulty in the spirit of the Duke of Bedford's excellent letter, which accompanies his very useful plans.

‘Cottage building,’ he says, ‘(except to a cottage speculator, who exacts immoderate rents for scanty and defective habitations,) is, we all know, a bad investment of money ; but this is not the light in which such a subject should be viewed by landlords, from whom it is surely not too much to expect, that while they are building and improving farm-houses, homesteads, and cattle sheds, they will also build and improve the dwellings for their labourers, in sufficient number to meet the improved and improving condition of the land.

‘To improve the dwellings of the labouring class, and afford them the means of greater cleanliness, health, and comfort, in their own homes ; to extend education, and thus raise the social and moral habits of those most valuable members of the community—are among the first duties, and ought to be among the truest pleasures of every landlord. While he thus cares for those whom Providence has committed to his charge, he will teach them that reliance on the exertion of the faculties with which they are endowed, is the surest way to their own independence and the well-being of their families.’

It is only remarkable that these most sensible and manly observations have not been earlier and more extensively acted upon. Nor is the poor return which cottage building makes, an unmitigated evil. There is reason in the remarks of a writer

of a paper in the Associated Architectural Societies' Reports for 1851.

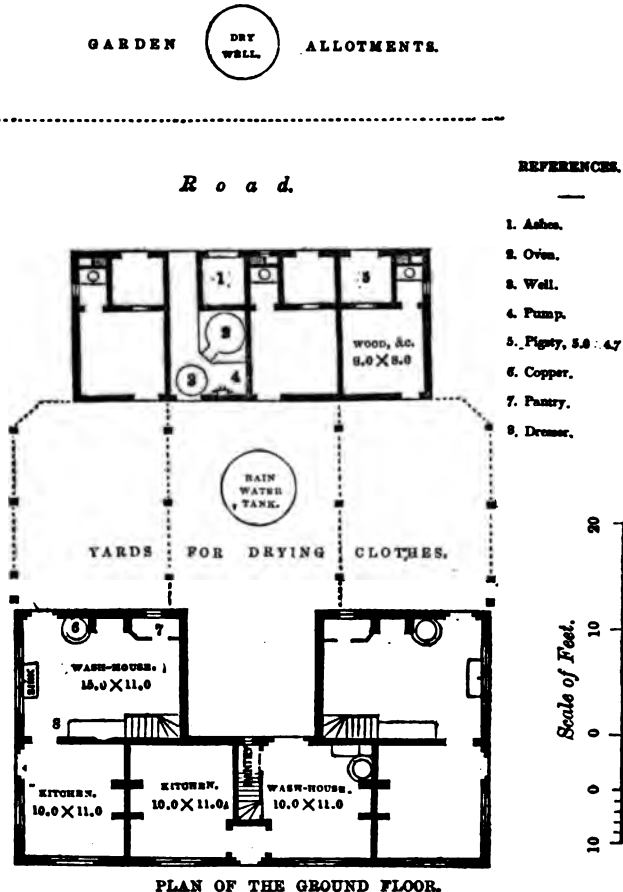
'The landed proprietor must be content to look for his return from improved cottages, just (only in a higher sense, and I may say too in a more direct way) as he does from improved farm buildings and farm houses—viz., in the general and permanent amelioration of his estate thereby. Nor does this apply only to our magnates in land: no proprietor would be expected to provide more cottages than his estate will fairly support, any more than he would be expected to build barns and sheds beyond the requirements of his farm; but with less than this he cannot expect that either labourer or tenant will be satisfied. The fact is, that it is this very non-remuneration of cottage-building that is the landed proprietor's greatest safeguard. If good cottages could really be built at a paying price, every parish in the country that had an acre of ground, independent of the great proprietor, would soon swarm with them. Besides the natural constructive faculty which leads every man to build that can afford it—the love of the independence of having a house of one's own—and the privileges of a county vote—there would always be on the look-out, as indeed there now is, a herd of small builders ready to invest their capital, if they have it; if not, their labour, in this precarious but most tempting kind of property. I own then that the day of well-paying cottages is a day I never wish to see. The present state is one of those "burthens upon land" which the proprietor may with good heart make up his mind to bear. While I would advocate the strictest economy in cottage-building—looking upon all ornament for the sake of ornament, as, in this place, most offensive of all, and the worst of shams—I cannot but rejoice rather than grieve, that the unprofitableness of this kind of building necessarily throws it on the shoulders of those best able to bear it, and thus keeps up that kindly dependence of the labourer upon his master, which I, for one, never wish to see broken up; while at the same time it gives the landlord a fair claim to interfere in the economy of the cottage, and to lay down such rules with respect to lodgers, &c., which even in the best built cottage are necessary to protect the poor against themselves, and prevent those crowded bed-rooms which are the greatest evil we have now to contend with. If cottages paid as remuneratively as other houses, I don't see how the landlord could prefer this claim.'

There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have the welfare of the poor at heart that there can be no greater blessing to them than to keep them out of the hands of speculative builders of small capital, the hardest of all landlords, and to make them the tenants neither of shopkeeper nor farmer, but of the proprietors of the land. Granted then the necessity and ability to build, it is yet no easy matter to decide upon the mode. It is strange that a thing so seemingly simple as a poor man's house with its living-room,

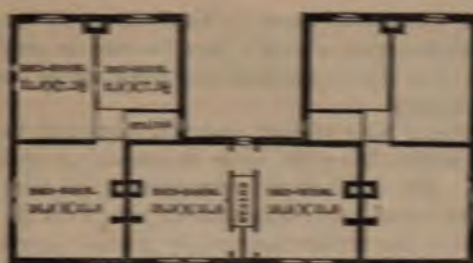
room, scullery, and three bedrooms should offer any difficulty to a builder of common sense. Everybody takes it for granted that he could write a book or contrive a house for the poor; yet when cost, warmth, decency, and convenience come to be considered, there is scarcely a harder problem for an architect to solve than to design a cottage. The earliest fancy dwellings were costly in the extreme; the later utilitarian ones have generally been as inconvenient as they are ugly; and where the greatest pains have been taken, there the greatest mistakes have often been made. Most of the Prize Cottages are conspicuous failures. Among the earliest was the plan for a pair of cottages, for which the Royal Agricultural Society awarded their first prize in 1849. It is full of faults. Pretentious on the exterior, it will hardly be credited that it has a verandah over the window of the scullery, which itself is an inner room. The chimneys of the living and best bed-rooms are not only in the outside walls, but moreover project,—both circumstances which cause a great loss of heat from the exposure to the wind and frost and rain. There is a meaningless shallow bay for the living-room window which adds to the expense without giving additional convenience or beauty; and the entire aspect is that of a small villa, instead of two cottages, the doors being placed so as not to be seen in front. While the details of the house affect the classical style, the pig-sty stands out in the glory of Gothic, having a sham recess, chamfered bricks, and moulded battlements! The professed cost is 180*l.* for the pair.* A second prize, given by the same Society in 1856 to Mr. Isaac (*Royal Agricultural Society's Journal*, No. XXXVII.), is a considerable advance on their first plan. The arrangement is compact and good, but the fireplace in the corner of the living-room may be objected to, and there is space lost in the construction of the staircase. The elevation would be improved by making the windows broader and lower, and the panelled front door and knocker might be dispensed with. The plainer elevation is far superior to the gabled and ornate one. The estimated cost of the former is 170*l.* These estimates are too low for the work. The Duke of Bedford's design for three cottages, two with three bedrooms, and one with two bedrooms, has many points to recommend it. We give the block plan and elevation from the

* No one should calculate on building a good single cottage, under ordinary circumstances, under 120*l.*, or a pair under 210*l.*; if offices and fences are included in this amount, they may be considered cheap. Less expensive designs have been put forth by the 'Hants Cottage Improvement Society,' under the direction of that veteran master of hounds Mr. T. Smith, who, when High Sheriff for the county, exerted himself greatly in calling the attention of his friends to the state of the Hampshire cottages. One rule of the society of giving 5*l.* to any landlord adding a third bedroom to his cottage does not seem either advisable or operative.

'*Agricultural Society's Journal*' (No. XXIII.) The bedroom accommodation is superior to Mr. Isaac's, but the size of the wash-house, 15 ft. \times 11 ft., is unnecessarily large. It would be better to have exchanged the uses of kitchen and wash-house (we would rather call them 'living-room' and 'scullery'), but that the larger room is placed at the back. The elevation is thoroughly cottage-like in appearance. There is a pump and large oven in common; but the latter, when provided, is, as far as we can judge from our own experience, but little used.



A row of six cottages with three bedrooms to each (No. 6 of the Duke of Bedford's plans) is most excellent, both in the distribution and arrangement of the



PLAN OF THE BED-ROOM FLOOR.



ELEVATION OF THE FRONT.

room, 15 ft. \times 11 ft., is a larger size than common, but not too large for a family occupying three bedrooms. The same design might be carried out in pairs. It would make the division of the upper rooms more complete, and more truly express the inside construction, if the two-light windows in the gables were each parted into two windows of a single light. The whole of the Bedford designs show a thoroughly practical understanding of the wants of the labouring class, and are in look exactly what they should be—not villas or town houses in miniature, but unmistakeable English cottages. The only general objections which could be raised are to the thinness of the outer walls (9 inch) throughout, and to the doors opening directly on the living-rooms; but this latter fault is one far more noted by the builders of cottages than by their occupiers. Bills of quantities in every case accompany these designs, and thus the cost, varying so much according to locality, may be at once ascertained. As they embrace, moreover, every variety of ordinary cottage accommodation, none have been published, even by professed architects, so useful to the country as these which emanate from the study of Woburn. The

Duke

Duke has been as conspicuous in his deeds as in his plans. He has erected scores upon scores of new tenements for the labourer, and the result has been a marked improvement in the well-being of their inhabitants.

Lord Spencer's plan of four cottages, founded very much on the Bedford model, have the same shortcoming in the thickness of the walls. By a judicious arrangement of the upper story good-sized bedrooms are distributed, two to the two central cottages, three to the outside houses, the ground-floor accommodation being nearly the same in all. Their elevation would be greatly improved by more prominent eaves and by a happier composition of the double porch. Mr. Weaver's are of that ornamental style now happily abandoned, and offer no special advantages of arrangement beyond that of utilizing the space over the porches for bedroom. Mr. Roberts, the active Hon. Architect to the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labourers, gives a large number of very well-arranged models in his '*Dwellings of the Labouring Classes*,' especially in the subordination of the scullery to the living-room, and in the 11-inch hollow walling. The operations of the society which he represents are, however, now chiefly directed to town habitations. We should prefer to have the quasi-Gothic hoodmouldings over the windows and doors omitted in all these designs. The Prince Consort's cottages, of which examples were attached to the Great Exhibition of 1851, are too complicated and costly for ordinary purposes, and are rather suited for towns than for rural districts. Of the prize models approved by the Society of Arts in 1848, the first by Mr. Hine is exceedingly well contrived and complete, but we much question the possibility of building it for the sum named, though that exceeds a remunerating price. The stone jambs and mullions, however, might be well omitted, and some of the interior fittings simplified, to reduce the cost. The second, equally expensive, has fewer conveniences, and externally fails in simplicity and proportion. Mr. B. Allen, in his '*Cottage Buildings*,' flies off into architectural extravagances, and is more successful in his lodging-houses than in his cottages. Mr. Sanderson's '*Rural Architecture*' is both too ambitious and too discursive, though the ground plan (Plate VIII.) is good, and would do well for a pair of superior cottages, when denuded of its shields, hipknobs, bargeboards, and other pseudo-Elizabethan quirks.

Every province, nearly every county, has some special circumstances of its own which would modify any well-contrived building erected in it. Nothing is more to be deprecated than the idea of a model cottage to be multiplied throughout the

English proprietors have often overlooked this, and have sent over to Ireland models at once incomprehensible and impracticable. There are habits of domestic life to which the peasantry of the North or the South, of Wales or of Ireland, are wedded, which would require a very differently arranged house from that which would suit the midland counties; and this has now been recognised by the several districts taking the subject of their own particular requirements in hand. As long ago as 1841 the Rev. Dr. Gilly made his appeal in behalf of the Border peasantry. The state of the hinds as described by him was striking in its difference from the southern labourer, and still remains very little altered. Being hired by the year, and living in a house or rather hut found by the employer, they require to be 'spoken to' if they are to stop. Thus they are constantly flitting, and that at the most inconvenient season of Whitsuntide. This prevents a tidy house and garden, and destroys the home feeling. Yet their greater physical comfort has been extolled over the more domiciled peasant of the south. The hind is paid in kind, the keep of his cow, which he always possesses, being found by his master, who also gives him the carriage of his coals, finds wool for the women to spin and knit, and continues his allowance in sickness. He usually kills two pigs in the year, and these, with porridge and the cow's milk, supply the main food of the family. The children are generally kept at home, and all can read and most are good arithmeticians. Dwelling altogether in one room, and sleeping in recessed beds, the moral evils of this cohabitation seem fewer than might be expected; and, though they have little care for the house, they are proud of what little furniture they possess in crockery or metal. They are a most self-contained household. The father is nearly always able to mend the shoes of the family; the women spin, and the village shop-bill is unknown. Each hind is bound to find his master the labour of a woman or a boy, and hence the women work too much in the field, and the more domestic comforts are neglected. There is an independence and plenty in their coarse, rough, and primitive life, which may counterbalance the absence of the higher civilisation of the south; but the worst result of the system is the extreme wretchedness of their houses, which the unceasing flitting perpetuates and aggravates. Mud-floors and bad drainage and ventilation entail the misery of typhus and low fever; and it is not worth while for a temporary tenant to insist on any permanent remedies.

Dr. Gilly gave designs for a better class of cottages, though behind the present demands of the South; but the Rev.

in his work entitled '*Agricultural Labourers*,' has

more fully entered into the requirements of that body, and drawn up some excellent plans for houses and bothies on either side the border. He has been one of the most useful members of the 'Association for promoting Improvement in the Dwellings and Domestic Condition of Agricultural Labourers in Scotland,' which has continued since the year 1850 to put forth annually a series of economic plans adapted to the wants of the northern labourer. Much valuable information is to be derived from the Reports of this Association, which appears to be in excellent working condition, though hardly yet supported by the landed proprietary of Scotland to the extent which it is benefiting them. The published plans show generally one story only, with all the bedrooms on the ground floor, and bed-recesses in the living-rooms, after the custom of the country. This very much simplifies the design, especially as all fancy fittings and ventilations—in which English architects too much run riot—are also omitted. The wholesome thickness of the good stone walls—the material universally employed—makes up for many deficiencies; but the sash-windows militate against the rural associations of the south.

The wants of the mountain districts of Wales have been well met by Mr. Poundley's plans, superintended, as they have been, by Mr. T. Turnor, Lord Bagot's agent in Denbighshire, who has had wide experience in cottage-building. The houses are altogether larger than those usually built in England, and the form of one bedroom is inconvenient. Here again the sash-window is at variance with the rustic aspect we look for in such localities. A second design is for a double cottage of one story, of flag and iron, for districts where flag-stone abounds, and the cartage of materials is expensive. Mr. Marley, an Irish proprietor, has bestowed great pains on a design adapted to Ireland, which the Cottage Improvement Society are likely soon to publish. Mr. Wheeler's 'Homes for the People' of America teaches us nothing we might not as easily have learnt in England; and it is singular how little there is characteristic of a new country, either in his cottage or mansion plans.

The publications which we have selected for notice, and the large number of designs sent in whenever prizes have been offered, show how wide is the interest taken in this matter both by landlords and architects; and this has led to the formation of a new Society in London, called 'The Cottage Improvement Society.' Unfortunately, though commenced with the best motives, and supported by an influential council, it has been too much clogged by its provincial antecedents to make as fair a start as it should have done when it assumed metropolitan life; and designs to which the Kent Society, from which it sprung, were pledged, have

have been circulated without that careful revision which might have been expected from a new and central Society. We should have severely criticised their two first plans, did we not understand that in the reorganization which the Society is now undergoing they are likely to be withdrawn. We prefer a third plan of the Society's, only partially circulated, where, by placing one of the bedrooms on the ground, two other sufficient rooms are gained



CHAMBER PLAN.

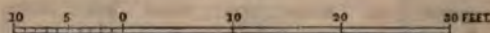


GROUND PLAN.

on the upper story. It would seem an improvement on this plan if the pantry or north end of the lean-to were continued, so as to be flush with the back wall, giving room for a porch at the south or front end, with a side entrance into the living-room. The offices in this design—which is Mr. Slater's, and of which the



ELEVATION.



details are here given—are rightly kept separate, and the whole aspect is that of a thoroughly English cottage.

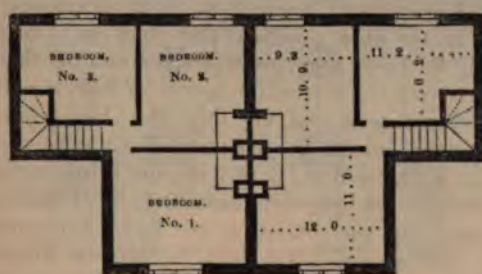
In 1858 Mr. Bentley, of Rotherham, offered prizes of 20*l.* for the best and 5*l.* for the second best design for a pair of cottages (which might also be built singly), the expense not to exceed 110*l.* for the single cottage or 200*l.* for the pair. The conditions were very well considered, except, perhaps, the requirement that the plan should equally apply to a single and a double tenement. Seventy-six plans were sent in, and exhibited at the show of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society at Northallerton. Mr. C. W. Strickland, in the most practical pamphlet on ‘Cottage Architecture’ which we have seen, gives an account of the competition, and ably analyses the respective merits of fifteen selected designs. The first prize was assigned to Mr. Blackmoor, to whose block-plan there seems no objection but the very small dimensions (7 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 6 in.) of the third bed-room. The elevation might be greatly improved by better proportioned windows and by the omission of their hood-mouldings and transoms. The second prize plan, by Messrs. Hickes and Isaac, fails rather in the dimensions of the largest bedroom and in the arrangement of the entrance, which, however, might readily be altered, and advantageously, according to our views, by turning the porch-entrance to the front instead of the back. There is, too, an unnecessary variety in the side-windows, which might easily be made more uniform.

Into the details of the other plans we cannot enter, except to draw attention to Mr. Strickland’s own design, which we conceive to be by far the best yet offered to the public. It is an acknowledged

acknowledged rule, that the nearer a building approaches to a cube the greater will be the economy of construction. All cottage-designers have therefore endeavoured to avoid projections and recesses of any kind, and to bring their ground-plans within a square or a parallelogram; but Mr. Strickland rightly remarks that this arrangement has been found almost universally fatal to the obtaining three good bedrooms above without loss of space below. In his own plan he departs from this rule, thereby entailing some extra complication and, probably, expense in the construction of the roof, but his whole arrangement is so excellent that this slight increase of cost should not deter the proprietor from adopting so perfect a model, especially as much picturesqueness is gained to the building by the break in the side-wall. We give the ground* and bedroom plans



GROUND PLAN.



CHAMBER PLAN.

of a pair, to which we would add nothing but a small fireplace in the scullery. It will be observed that this design has every convenience which has ever been called for in this class of building; an entrance giving separate access to the living-room, the staircase,

* In this and the preceding plan we have shown the outer walls 11 inches thick.
and

and the pantry; the scullery communicating with the living-room, and having a back-door of its own; the best room, above and below, is to the front, as is also the entrance-door; of the three bedrooms two have fireplaces, and all are of fair size, with windows and bed-site well placed. The actual and relative proportions of the living-room, scullery, and pantry are very good, and, granting that the cottage faces south, the pantry has a north aspect. The chimneys are all in the centre of the house and carried up into one stack. The dust-bin, office, &c., are supposed to be detached. The whole contrivance is so good that, by placing a kitchen-range in the scullery, and making the scullery-door open, as it might, into the lobby, any lady with one servant might comfortably live in the cottage and miss no point of arrangement which the best class of houses offer, while nothing is sacrificed to take away from the more hand-to-mouth conveniences and homely comforts of a working man's large family. It is equally good as 'a cottage of gentility' and as a labourer's dwelling. No elevation accompanies Mr. Strickland's excellent plan; but Mr. Slater, whose attention has been for some time given to cottage-building, has kindly supplied the annexed design, which embodies the simplest, and, as we conceive, the most pleasing type of an English cottage, real and unpreten-



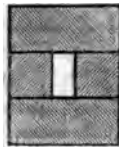
FRONT ELEVATION. MR. SLATER'S DESIGN.

tious, but well proportioned, and linked to the national associations of a labourer's life. It might, perhaps, be still further improved by an angular porch over the front-door, or by a lean-to passage, closed or open, its entrance ranging with the front wall of the house.

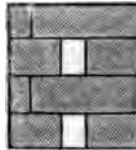
We have gone into details which will be dull to those who think that a cottage just consists of four low walls and a roof; but

but the gist of the whole matter lies in these minutiae, and it is only by the study of them that any substantial benefit will accrue to our peasantry from the present movement in favour of cottage-improvement. Most of the plans we have reviewed have been largely adopted on the authority of the important names or societies from which they emanate, and continue to be erected at a cost which would furnish far more perfect buildings. Though it has hitherto been found a most difficult matter to build a good cottage, yet the requirements are so comparatively uniform and within compass, that the principles at least only want a fair amount of attention bestowed upon them to procure universal assent.

A dry and gravelly site is of course the first desideratum, but cottagers cannot always be choosers, and therefore freedom from damp should be secured by foundations not less than 18 in. deep, with space under the wooden floors of 12 in., or, where tile-flooring is used, the same depth of rubble, brickends, and concrete. Close under the floor-line a course of slates embedded in cement, or a layer of asphalt, should be laid in the walls. As slate is impervious to damp, it stops the rise of the moisture which the bricks suck up from the soil. No outlay pays so well for keeping the walls dry; and this precaution is imperative. The thinness of the outer walls in most new cottages is the disadvantage which the poor almost universally set against the gains of modern improvement. Nine inches is the ordinary thickness allowed; and this, as in the Bedford cottages, where the walls are built partially hollow, and where many cottages are joined together, may be sufficient; but for a single cottage, with ordinary brickwork and second-rate bricks, it is often cruelly starving. The best walls are those which either in the bricks themselves, or in



9-Inch.



11-Inch.

the mode of working them, are partially hollow, as in the two annexed specimens of 9 in. and 11 in. walling. Though it is often objected to, we are in favour of the inner walls being plastered, if only to encourage the furnished look which papering and pictures give, and which cottagers are so fond of. If the living-room is not floored with wood, the best and hardest tiles should be used, or the cherished operation of 'swilling' will keep

keep up a perpetual damp. The habits of the poor vary much in different places as to the occupation of their house; but in the midland and southern districts it is quite useless to provide a living-room independent of the kitchen. One family room, where the meals are cooked and eaten, and where the party gathers round the fire on a winter's evening, with a smaller scullery or wash-house at the back, and a pantry or larder with opening window, best meets the requirements of the ordinary labourer. This living-room should be fitted up with a grate containing a boiler and an oven, not, as in many cases, with what the people themselves call 'a boiler and a sham,' where the corresponding space to the boiler is occupied in mockery by a brass handle and nothing more. Several ranges are recommended by the societies, but few are sufficiently simple. When the scullery or back room is the larger, and the chief fireplace is placed there, the family will almost invariably crowd into this room, reserving the front room in its musty finery for company at fair or feast tide. The relative sizes of the two rooms should prevent this silly arrangement, as in Mr. Strickland's proportions, which may be well adopted.

		Area not less than			Area not less than
Living-room	..	168 ft.	For bed-rooms, No. 1	150 ft.	
Scullery	..	80 ft.	"	2	90 ft.
Pantry	..	25 ft.	"	3	60 ft.

The height of all rooms to be 8 ft.

The scullery should have a back door, and the chief entrance by all means be in front, always supposing the house to have a southward aspect. The rule for a cottage is the reverse of that which holds good for a great house. There, the garden front should be to the south, and the entrance anywhere else; in the cottage the garden front and entrance should be the same; for garden privacy here is neither desired nor obtainable, and the cheerfulness and tidiness of the cottage is much enhanced by the front door opening towards the road, from which a straight path of about six yards should bring the workman home, through the little plot of ground devoted to herbs and flowers.

The great crux in cottage-building, already alluded to, is to get three convenient bedrooms over the ordinary amount of ground floor required by the cottager; but it is a mistake to suppose that these three bedrooms are always necessary. When boys and girls are not at home together, a second only is wanted; and two large rooms are often preferable to the common modern arrangement, where all are spoilt to obtain the desired three. Nor, admitting the evils which sometimes arise, can we forbear to add that much that is false and foolish has been written on the moral aspect

aspect of large families sleeping in the same room. Fine people judge of their poorer neighbours from their own highly artificial and dressing-room point of view ; yet it is not many hundred years ago since lords and ladies and their families and retainers slept in the same hall, with no greater injury to their morals than the refinements of the nineteenth century have produced. The Irish peasants of the present day, who hardly know the luxury of a separate bedchamber, are most honourably conspicuous for their chaste and correct conduct. Travellers in the East, who have been thrown together, day and night, in large mixed companies, know how readily the manners accommodate themselves to such a phase of life. It is a great libel upon our poor and upon human nature to suppose that the common sleeping-room of a family necessarily involves those offences against purity which over-refined people imagine. It is full as much on the ground of health as of morality that a change is required ; but where a given amount of space is broken up into small and ill-partitioned apartments, there is no gain to the physical nature, and perhaps some loss to the moral. In the instance already referred to of a crowded bedroom, there was only 100 cubic feet of air to each occupant, whereas the Lodging-house Act requires 700—most of our hospitals calculate on 1000, and the Victoria Hospital has given 1500 cubic feet to each person. No partition is preferable to an imperfect one ; and a curtain is often better than a thin wall. Fireplaces should always be made in two bedrooms at least, for ventilation more than firing. Where an open chimney does not exist, a ventilator should be placed in the roof ; but it should be very unassailable and simple, for cottagers, like bees, will stop up every ventilating cranny in their way, especially if constructed on some highly scientific principle. For general ventilation below, there is nothing equal to the open hearth and a good fire in it ; but iron perforated bricks should be inserted flush with the outer wall, beneath the floor, and tiles may also be used in the inside close under the ceiling, and communicating with ventilating pipes conveyed into or up the chimney shafts.

We have referred to Mr. Strickland's plan as almost perfect in its arrangement of entrance, stairs, and room-communication, but these points are much less regarded by the cottagers themselves than by those who think for them. They seldom allege any objection to stairs springing from the kitchen or scullery, outer doors opening upon the living-room, or bed-rooms one within the other. To avoid cold and draughts are their main considerations ; and they willingly sacrifice bargeboards and pretty porches for thick walls, well-placed doors, and well-drawing chimneys. There is much difference of opinion whether the
bedrooms

bedrooms should be partly in the roof; the great objection is the cold; but this may be obviated by a layer of straw, reed, or felt, beneath the tiles or slates: indeed, slates, which are rapid conductors of heat, letting it out in winter, and conveying it in in summer, should never be used for house-roofing without some such addition. With this modification, they form the best of all coverings. But the roofing of cottages will always be determined by the cheapness of the material at hand—stone, slate, tiles, or thatch. The latter is excellent as being cooler in summer and warmer in winter, but its constant want of repair, and the backwardness of the farmer to give up what he requires for his farmyard, are fatal to its general use. Gutters and pipes should always be provided; and herewith we must ask the one sacrifice, not of convenience but of money, for appearance sake, to effect a certain, but not exaggerated projection of eaves. The eave is as the brow to the eye, and the want of it is always a deformity.

It is the windows, however, that give the character to every building and mark its style; and this to the cottage as much as to the palace. From old association we should regret the substitution of the sash for the casement-window; but in fact the latter, if of three lights and opening outwards in the centre, is also more convenient for the cottage, being much more easily repaired when out of order, and its interior sill serving as a useful shelf. If lead lattice is objected to, the best casement is a wooden frame with square lights. *Large* diamond panes never look well, and are particularly ugly either in wood or cast-iron. If the windows are sufficiently large there can be no objection to small lead lattice, as a cottage window is not wanted to look in or out of, but simply for transmission of light. When near the road, large panes render the interior too public. A single sash-window can never be made proportionate to a low room; for all low buildings the windows should run in horizontal not vertical length. Good proportions for cottage window lights are 4 ft. high by 18 in. wide, or 2 ft. 9 in. by 15 in.

The chimneys should be gathered up into the centre of the house for economy, warmth, and effect. The heavy brick chimney top of the Kent cottages always looks well, and by its projection assists the draught of the flues. These should be of round or oval glazed pipes, enabling the tenant to sweep his own chimney, and, if this is tolerably well arranged below, they almost certainly prevent the smoke descending. If the stack of chimneys can be built with wind-breaks between the flues, the effect, as well as the draught, is improved.

We have all along taken brick as our material, but where
stone

stone is at hand it will of course be used as cheaper, and, from its necessary bulk, warmer. In this case the single chamfered stone mullion may economically replace that of wood. Thus we perpetuate the style of old English cottage which, with very little variation, has continued in the stone districts of England from the earliest time of house-building to the present day. The stone cottages of the midland counties, and we may add the brick rural villages of the south, have all along been so thoroughly domesticated on our soil, that they may be truly viewed as the uninterrupted continuation of that school which built our cathedrals, castles, and manor-houses.*

The little plot of ground, not less than 18 ft. square, which we claim between the house and the road should always be laid out for flowers; and it is far better to leave it to the cottager's own taste than to call in the patronizing head-gardener. Though the uneducated can seldom express the pleasure they feel in flowers, yet practically they do delight in cultivating what is within their power, and the presence of these flowers growing beside their paths and homes insensibly reacts upon them for good.

* This unbroken thread of what, for want of a better name, we must call Gothic, which—while Classic revivals and foreign fashions were from time to time introduced by the students of the several schools into the literature and practice of architecture in cities and mansions—continued by tradition and rule of thumb in uninterrupted use in the rural districts of England, imperatively decides the question of what is our National style, and so settles one point in the vexed controversy of the new Public Offices. Whether Palladian architecture can be said to have supplanted and successfully to have superseded the older English style in more important buildings may be yet a matter of dispute; but in this nineteenth century it would be scarcely less absurd to build in the style of the sixteenth than in that of the fourteenth century. What we want is a style thoroughly capable of using consistently all the inventions, and of meeting all the requirements, of our own age; but this cannot be invented for the nonce, but must, like every fabric of ours, social or political, be based on the experience of the past. Is then Italian or English architecture the best basis on which to found and to develop? The failures in both grounds have hitherto been lamentably equal. Still no one can doubt in which of the two schools in the present day the life and energy of art is most apparent. We must explode the fallacy that Gothic is only suited to ecclesiastical architecture, for were not the town-halls, exchanges, hospitals, as well as the castles and manor-houses of the middle ages as good in their way as the churches themselves? Religion has always claimed the first fruits of good art, and the success of the Gothic revival in church architecture, in the first instance, may be one sign of its truth. Mr. Scott's particular plan for the Foreign and Indian Offices may or may not be what the nation requires, but he is at least the English architect who has the highest European reputation to sustain; and if he has in any particular failed to satisfy the wants of the public service, it must be from other causes than want of capability of development and adaptation in the style which he has chosen. At any rate we trust that the House of Commons will not allow personal prejudice or intrigue to mar the best prospect we have had for a long time of seeing a public building arise worthy of the expectations of the country, nor—what has been too often the history of great architectural works—set aside the claims of acknowledged talent at the instigation of professional jealousy, which seems, more in this than in any other art, to stimulate the bitterness of inferior minds.

A lawn with shrubberies and geometrical borders of greenhouse plants before a group of cottages, such as is sometimes seen in the neighbourhood of a great house, is offensive in its unreality, and insulting to the liberty of the tenant. You see at a glance that the show is kept up from the Hall. Each cottage should have its own front garden divided by a hedge or by pales and rails of old fashion; not of so-called rustic work composed of sapling oak branches or soft fir tops, which soon become the shabbiest of all fences. The window-plants may be of the tenderer sorts, but for the garden itself nothing can be better than the hollyhock, the sunflower, gilliflowers in all their variety of stocks, walls, and pinks,—sweet-williams, London pride, and bachelor's buttons, with daisy borders to the beds, and bushes of rosemary and old-man for the wedding or funeral posy. The beehive should stand near the house in the angle furthest from the door. Woodbine and China roses should cluster up the porch, and the vine and the apricot may sun themselves on the south wall; but ivy is only a fit mantle for ruins. The cultivation of pot-herbs should be encouraged, and the goodwife taught how to use them in savoury messes for her husband's supper. The vegetable garden, standard fruit-trees, and potato ground should be behind the house, and if the whole allotment can be placed here, it is of double value to the occupier. This is the secret of making the cottage pay. If a quarter or a third of an acre, never more than half, be attached to each dwelling, the landlord, by the difference of garden over farm rent, may obtain a fair return for his outlay. But this can only be done generally by the large landholders; by them, easily.

The furniture of the cottage has quite kept pace with the greatly increased luxury of every higher class of house. It is pleasant to see how quickly a well-built cottage is filled with beechen chairs and oak tables, with pictured tea-tray and the bright fire-irons hung up for ornaments. One of Sam Slick's clocks, with a formidable view of the Capitol, now generally replaces its long-cased ancient cousin that ticked behind the door. It is impossible always to admire the colours and patterns of the cottage paper; neither do we, in every case, approve those in the drawing-rooms of our fastidious friends. The modern style of the Potteries, which blotches out rather by colour than by form primæval shepherdesses and melodramatic sailors for the mantel-piece, is at the lowest ebb of cheap art; but the miserable daubs of pictures, religious and secular, which a few years ago covered our cottage walls with bleeding hearts and poacher-martyrs, are now, by the aid of the book-hawker, giving way to coloured prints of real excellence both in subject and execution, mixed with which, some specimens of itinerant photography

graphy are not uncommon even in remote districts. The improved fittings of our cottages is one of the best signs of the times. He who has furnished his house well has given a pledge to his landlord and to the state. He will shun county courts and socialist theories.

Hitherto it is chiefly the large proprietors by whom any adequate exertions have been made to increase or improve the cottage-property of their estates; but several local associations have been successfully formed on the general ground of public benefit. In striking contrast to the unremunerative outlay of the metropolitan associations, are the returns made by the Hastings Cottage Improvement Society. Its five half-yearly reports should be consulted by all purposing to carry out a like benevolent object. Their system is, not to build new cottages, but to buy up old ones and improve them. The remarkable features in their scheme are the small sums spent on repairs and on law expenses. Beginning with a capital of 850*l.*, which is now increased to 6750*l.*, they have regularly paid interest at the rate of 6*l.* per cent., and have now a reserve fund of 120*l.* Such shares as these would naturally be at a premium; but by the rules of the society, the premiums accrue to the reserve-fund, though in other respects the whole business is conducted on ordinary commercial principles. A Benevolent Fund has been set on foot for the occasional assistance of sick, poor, or unemployed tenants, but its sphere is perfectly distinct from the working of the society. There are visitors, and a lending-library, and a penny bank, also established in connexion with the tenantry, but not interfering with the legitimate freedom of the occupiers, or with the fair and even strict enforcement of the capitalists' rights of profit. The people generally appreciate the good will of their landlords, and now with one exception pay weekly in advance. There are few old arrears, and but 8*s.* 4*d.* in bad debts. Thrice only the society has had to sue for rent in the county courts, and in each case the tenant refused from obstinacy, not from inability to pay. The secret of the rare success of this society has been in the heartiness, honesty, and sound sense of its promoters—perhaps most in their heartiness; for they have not deputed the work to others, but done it themselves, whereby they have avoided all jobbery, ostentation, and machinery. According to Mr. Ruskin's formula, they knew what they had to do and they did it. Other societies have been stranded by the ambition of having something to show for their money; and have made their main object the erection of new and complete buildings. The Hastings Society has, according to its title, entirely confined itself to improving existing buildings, buying up stacks and rows of ill-drained, ill-ventilated, and ill-lighted houses, and giving them dryness,

dryness, air, and sunshine. They do not affect model perfection, but substantial improvement; and the result is physical and moral amelioration, walking step by step with material reform and commercial success. Their example is to be strongly recommended to the London societies, who, by restricting themselves for a time to the repair and refitting of old buildings instead of erecting new, might undoubtedly, by judicious selection, recover the depressed state of their finances, and so, after a probationary season of humbler but not less useful work, go on at length to the perfection at which they aim. The like course might also be often most advantageously adopted in our country villages. It is at times a much greater kindness and far more economical to add to or repair an old house, than to set up a brand new one. Lord Palmerston never spoke with more sense and less flippancy than when he dilated upon this point in his late speech at the Romsey Agricultural Society. The special convenience of tenants can thus be much better met; and we should not find, as is the case sometimes in model cottages, some poor old body moaning over the uselessness of a large cold room, or the desolation of unoccupied bed-chambers. Every sort of accommodation, from one room to six, is needed for a village population. No one could be expected to erect new buildings to meet all these contingencies; but a considerate attention would easily find means of satisfying all reasonable requirements, by repairing and altering existing houses.

'We would give up,' says the writer we have already quoted, 'much of the regularity and trimness of a Martinet village for marks of individual kindness and consideration. While new cottages, built here and there, take the place of those that are utterly decayed, we should like to see *this* cottage patched up for Widow Toogood, where she and her old man have lived for more than half a century—that bedroom added for poor Tom Longlegs' increasing family—that little shed knocked up for Jolter the carrier—an extra bit of green allotted to Dame Twoshoes, who takes in the washing—a little lean-to permitted, next his son's, for old Master Creeper, who needs no house of his own, and cannot hobble up-stairs. These things show the real personal superintendence of one who cares for the people committed to his charge, and not the mere activity of an agent.'

Of this we may rest assured, that the interest now taken in this matter will not be allowed to flag. It would have astonished a macaroni of the last century to see an essay by the Marquis of Westminster on a 'Drainer's Dress' side by side with the Duke of Bedford's plans for cottages in the same number of the '*Agricultural Journal*;' but the desire to promote the welfare of the agricultural labourer by all who come into contact with him

is

is universally acknowledged, and by no one more than by himself. We wish we could believe that as good days were coming for the poorer classes of the town populations.

There is yet one matter in which our landed proprietors might most serviceably aid in cottage-improvement. In many parishes the manorial tenure is often the sole obstacle to better dwellings, where encroachments on the waste have given uncertain ownership, and the parish, the lord of the manor, and the occupier dispute rather whose property it is not than whose it is. This is the most hopeless case, for even repairs are not effected, much less improvement; and too often the tenement, which none think worth an outlay, becomes, when the blood of proprietorship is once up, a bone of contention between parties who can little afford to be at variance. The end is that the poor man is either heartlessly swept away from the home of his fathers, or gains the short-lived and disastrous triumph of retaining the paltry prize in the teeth of those to whom he must look for his bread. Few parishes are without some of this bitter experience, but in many the nature of the soil and prevalence of copyhold have made it the rule. These huts and hovels take the place of houses, and, like the mother's pet, are clung to all the more for their weakness and worthlessness. No kinder act could be done to the rural poor than the compulsory commutation of these questionable tenures into freeholds. Often it would be better that the landowner should have them, sometimes it would be fairest to assign them at once to the tenant; but, as there is no root of revolution so deep as the agrarian one, it would be well to cut off, before it has too widely spread itself in the social soil, an evil which is daily fostering discontent and defiance among the tillers of the land, and for which they might fairly expect the law to find an easy and equitable remedy. When the work of landed accumulation is going on so fast, a few thousand additional small freeholds would be a political gain, not to the landed interest only, but to the whole state. But the jealousy which is felt towards the cottage-freeholder by the farmer, and still more by the steward, can only be appreciated by those who have lived among them. Legislation is not likely to be speeded in this direction. It is a gentleman's question, to be taken into his own hands; and he that can have the heart to abate the jots and tittles of his feudal claims, and not only enfranchise his copyholder, but, if the case requires it, set him up with means to make his new freehold respectable, may be assured that in strengthening the stake of his poor neighbour's property he has not weakened his own.

ART. II.—*Souvenirs et Correspondance de Madame Récamier*.
2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1860.

'JE ne me suis peinte qu'en buste' was the well-known reply of Madame de Staal, née Delaunay, to those who asked her why in her autobiography she had passed silently over various well-known and interesting passages of her life. Far be it from us to compare, except by way of the most innocent illustration, the case of that clever *gamine* of former days with that of the decorous and distinguished queen of fashion of whom the 'Souvenirs' are now before us. But autobiography and memoirs by near relatives are apt to be equally misleading, whether by misstatement or omission; while the latter have nothing of the fresh and truthful vivacity of the former. The *Souvenirs* before us, though published anonymously, are well known to have been compiled by Madame Récamier's niece, the favourite companion of her latter years, Madame Lenormant, herself the inheritress of no common share of the characteristic beauty of her family, since in her youth she reminded Madame d'Abrantes of Gérard's exquisite figure of *Psyche*.* Madame Lenormant has proved that she inherits other family qualities of a high order, by the continued friendship which unites her to some of the most illustrious surviving members of her aunt's society. And yet, with ample power to do justice to her subject, and possessed of abundant materials, she has thought proper so to tone down her performance in order not to shock a single sensibility, or jar the nerves of any reader of quality, that the result is almost purely negative. We are compelled, at the end, to ask ourselves the question, could the placid, vapid, uninteresting creature, whose life is detailed in these somewhat monotonous pages, have been that famous enchantress who had the leading men of French society, literature, and politics, at her feet for half a century; who saw royalties and republics flourish and fade, while she continued to reign unquestioned by right of beauty and gracefulness? whose peculiar and crowning quality it was, that, while she yielded her heart to none, she inspired through life, in the strongest minds of both sexes, passions of friendship as exclusive, jealous, and overmastering, as those of love itself?

It is, we fear, undeniable, that plain truth of fact, in history or in biography, has no attraction at all for our clever neighbours. Every narrative must have its moral, or burden, or 'idea.' Mere undraped truth neither meets with popularity, nor expects it.

* M. Fondelet, whose Memoir of Madame Récamier we shall presently notice, terms this lady the 'original' of Gérard's *Psyche*;—a strange mistake.

Not that there is any deception practised on the public in this permitted dalliance with facts. The readers are as much partners in the imposture as the writers themselves. They do not expect truth; they expect an article made up for the market—made to suit the preconceived opinions, of the philosophical democrat, the legitimist, the freethinker, the pious, as the case may be. They accept works under the title of history or biography, but they know them to be either romances or pamphlets; they treat them as such, and criticise them as such. They make up their minds to find certain classes of facts distorted to suit certain views, and they would scarcely consider that the author fulfilled the promise of his name and antecedents, or the undertaking of his preface, unless this object were accomplished. They know the value of historical accuracy quite as well as others, and attain to it, in the end, quite as nearly. But they consider it as something to be arrived at by every man for himself, through the process of comparing and analysing the various accounts set before him by the apologists, advocates, satirists, panegyrists, who, with the full approval or connivance of the public, call themselves historians and biographers.

Nowhere has this increasing tendency of French literature more strongly manifested itself than in the memoirs of celebrated women, both of our own time and some generations back, of which these latter years have been peculiarly productive. If it be true to any extent, that 'most women have no characters at all,' this renders only the more easy the task of the popular biographer, who, in order to please the fashionable taste of the day, must round off all angles, and efface all characteristics, and produce a result fashioned as nearly 'to order' as the case will allow. The leading women of the last century were witty and immoral. This was the prevailing ideal of womankind; and any one versed in the literature of that era will notice the amusing endeavours of biographers to give to quiet, commonplace ladies, who never said a clever thing, nor did a naughty one, something of the sparkle and piquancy of an Arnould or a d'Epinay. Now (and certainly to the credit of the age, though the result, as far as poor Truth is concerned, is pretty much the same) a complete change has come over the taste of the externally decorous circles of literary fashion. As if in permanent protest against the degradation of the sex in such hands as those of George Sand and Balzac, they seem to have established an ideal grounded on Madame de Genlis's maxim, that, while 'il a fait parler de soi' is always a compliment, 'elle a fait parler d'elle' is always the reverse. Nay, more than this; the perfect heroine, to suit the taste of such readers, must be something of a saint; her biography

must have a vaporous, ethereal touch of hagiology about it—piety, sweetness, humility, charity, these must be the features prominently brought forward, almost to the effacement of all others; lovely features doubtless, but no more representing the full character and perfections of the sex, than the seraphic but monotonous countenances of Fra Angelico represent the faces of actual womankind—of those who have been sent not as angels, but as the companions, and at once the teachers and the scholars, of imperfect man.

There appeared last year a little work, under the title of ‘*Madame la Duchesse d’Orléans*,’ a short memoir of that lamented princess. It was beautifully written, and was for the time in all the fair and fashionable hands of Paris, and very popular among the like classes here. Yet of life-like reality it was absolutely destitute. It had not a single characteristic feature of that noble-minded woman. The Duchess, as is well known, had that in her character as well as her fate, which, in rougher days, would have made one of Shakspeare’s historical heroines. Devoted to her husband, devoted in after days to her children, high principled and resolute, she combined no small amount of masculine energy with something of feminine self-will. Her straightforward unmanageable ways were the despair as well as the admiration of the crafty but singularly unsuccessful school of politicians with whom she was associated. And to add one more trait to her character, which in this country, at least, is not without its interest, young as she was when married, she remained firmly attached to the Protestant religion in which she was educated, resisting uniformly all the seductions of the tenderest love and kindness, more powerful than persecution over a nature like hers, and extorting, by her firmness, the admiration of those who, in the strength of their own persuasion, would have rejoiced the most over her conversion. Now, in the biography to which we refer, this very woman, in her strength as in her weakness, comes out from the clever refiner’s crucible a mere negative compound—full of sweetness and purity, without one particle of more worldly savour—a kind of married sister of charity, or Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. Of the struggles of maternal love, and queenly policy, and disappointed ambition, not a single word—and (unless our memory deceives us) it is not even mentioned throughout the book that the Royal lady was a Protestant at all!

We are bound to say that it is in very similar style that Madame Lenormant has executed this pious tribute to the memory of her relative. She has smoothed away everything salient and characteristic—for fear of offence, we suppose—and left behind nothing but

but a kind of shadowy portrait, unreal and featureless. Yet her subject was a woman of fortunes so very remarkable, that it is impossible not to believe that her character likewise must have been of no ordinary type. Her empire in society was more decided and more deeply rooted than that of any contemporary—perhaps even than those of her brilliant predecessors of the former century; and she seemed peculiarly to possess the secret of exercising her power without display or pretension. She held on, without effort, the even tenor of her course, offering to the world no point of weakness or inconsistency. And yet, internally, her life was all the while a riddle and a contradiction—inexplicable perhaps to herself, and certainly tasking the ingenuity of her strongest admirers to afford a reasonable explanation.

Madame Récamier was not by habit a writer. She was not fond of the employment, according to her niece, and disliked even the trouble of composing a long letter. Nevertheless we are informed that in the latter part of her life she found amusement in compiling a memoir of herself; that this work was partially communicated by her to her friend M. de Châteaubriand, and has been used by him, in long fragments, in his '*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*.' But her niece is ignorant how far she may have proceeded in this task; for she ordered by will the destruction of the manuscript, which was religiously obeyed. The present volumes have, therefore, the revelations already made public by Châteaubriand as their basis, together with Madame Lenormant's own narrative of the latter portion of her aunt's life, many letters of her friends, and a few of her own. We can but use the materials thus placed before us, though with a full consciousness of their inadequacy, and eke them out with such additions as we can find. The little book of M. Rondelet, '*Madame Récamier, ouvrage couronné par l'Académie de Lyon*,' is an oratorical panegyric; but it is of some value as proceeding from one of her townsmen, apparently acquainted with her family. We can but cite, in addition, the literary notices of this distinguished lady by Madame de Genlis, Sainte-Beuve, Guizot, and others, and the thousand little traditions of her celebrity which still haunt her much-loved metropolis.

Mademoiselle Bernard (whose full style and title was Jeanne-Françoise-Julie-Adelaide, but who was known through life by her first *nom de caresse* as Juliet) was born at Lyons in 1777, the daughter of a notary of a good citizen family of that place. Her education was that of the convent, and she loved to dwell on the tranquil image of her school-days. '*Elle me revient quelquefois, cette époque,*' she says charmingly in one of those extracts from

her memoirs which Châteaubriand has preserved, and perhaps poeticised, 'Elle me revient quelquefois, comme dans un vague et doux rêve, avec ses nuages d'encens, ses cérémonies infinies, ses processions dans les jardins, ses chants et ses fleurs.' But, from her earliest girlhood she was distinguished among her companions by her extraordinary beauty. Whatever might be said as to her superiority in other respects, in this it was incontestable, and continued so for a far longer period than is usually allotted to this kind of supremacy. The homage paid to it was of an almost unexampled character, but reminding us of the extravagances into which our phlegmatic ancestors were betrayed for the sister Gunnings a hundred years ago, and of the more decorous homage paid in later times to the Sheridans. She had been duly prepared for it from her earliest years. She used to recount how, when she was a little child, a wrathful neighbour, who caught her in the fact of climbing his fence with a comrade to steal his fruit, was so subdued by her charms as she sate crying on the top of the wall, that he let her go with her apron full instead of taking summary vengeance. At twelve years old Marie Antoinette, in her simple fondness for childhood and beauty, picked her out from the crowd of strangers assembled to gaze on royalty at Versailles. She was made to stand back to back with her contemporary 'Madame Royale,' afterwards Duchess of Angoulême, whose pride was mortified at finding the little plebeian at once a trifle taller and a great deal handsomer than herself. When the churches were reopened after the Revolution, and she, being then comparatively unknown, collected alms as 'quêteuse' at Saint Roch, the pressure of the crowd was so great that her friends were compelled to extricate her by force. When she drove along the pavement at Longchamps in the summer of 1801, she was publicly saluted by the spectators as 'la plus belle, à l'unanimité.' The same intoxicating species of worship attended her throughout her early life; and as soon as it ceased she had the sense and the self-control to feel at once that, though still a lovely woman, she was a goddess no longer. 'Ah, ma chère!' she said to a lady who was paying compliments on her well-preserved charms, 'il n'y a plus d'illusion à se faire. Dès que j'ai vu que les petits Savoyards dans la rue ne se retournaient plus, j'ai compris que tout était fini.'

Though anticipating a little on our narrative, we may mention here that Madame Récamier was condemned to undergo rather a ludicrous specimen of the inconveniences which attend this kind of pre-eminence on the occasion of her short visit to England in May, 1802 (not 1803, as Madame Lenormant supposes), immediately

mediately after the Peace of Amiens.* The fame of her beauty and fashion had preceded her; and so had likewise that of the veils à l'*Iphigénie*, and 'hair worn off one eyebrow à la Récamier,' to which the stamp of her genius had given currency. Some newspaper scribe thought proper to inform the public that 'Madame Récamier intended to walk in Kensington Gardens next Sunday.' Accordingly when she appeared there with a companion, both 'in white, with white veils and violet-coloured parasols,' the pair were followed and hustled by a mob of curious people, who even carried their rudeness so far as to endeavour to lift their veils. The poor ladies were terribly frightened, and regained their carriage with difficulty. A newspaper of the day, extenuating the outrage, says that 'great part of the crowd consisted of Italian corset-makers, men-milliners, and shoemakers, who were endeavouring each to catch the fashion of her shoe and the quality of her veil.' Such is the tale as told by contemporaries. Those who wish to see it poetically embellished will find it in Châteaubriand's 'Memoirs.'

To attempt a more particular inventory of these soul-subduing charms is a delicate task; nor, to say the truth, do either the written materials before us, or such portraits as we have seen, materially help the imagination. We only know that she was blonde, beautifully shaped, though with rather thin arms; her complexion exquisite; 'les épaules d'une blancheur inconcevable;' her step that of a goddess on the clouds; that her features, though ravishing, were not strictly classical; that she had 'le nez bien Français,' otherwise termed, we believe, the nez à la Roxelane, from that Gallic fair one whose irregular beauties captivated the fiercest of Sultans. The only observer, as far as we have noticed, whose appreciation of her beauty does not quite come up to the mark, is M. Guizot, who knew her in her best days; and he says that her charm, in his eyes, was always that of expression rather than of feature. Not unnaturally, she seems to have been the despair of artists. David left her portrait unfinished in his discontent; Gérard elaborated his correctly, but tamely. Canova, whose admiration for her was excessive, attempted her bust in marble; but she was dissatisfied with the result, and could not help letting him know it. The prince of sculptors, vexed in his turn, gave up the task. 'I have turned your bust into a Beatrice,' he afterwards told her; a singular coincidence, certainly, when

* On this occasion Châteaubriand says that she was recommended to English society by introductions from one of her adorers, the veteran Duc de Guiche, who had been ambassador in England thirty years before. She made the friendship, amongst others, of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. But she had a much closer intimacy, in later life, with the Duchess Elizabeth.

it is remembered that she was destined to become the Beatrice, the consoling and directing angel, of one who, though assuredly no Dante, had all the temperament of genius and some of its greatness—her dearest friend Châteaubriand.

At sixteen she married a man of forty-two, Jacques Rose Récamier, a Lyonnais by birth, but established as a flourishing banker at Paris: a cousin of Brillat-Savarin, the famous gastronomer, and connected more or less with the good bourgeois society of the time. And here commences the enigma of her life. It can only be given in her niece and biographer's own words: 'Le lien ne fut jamais qu'apparent. Madame Récamier ne reçut de son mari que son nom. Ceci peut étonner, mais je ne suis pas chargé d'expliquer le fait: je me borne à l'attester. . . . M. Récamier n'eût jamais que des rapports paternels avec sa femme.' With singular adroitness, however, in the interest of her heroine, she lets drop a few words elsewhere (vol. i. p. 141) to the effect that the cause of this distance was repugnance on her part, and not insensibility on his.

On such mysteries nothing more can be said. But what kind of a man was he with whom the beautiful Juliette had thus united her destinies? Nothing can be more evidently, we are almost forced to add intentionally, imperfect, than Madame Lenormant's partial revelations on this subject. That he behaved with tenderness and confidence towards his nominal wife is plain enough; and there are passages in which he is represented as a man of sense and honour, watching over his partner through her perilous career with paternal solicitude, giving her excellent advice, and rescuing her in one or two very questionable predicaments. Elsewhere he appears as a selfish, narrow-minded, mean-spirited personage, wholly unworthy to be named in connexion with his distinguished consort: 'Une seule qualité leur était commune, c'était la bonté.' It is evident there is more behind to which we are not admitted, and we certainly have no right to the whole truth; but why frame for us an inconsistent romance instead of it?

The only characteristic trait of the *bonhomme* Récamier which we find recorded in these pages is that, during the period of Terror, he always made a point of witnessing the executions. It was a good preparation, he said, before one's own turn came. His, however, did not come at all, thanks, chiefly, to the protection of Barrère. He emerged from the Revolution with unimpaired fortune, which he much increased during the Directory; and he and his wife together maintained that magnificent equipage and establishment which for some years almost vied with her beauty in astonishing mankind. Afterwards, and on his loss of fortune, they

they seem to have lived more apart; but always with complete decorum, without scandal or scenes, and in such a manner as to merit the highest approval of the fashionable world. This 'perfect harmony,' as Madame Lenormant is pleased to call it, subsisted until his death, at a very advanced age, in 1830, when her friends wrote her letters full of condoling conventionalities, as if Baucis had lost her Philemon.

It has been rather common among careless writers to group Madame Récamier with Mesdames Tallien, Beauharnais, Hamelin, and the other heroines of the Directory. But this is a mistake. She was at that time a mere married child, too young to have attained the *aplomb* required in a Parisian leader of fashion. In those bacchanalian times, when all France, rescued from the jaws of the Convention, burst out into a mania for dances, suppers, and theatricals—when the rival queens of the mode, seeking to combine republicanism with elegance, rushed into the extreme of classical taste, and adopted the drapery of Grecian Hetairai under the guidance of Citizen Gail—when

La Tallien, secouant sa tunique,

Faisait de ses pieds nus craquer les anneaux d'or—

the lovely Juliet was fortunate enough to be still in comparative seclusion. And although there certainly is a tradition that she appeared, in 1796, in the boxes of the fashionable little theatre of the Rue Chantreine, costumed as Laïs, in order to eclipse Madame Tallien as Aspasia, we dismiss it as an impudent myth of the Revolution. When her turn of supremacy arrived, her correct taste in dress led her to mitigate the extravagance of her predecessors; and, if the annals of that abstruse science speak true, she was the author of the first faint efforts at development from the close-fitting model which people called Grecian, towards that amplitude which now threatens to usurp all space. When we add that her own dress was almost invariably white—that she loved some contrasts of colour (Châteaubriand particularly observes that on his first introduction he found her 'in a white dress, seated in the middle of a sofa of blue silk')—that she generally wore pearls—never, in the height of her fortune, diamonds—that she delighted and excelled in music, the dance, and the masquerade, while masquerades were still reputable—that her special success was in the bewitching evolutions of the 'shawl dance' (being the original, in this respect, of Madame de Staël's Corinne)—we have called up all we can of that vision of grace and beauty which captivated France in the days of our grandfathers, and is now departed to the 'limbo of fair women,' along with Helen and Cleopatra, and 'Lilith, Adam's first wife,' and the other enchantresses of old.

It

It was not until the year 1799 that Madame Récamier began to 'receive' in form. Her beautiful residence at No. 17, Rue du Mont Blanc, and her lodge or 'pavillon' at Clichy, soon became known as the favourite resorts of Republican rank and fashion. The taste and luxury displayed in the furniture of these apartments were the common topics of exaggerated admiration. The embellishments were in the very best style of that second 'Renaissance,' or rather second attempt to reproduce classical types, which distinguished the days of the Directory. Her couch, says a contemporary describer, is 'placed in a Pompeii, bounded on the left by a marble statue, on the right by a bronze candelabrum.' Here she reigned supreme, not merely as the Queen of Fashion, but as the object of a personal adoration from the leading men of her time which is perhaps without example. Ex-nobles, financiers, ministers, generals of the young Republic, all were together at her feet—all received with the same sweet smiles of encouragement—all, we must believe the uniform testimony before us, rejected with equal impartiality. 'Nous en étions tous amoureux,' said Junot to his wife Madame d'Abrantès. The armies of Italy and of Sambre-et-Meuse, hostile in all beside, fraternized in this common idolatry. Lucien Bonaparte led the van with his ridiculous letters of Romeo to Juliet, laughed at by Châteaubriand, and reproduced in these Memoirs. Moreau (whose wife was a cousin and close personal friend of Madame Récamier) only paid her 'un hommage respectueux.' The devotion of Bernadotte (to judge by his letters) had something of the laborious stiffness of a sous-officier in love; but he displayed it in a very effective manner, by extricating her father, M. Bernard, with much difficulty, from a political scrape. Masséna wore her white favour on his arm throughout the siege of Genoa. Fouché, while conveying to her well-pleased ear the intelligence that 'le premier consul vous trouve charmante,' seems not to have neglected the occasion of saying a few tender things on behalf of his repulsive self. Nor were her charms less fatal to visitors than to Parisian natives. Almost every 'celebrity' which travelled to Paris during the pacific period of the Consulate fell in love with Madame Récamier, either by way of fashion or in earnest. The Prince of Wurtemberg must have proceeded some way, since she seems to have made him a present of a ring at a masked ball, a circumstance over which the niece rather 'slides.' The Prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz nearly got her into a scrape with another very respectful and romantic admirer, Adrian de Montmorency, by leaving his hat on a table where no such object was expected. With Metternich, a great aspirant after conquests of this order, she had what her niece terms

terms an 'intrigue de bal masqué,' which lasted a whole winter, until the envoy himself became afraid of the consequences of too close attention to beauty in opposition. The 'fiancée du Roi de Garbe' herself scarcely passed through so many adventures in her less Platonic career as did Madame Récamier in the conduct of her successive and contemporaneous flirtations. And yet—once more to repeat the singular fact—the world, with all its jealousies and envies, and delight in abasing success and contaminating excellence, passed her by as unassailable. She remains, as we have said, a riddle, unexplained by all the pretty fancies and insipid compliments of her biographers. Was she in reality, as Châteaubriand describes her, the possessor of that almost unique temperament which could enable her to rush into the world in mere gaiety of heart, enjoy its homage and disregard its temptations, attract all and yield to none, encounter every seduction in mere strength of celestial purity, and remain calm in the very crowd and vortex of a dizzy world—the nymph Arethusa, as she has been called, carrying the unmingled freshness of her stream through the waters of the Ionian sea? Or was she, after all, merely one of that order of women (rare, it is to be hoped) of whom Balzac somewhat coarsely drew the type in his 'Countess Fœdora,' a coquette cold as ice, absorbed in one sole idolatry, the culture of self, and in one engrossing employment—that of exciting in all who approached her a passion to which she was by nature inaccessible? The first supposition will always find some sceptics; the second is negatived by the fact that esteem and respect were produced by her influence as surely as love, and that her rejected adorers became her most constant friends. Higher testimony to her social excellence can hardly be given; and yet, after all, with such materials for happiness, her career seems scarcely to have been a happy one. It was unnatural, and therefore joyless. Possessing through life prosperity and ease, or at all events but lightly touched by poverty; an adored beauty in her youth, the centre of a circle of devoted friends in after years, with no serious care or sorrow to ruffle her existence at any time, she endured life, we are told, rather than enjoyed it. 'Le phénix, oiseau merveilleux mais solitaire, s'ennuyait beaucoup, dit-on,' says her romantic squire M. Ballanche. And 'ennui' was evidently her insatiable enemy in the background. Often, in her brilliant isolation, did she sigh for the ordinary lot of women—a commonplace husband, and troublesome children.

We have said that Madame Récamier's sphere of conquest, at this era of the Consulate, extended not only over the successful men of the day, but also over the more highly-educated class
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of returned 'émigrés' with whom some family circumstances brought her into contact. The most distinguished among her captives of this order, and those who exercised the greatest influence on her after life until Châteaubriand came on the scene, were the two cousins—great men *de par le monde*—Adrian, Prince de Laval, and the Jacobin-Saint-Duke, Mathieu de Montmorency.

The first of these was esteemed the prince of fashion in his day—not in the sense of a Brummel or a D'Orsay, but that of the perfect Grand Seigneur: the man who gave, above all others, the leading tone in conversation and social demeanour. 'He had in perfection,' says one of his biographers, 'cette petite science, toute de mollesse, de recherche délicate, de goût assuré, de tact, qui, sans effort, apprenait à chacun son rang, à chaque mot sa valeur, à chaque politesse le tems de sa durée: cette vraie science arcanique,' &c. &c. That science, in short, which teaches how to atone for the utter absence of truth, frankness, and nature by the most plausible and graceful substitutes. Such was the character which contemporaries attached to Duke Adrian's manner and conversation. It is impossible to judge of these traditions by the mere test of writing, but we should be tempted to say that the letters of the celebrated Duke, in this collection, would rank him among the stiffest and dullest of Madame Récamier's correspondents. One passage only strikes us, as evincing that excessively affected tone of fashionable sentiment which distinguished the *côterie*, and from which Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier herself were by no means exempt: it is when he describes his aunt, the Viscountess de Laval, an aged lady, plunged in affliction at the loss of an only son, as '*toujours attrayante, toujours aimable, et qui plaît avec toute l'insouciance du désespoir!*' (vol. ii. p. 204.)

Mathieu de Montmorency was a much more remarkable personage; through life a weak but generous enthusiast, a foolish man in the estimation both of the wise and of the multitude, but of that particular class of folly which exercises a singularly captivating and subjugating influence over a few sympathetic minds. '*Nous commandons aux hommes,*' says Châteaubriand, '*plutôt par nos défauts que par nos qualités;*' and it was this kind of paradoxical influence which the Duc Mathieu exercised in his *côterie*, and partially in the world at large. It has been the fashion, in soft and plausible biographies, to represent him as one of the 'youthful and ardent spirits seduced by the dreams of 1789,' who played afterwards such a variety of parts in the world. But he was a good deal more than this. He was an active democrat down to 1792, when he was past thirty. After

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one of his popular displays in the Assembly, the caustic Rivarol addressed him by his family name, 'Monsieur Mathieu Bouchard.' 'But,' said the offended patriot, 'you know I cannot help being descended from Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France; from Anne de Montmorency, who married the widow of Louis-le-Gros,' &c. 'Eh, mon cher Mathieu,' exclaimed the wit, 'pourquoi êtes-vous donc tant descendu?' In 1792 he left the country, which had got too hot to hold even so ardent a disciple of progress as himself. When in emigration he turned on a sudden devout, lived the life of a zealot, and ultimately died in the odour of sanctity. When he returned to Paris in 1799, he was suffering under religious remorse for his Jacobin errors, and was, therefore, all the better subject for Madame Récamier's unrivalled powers of consolation. He rendered himself a willing captive; but, as we have said, the slave became in turn, to a considerable extent, a master. His letters—tiresome though they be from their unctuous monotony of style, and perpetual repetitions of 'mon aimable amie'—savour abundantly of that engaging mysticism which is so strong in its very feebleness; against which criticism and ridicule glance powerlessly aside, because it appeals to sensibilities on which these have no hold. And it must be added, that his power over his fair disciple seems to have been used with the best of intentions. We suspect that it was through his help that her refined nature threw off so completely the slight touch of vulgarity which it could hardly fail to contract from her youthful familiarity with the *parvenu* style of Napoleon's family and Court. He was shocked, moreover, at her love of dissipation, and was always trying to convert her—a task in which his success was indifferent, until declining means and advancing years made her an easier subject for such endeavours at persuasion. Madame Récamier had always had a happy, though not very overpowering, turn towards religion. She never lost her early impressions of soft conventual devotion. Under the guidance of Duke Mathieu she attained to a certain unction of fashionable piety, insomuch that her niece—with what we must call a slight touch of profaneness—calls her in one passage a saint. We are gravely informed how, on one occasion, she and her friends rescued a poor English orphan girl from an itinerant showman, and made a nun of her; how, at another time, she and that most coquettish of ecclesiastics the Abbé de Rohan,* with

* 'Le Duc de Rohan était fort joli. Il roucoulait la romance, lavait de petites aquarelles, et se distinguait par une étude coquette de toilette. Quand il fut abbé, sa précise chevelure, éprouvée au fer, avait une élégance de martyr. Il prêchait à la brune, dans des oratoires sombres, devant des dévotes, ayant soin, à l'aide de deux ou trois bougies artistement placées, d'éclairer en demi-teintes comme un tableau son visage pâle.'—Châteaubriand, *Mémoires*.

much ado, converted from Protestantism a sick Swiss *femme de chambre* (vol. ii. p. 58). But as, in all seriousness, we can reconcile with neither Catholic nor Protestant views of religion a life of frivolity, however charming, spent in the exercise of no single duty except those self-imposed by sentimental attachments, we must pass over this subject of piety without further remark—*ce n'est pas par là qu'elle brille*, in our opinion. If the Duke Mathieu tried hard to make her a *dévot*e, she in return made him in later years an Academician: at least his most undeserved election to one of the forty arm-chairs was mainly attributed, at this time, to the influence of 'la Circé de l'Abbaye-aux-Bois.' 'We owe thanks to Madame Récamier' (says M. Rondelet) 'for having seen the Académie Française return so appropriately to that ancient tradition of good society, in which a great name passed as a serious reason for competition.'

It was in 1806 that the first great change occurred in the life and habits of Madame Récamier, from the bankruptcy of her husband. Never was decline of fortune better supported, or, it may perhaps be added, less keenly felt: for her tastes were really simple, and her fancies unexact; and her friends rallied round her with an honourable devotion such as soon made admission to the little apartment on the *rez de chaussée* of her magnificent hotel, to which she now retired, a greater favour than the *entrée* of her brilliant receptions had been. But she had now become, in addition, a personage of some political importance; a leader of social opposition; and, with the strange blindness of partisanship, her admirers even now make it a charge of meanness against the first Napoleon that he did not make the Bank of France come forward to retrieve M. Récamier's fortune, which was spent, under his wife's direction, in comforting and feeding the bitterest enemies of the dynasty.

We cannot, indeed, at all partake in the unlimited admiration which her biographers lavish on the political part of their heroine's career. No doubt she was actuated by the common sentiments of a high-minded woman—abhorrence of tyranny, and a generous partiality for the weaker side. But it must be remembered, on the other hand, that 'the opposition of the salons' has always been the popular line in France; that few compliments are so flattering to a reigning beauty as those which are lavished on her courage and her influence on matters beyond her ordinary sphere; that sly agitators know full well how admirably the delicate fingers of woman are adapted by nature for the purpose of pulling political chesnuts out of the fire. Be this as it may, it had been Madame Récamier's fate all along to be in permanent hostility to the new power. Her father, M. Bernard, when employed

employed in the post-office under the Directory, had been in danger of losing both his place and his head for intrigues with the Emigrant party. She was connected, through her mother, with Madame Moreau; and had shown the warmest interest and partisanship during the General's trial. 'It was at her house, and with her,' says her panegyrist, M. Rondelet, honestly enough, 'that M. de Montmorency endeavoured to combine in a struggle against the First Consul the ambition of Bernadotte and the jealousy of Moreau.' Yet the First Consul, whether from policy or whatever motive, refrained from molesting both her intimate circle and herself. We have seen how well his first compliment to her was received. When he assumed the Imperial crown, he fancied that it would be a politic thing to form an alliance with so powerful a leader of opposition, and endeavoured to secure her as one of his new 'dames du palais,'—an offer which she declined with dignity. Strange to say, this negotiation assumes, in her own pages and those of her admirers, the character of a dishonourable proposal, made through Fouché—of all people in the world, 'a proper person to intrust a love-tale to'—and through the Emperor's own sister, Caroline Murat. The whole theory seems to rest on the merest fancy. Madame Récamier was accustomed to see the world at her feet, and it became her habit, as these memoirs sufficiently show, to behold a lover in every one who approached her, and interpret every act of homage as an act of courtship. She says herself that she only saw Napoleon twice in her life, and then in large companies. Are we to suppose that his curiosity about the lady to whom he meant to make a tender of his affections was so languid? or had he become such a Turk since his Egyptian expedition as to believe that the finest woman in France was to be won as soon as he dropped the handkerchief? Napoleon was neither a fool nor a coxcomb, and he knew France well, and must have been thoroughly aware that, in the social estimation of that country, rude presumption towards a lady is a fault utterly irredeemable except by success. And the supposition, were it true, would reflect very little credit on the delicacy of the heroine herself, since Caroline Murat—the go-between, according to the story, in this disgraceful transaction—always remained the object of one of her most sentimental friendships. But we dismiss it with little hesitation, certainly from no tenderness to the Imperial memory, but as a distorted notion, originating in feminine vanity and political spite.

From that refusal, however, peaceful relations between the two potentates came speedily to an end. Madame Récamier first became an object of the attentions of the Imperial police, and finally,

finally, from 1808 to the Restoration, spent most of her time, like her friend Madame de Staël, in compulsory exile either from Paris or from France. Every one knows the eloquent vituperations poured by the latter lady on her persecutor; and it was often said that his most violent acts of tyranny had done Napoleon less disservice than the unmanly severity exercised towards these distinguished personages. But what, in truth, is to be done in troublesome times with ladies who take active part against the powers that be? Their treatment sometimes constitutes the great embarrassment, and sometimes the ludicrous side, of despotism. When left alone, they glory in carrying opposition beyond the verge of the endurable. When touched, they have the art of making the whole world sympathise with them as innocent martyrs.

‘Il n’y a, contre les femmes, aucun moyen sérieux de répression,’ says that veteran squire of dames, M. Michelet. ‘La simple prison est déjà chose fort difficile : quis custodiet ipsos custodes ? Elles corrompent tout, brisent tout : point de clôture assez forte. Mais les montrer à l’échafaud, grand Dieu ! Un gouvernement qui fait cette sottise se guillotine elle-même. . . . Elles sont très responsables, et elles ne sont pas punissables. Dans toute la Révolution, je les vois violentes, intrigantes, bien souvent plus coupables que les hommes. Mais dès qu’on les frappe, on se frappe. Qui les punit, se punit. Quelque chose qu’elles aient fait, sous quelque aspect qu’elles paraissent, elles renversent la justice, en détruisent toute idée, la font nier et maudire.’

And, then, with what consummate art can they magnify the slightest restraint used towards them into a torture ! In the pages of Madame de Staël, banishment from the atmosphere of the kennel of the Rue du Bac becomes an evil scarcely to be excelled by deportation to Cayenne. ‘Elle a passé des mois entiers dans une petite ville de province !’ says she of Madame Récamier, in much the same tone as if she was recounting her martyrdom. ‘Voilà le sort que j’ai valu à la personne la plus brillante de son tems.’ We are told of the Duchess de Chevreuse, another friend and fellow exile, that ‘la victime de cette persécution si prolongée avait successivement trainé en Normandie, en Dauphiné, en Touraine, le poids d’un malheur qui la tuait. Il lui paraissait en effet plus facile de renoncer à la vie qu’à Paris.’

It was under Madame de Staël’s roof at Coppet that the love-passage between Madame Récamier and the Prince Augustus of Prussia occurred, which, like other parts of her life, has been immortalised by Châteaubriand. It is one which in no degree enhances our respect for the lady, while our sympathies are wholly enlisted on the side of the gallant young Prince of twenty-four
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caught in the toils of an enchantress of thirty. He was brave, handsome, and a prisoner of war. He had accepted the hospitality of Coppet, and he soon fell desperately in love with its beautiful inmate. 'Three months,' says the niece, 'were passed in the enchantments of a passion by which Madame Récamier was strongly touched, if she did not partake it.' In short, 'en peu de tems, Mars eut gagné la dame.' The Prince implored her to obtain a divorce from her titular husband (easy under the law of France), and to marry him. All her resolutions were shaken. They exchanged mutual promises. She wrote to her husband to make the necessary proposal. He remonstrated with her (if we may believe the niece) in terms so noble and paternal as to shake her resolution. We confess we find great difficulty in believing that one in M. Récamier's position had any such influence over her. But, whether it were from religious scruple, or inconstancy of heart, or any other indefinable motive, she changed her intention, and she dared not confess the change to her lover. She left him, to return to Paris, under the belief that the engagement subsisted. He went back to his country after the peace of Tilsit, but kept up a passionate correspondence in the same belief. She played with him and deceived him, sent him her portrait, and then at last announced her change of resolution by a letter which seemed to annihilate hope. And yet, four years later, in 1811, she gave him an appointment to meet her at Schaffhausen. But, says her niece, 'des circonstances plus fortes que la volonté humaine ne permirent point que l'entrevue projetée se réalisât; l'exil frappe Madame de Récamier en arrivant à Coppet.' That is to say, a sentence of banishment from France, reaching her on the shores of Lake Leman, prevented her from fulfilling a promise to go to Schaffhausen. M. Guizot gently points out the absurdity of the excuse. It was accepted resignedly by the victim. He endeavoured, with singular constancy, to renew his addresses in 1815; but this time we are told that patriotism combined with other motives to induce his idol to persevere in the rejection of the suit of the Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian artillery. He remained through life unmarried; saw and corresponded with the object of his love, but at distant intervals only. It is to his passion that we owe the celebrated picture of 'Corinne at Cape Misenum,' so well known from the popular prints; intended as a delicate homage, at once, to the genius of Madame de Staël and the charms of her companion.

The intimate friendship which for some years united Madame Récamier with Madame de Staël is well known, and has inspired so many eloquent pages of the great authoress's finest works that it may be passed over by us, whose limited space renders

renders us rather anxious to dwell on less notorious portions of our subject. Under all the glaze and varnish of Madame de Staël's style, it is impossible not to discern the reality of the sentiment which she felt for her charming friend—a sentiment perhaps not untinged with envy, for it may be of Madame Récamier she was thinking, when she said that she would give all her celebrity for one season of the reign of a youthful beauty. Madame Récamier's attachment for her as evidently partook of affectionate devotion towards a superior being. Their loves were, however, interrupted in 1811, when the authoress refused to receive her friend at Coppet, on the plea that, by doing so, she should involve her in her own political persecutions. This also is a part of the biography over which Madame Lenormant passes very lightly, from the obvious desire to make everything smooth which pervades her work. But there can be little doubt that M. Rondelet's frank account is the true one, and that the real cause of estrangement was the approach of Madame de Staël's very undignified second marriage with the young officer Rocca.

The breach of friendship thus occasioned, and never more than partially repaired, seems to have been the cause, more than the loss of fortune, or even of beloved Paris itself, which rendered the period of Madame Récamier's exile (1811–1814) one of peculiar unhappiness to her. So M. Rondelet describes her. 'La tête penchée sur une broderie à laquelle elle ne travaillait pas, elle passait de longues heures à pleurer.' 'I have no stoicism,' she said to the Duchess d'Abrantes, who paid her a visit about this time. 'When my occupations suffer me to fall back on my destiny, I find myself alone with myself, and I weep.'

These years of exile were spent in wandering in the provinces and abroad; husbandless, but certainly not solitary, since she was escorted or received everywhere by a host of distinguished friends. She passed, however, some time at Lyons, among her own relations, chiefly belonging to the higher bourgeoisie of that place. Here she made an acquaintance destined to ripen into one of the most singular instances of romantic friendship ever exposed to the public eye. M. Ballanche was a printer at Lyons, a man of exclusively literary tastes, and shy, eccentric habits, middle aged, poor, and deformed, the author of some obscure mystical romances; one who had dreams of reconstructing history after the fashion of Vico; one, at this period, almost unknown to fame, and whose subsequent celebrity, such as it was, we may conjecture to have been owing more to the power of the coterie to which he belonged than to his own merits, since, with the dissolution of that coterie, both author and works seem to have fallen into oblivion. When introduced to Madame Récamier he was suffering,
moreover,

moreover, as M. Rondelet informs us, under the perplexities of a foolish matrimonial engagement. It is singular how very many of those on whom she lavished her powers of consolation were in this particular predicament. Her unaffected simplicity and grace, the irresistible charm of her every-day intercourse, the kindly interest which a being such as till then he could only have dreamed of took in his obscure aspirations and uncouth sincerity, won his heart at once, and made him her slave for ever. 'Je n'avais point lieu de m'y attendre,' he says in the first of his letters to her, 'parce que je sais combien je suis silencieux, maussade, et triste.' Like Goethe's mermaid, 'sie sprach zu ihm, sie sang zu ihm, da war's um ihn gescheh'n.' Thenceforward he lived but for her, in her company, or in her recollection. 'I once put the problem off-hand to old Ballanche,' says Michelet, "qu'est-ce que la femme?" The philosopher blushed like a child, hesitated a moment, and replied, "C'est l'initiation." And such assuredly was Madame Récamier to him. She led him into a new world—a world of enchantment as complete and as delicious as ever sorceress of romance conjured up around her votaries. 'Permettez-moi,' he says in the same letter, 'à votre égard, les sentimens d'un frère pour sa sœur. J'aspire après l'instant où je pourrai vous offrir, avec ce sentiment fraternel, l'hommage du peu que je puis. Mon dévouement sera entier et sans réserve.' And such it was for the rest of their joint lives. He spent as much of his time in her company as he possibly could, compensating, by the enjoyment of that hour or two of 'reception' to which he was admitted, for the literary loneliness of the rest of his day. He tore himself from his books and fireside to squire her in all her wanderings, a most reluctant but patient traveller. And when he could not be with her, he continued his assiduities in almost daily correspondence. 'Vous savez bien,' he says in a letter written many years after their first acquaintance, 'que vous êtes mon étoile, et que ma destinée dépend de la vôtre. Si vous veniez d'entrer dans votre tombeau de marbre blanc, il faudrait bien vite me creuser une fosse, où je ne tarderais pas d'entrer après vous.' And she, with an union of nobleness and delicacy which (as we shall see more fully) peculiarly belonged to her, having once ascertained his real worth and his value to herself, admitted him to her friendship on the footing of absolute equality with her most distinguished associates, such as the Montmorencys and Châteaubriand. It would be impossible to discover, from the tone of their correspondence, that any degrees subsisted in the social intimacy which united them all.

From Lyons Madame Récamier departed for Italy, and travelled there through the rest of her exile, the faithful Ballanche for the

most part accompanying her. She spent a couple of winters in what was then the quiet seclusion of Rome, shared the hospitality of Queen Caroline Murat at Naples, witnessed, and in vain endeavoured to relieve, the despair of that Queen's unhappy husband when the English fleet entered the Bay on his invitation. She returned to Paris with the restored Bourbons; and then commenced a period of her life still more brilliant than that of her first youthful reign, and scarcely less fertile in conquests. 'L'élite de la société Européenne,' says her niece, 'lui décerna l'empire incontesté de la mode et de la beauté.' M. Récamier had to some extent repaired his shattered fortune: his wife possessed that of her mother, estimated at 400,000 francs; she was enabled to resume her carriage, salon, and opera box, and the common habits of luxurious ease, if not those of her early extravagance. Among her new admirers, in this period of rejuvenescence, was that personage of strong passions but unequal and inconsistent character, Benjamin Constant; and here again we arrive at a little crisis in her history, over which Madame Lenormant passes with obvious caution. According to her representation, the admirer was eager, but the lady insensible. M. Rondelet, on the other hand, secretly blames the subject of his panegyric for having encouraged poor Constant, even up to the point when danger to reputation began, and then turned away from him. And our readers may perhaps have heard of certain very ardent love letters from his hand, the publication of which the lady's friends thought proper to restrain. Slighter passages of gallantry, more interesting to English readers than these, took place between her and the Duke of Wellington. Every one knows that it was one of the great soldier's pardonable weaknesses to pay this kind of homage to reigning beauty, wherever he met with it; and Madame Récamier, as usual, interpreted this into something more than mere chivalry. Regarding him as an admirer, we must say it was hardly fair of her to preserve, as she did, the stiffly sentimental effusions of the Duke, in marvellous bad French, in order to turn them in after years into ridicule. And when Madame Récamier descends so low (vol. i. p. 261) as to describe the circumstances of a dinner in his company, and vaunt of her magnanimity in repelling his attentions from pity for a young English lady, the wife of an aide-de-camp, to whom he was supposed to be making love, we cannot but involuntarily ask ourselves whether the writer of this piece of autobiographic scandal is the personage whom her niece describes as a 'Saint.' It is altogether the most ignoble passage in the memoir, and we wonder that Madame Lenormant's very sensitive taste did not induce her to use here the privilege of omission which she so evidently assumes elsewhere.

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The best which can be said for Madame Récamier in this matter is, that she evidently disliked the Duke from true patriotic spirit; and it is to her credit that, hostile as she had been to Napoleon and his government, her heart was always thoroughly French. It is well known how her antipathy was shared by Madame de Staël and the whole coterie, and how they united in pronouncing the man to whom above all others they owed their restored homes and honours an 'homme borné,' and a failure in Parisian society.

It was not long before the death of Madame de Staël, in 1818, that the most important event of Madame Récamier's life took place—the commencement of her 'relations' with M. de Châteaubriand, to use that most useful and almost technical Parisian term, which covers all sorts of intimacy permissible or otherwise. They had met before, but as acquaintance only. The history of this poetical and almost unique connexion is so finely told in the best pages of the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe,' that Madame Lenormant has had little to do beyond repeating details which the most eloquent of modern Frenchmen had already rendered familiar to his readers. Vain, arbitrary, egotistical to an almost incredible degree, M. de Châteaubriand had nevertheless those qualities in him which commanded and enthralled one who up to that time had been accustomed to dictate conditions of alliance, instead of submitting to them. 'The enthusiastic admiration with which the talent of the writer inspired her, the imposing charm of a brilliant and pure reputation, were added to the seduction which the grace and distinguished manner of M. de Châteaubriand have always and everywhere exercised. He had very soon won the first place, if not in the heart, at least in the imagination, of Madame de Récamier.' Not without contest, however. Her old adorers saw not without pain the growth of a passion—for such it must be termed—which interfered, not only with their attachment and their *amour propre*, but also with the daily habits of their dangling existence. For the author of 'Atala' 'bore, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.' It is very amusing to read of the serious way in which these veteran associates set to work to wean their sovereign lady from what they considered her deplorable weakness for the intruder. Duke Mathieu redoubled his pious efforts at conversion. The philosophic M. Ballanche devised a more singular remedy for love: he recommended Madame Récamier to divert her thoughts by translating Petrarch!—a task of which she really executed some trifling portion. But neither devotion, nor Petrarch, sufficed to effect the desired cure. Day by day only saw her more irresistibly fettered by the influence of the conqueror, and, we will venture to say, far happier in that bondage, according as it did with the instincts of her gentle

nature, than in the cold and glittering supremacy which she had enjoyed before.

In 1820 a further reverse of fortune occurring to her husband (which she had unsuccessfully endeavoured to parry by the sacrifice of part of her own means) drove Madame Récamier to a fresh reduction of her establishment. She left her pretty apartment in the Rue d'Anjou—ceased altogether, as we collect from her niece's by no means explicit revelations, to make part of her husband's family—and hired a room in the 'Abbaye aux Bois,' from the nuns of that establishment. This was the final retreat, which she rendered famous by thirty years of residence. The reader unfamiliar with Paris, if any such there be, must not be seduced by the romantic nomenclature of the spot into dreams of monastic solitude. The 'Abbaye aux Bois,' a little convent which escaped the Revolution by singular good luck, lies, with its small garden, somewhat withdrawn from the street in the middle of the fashionable Faubourg St. Germain. We cannot at all understand Madame Lenormant's story—unless it is to be taken as a bit of pleasant exaggeration—that the place was so little known to Parisians, that 'the Maréchale Moreau, wanting to visit her friend as soon as she was established in her new retreat, thought it necessary to have dinner an hour earlier in order to be able to accomplish so distant a journey.' Still less can we understand the expressions of admiring panegyrists, which would seem to imply that Madame Récamier retired into something like a pious seclusion. Indulgent as the Church has generally shown itself, in Paris as elsewhere, to fashionable weaknesses, we do not imagine that a lady living apart from her husband, without quarrel and without cause, was received into a convent on any religious footing. She was, we presume, merely a boarder there, as many great ladies had been before, when they wished to retire for a while into an interesting half-obscurity—Madame de Vintimille, Louis XV.'s mistress, among the number. Châteaubriand has described, in his most poetical language, the 'cell' of his beloved recluse, high up on the third story, under the lofty old-fashioned roof of the building. Here she lived alone; but she dutifully procured a lodging for her husband somewhere in the neighbourhood, and provided him and Ballanche with their daily dinner. She exchanged this lodging afterwards for a more commodious apartment on a lower floor, which she acquired for her life; and there her pilgrimage ended:—

'From the moment when the liaison between M. de Châteaubriand and Madame Récamier began, he assumed, as I have already said, the first place in her affections. No one ever carried the taste for methodical and regular habits so far as this writer of genius, in whom imagination

nation was so brilliant and so leading a quality. Thus, every morning he wrote an early note to Madame Récamier. Every day, invariably, he reached her house at three o'clock: he generally came on foot: and his punctuality was such, that he used to declare that people regulated their watches when they saw him pass by. M. de Châteaubriand, reserved and exclusive by nature, admitted only a very small number of persons at his "hour." It was therefore after dinner that Madame Récamier "received." But her doors were open every evening.

Some time, however, had to elapse before the definitive organizing of this peaceful existence. Châteaubriand was as yet immersed in political life. He used, without scruple, the interest of his fair and powerful friend for his own advancement, and that friend was amply rewarded by some commonplace expression of gratitude and devotion. Political eminence turned his head by acting on his powerful imagination: a result which we have seen produced over and over again in this country, when that most enchanting of intoxications has fallen to the lot of literary genius. It seems to have been no longer possible to live with him. This part of her heroine's story, like many other critical passages, is told by the niece with singular reserve. But whether the Platonism of her chivalrous lover grew at last too impetuous; or whether the jealousy between him and Duke Mathieu became intolerable for the object of their common attachment; or whether Châteaubriand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, became too different a personage from Châteaubriand, the literary lion, to be any longer endurable; she resolved at last to cut the knot of her embarrassment by a precipitate flight from Paris. Using her niece's health for a pretext, she departed for Italy in November, 1823, the faithful Ballanche, as usual, occupying a corner of the post-chaise. She remained there nearly two years; and all the while the excellent M. Récamier—an old man now, but in good preservation, owing to a vigorous constitution and a mind on which care and trouble took no hold whatever—remained at Paris, bowing on the Boulevards, and answering every one who asked for news of his angelic wife.

Madame Récamier returned to Paris in the summer of 1825. A new phase in her existence appears to commence with this return. The sceptre of beauty glided very slowly and gently from her hand, but it could not remain hers for ever. Her old circle began to grow narrower. Duke Mathieu—the only real rival in her heart to Châteaubriand—died suddenly, in the act of prayer, in 1826. M. Récamier made his scarcely-noticed exit in 1830. Her commanding position in society still continued; new names filled up the blanks in her book of visitors, and new and distinguished faces appeared at her receptions. The Duc de Noailles,

Noailles, Ampère, Villemain, Guizot, de Tocqueville, Léonce Lavergne, and many more celebrated personages of our own generation, animated her 'cell' in the Abbaye aux Bois with their brilliant conversation. In fact, her admirers claim for that conventual circle the honour of having originated the eclectic school now in fashion, which seeks to combine a spirit of partial return to things of the past with tendencies substantially modern. But these new comers were comparatively strangers to her heart. Its affections were more and more concentrated on one individual. It became her single task to cherish, soothe, and solace him—and no easy one. When disappointed by his failure in public life, he became unmanageable and nearly unapproachable by all but her. She had to bear with his ravings against the ingratitude of mankind, his agonies of disappointed egotism, his paroxysms of impotent hatred against those whom he conceived to have crossed his path in life. She had the only reward she sought, in becoming every day more and more the imperious necessity of his existence. The world, by common consent, left them pretty much to each other. Madame de Châteaubriand, as the readers of the *Memoirs* well know, had a will and a character of her own; she bore but impatiently her own inability to secure her husband's affection; yet she became so subdued to her secondary position that she endured quietly the humiliation of having to appeal over and over again to her successful rival, and entreat her interference for the sake of peace and quiet. And so the years rolled on, until Madame Récamier had to watch the still more painful spectacle of her friend's premature decay, both bodily and mental.

'Every day at the same hour,' says one of his biographers, 'exact as the clock, the inhabitants of the Rue de Sèvres saw Châteaubriand pass, elegantly dressed, in his short redingote, a riding-whip in his hand, in the direction of the grille of the Abbaye aux Bois. But when the infirmities of age had begun by degrees to beset him—when, instead of walking to the Abbaye, he was at first compelled to go there in a carriage—when, after having long climbed the stairs lightly enough, he came at last to employ the support of a stick—and when, finally, his legs refusing to serve him any longer, he was carried there in an arm-chair by his servants—this decay, so hateful to his poetical imagination, caused him to abandon himself wholly to a profound and incurable melancholy. As his faculties became gradually weaker, he fell back more and more on himself; and, unwilling that others should perceive how his mind partook with his body the pressure of years, he condemned himself to silence, and hardly spoke any more.'

In truth, the unhappy man of genius was suffering at once under the undignified annoyances of poverty, under impatience of his
own

own physical decay, and under a strange, morbid fear of not achieving durability of fame: the besetting fear—

di perder vita tra coloro
Che questo tempo chiameranno antico.

Such was the personage on whom Madame Récamier lavished her last years, in the attempt, which Madame de Maintenon had pronounced such a trying one, 'to amuse a being who was no longer amusable.' His deep attachment, however, survived his powers of enjoyment. After the death of his wife, at the age of seventy, he offered her marriage, or, as Madame Lenormant expresses it, 'la supplia d'honorer son nom en consentant à le porter;' and could scarcely pardon her gentle refusal, which preceded but by a very short time the death of both.

Such is the history, very briefly sketched, of one of the most remarkable of those gifted women whom French society alone from time to time produces, and from whom French society receives in return its prevailing stamp and character. And when we have executed our task, we cannot but feel (thanks to the very superficial nature of the materials before us) that we retain, and have reproduced, a likeness no more approaching to the picture of a real woman than a portrait in a 'Book of Beauty' approaches to a photograph. What was the nature of that peculiar charm through which she dazzled and controlled the Parisian world? What was she in real life to the general circle in which she moved, and still more to her intimates? Neither these volumes, nor the still more made up descriptions which literary men have left of her, enable us at all to realise the vision. There is very little of her own composition in these Remains; what there is, contains no trace of wit, scarcely any of that more catholic quality which our neighbours term 'esprit.' Indeed the problem, 'Madame Récamier avait-elle de l'esprit?' is seriously propounded by M. Sainte-Beuve, and answered only by a page or two of metaphysical gallantry. And although fond of reading, her mind was by no means cultivated up to the mark of those which she attached to her circle. Madame de Genlis says of her, in a passage which merits the more attention because it is an exception to the volumes of mere insipid compliment which have been written about her, that 'the dissipation in which she lived took from her all capacity for applying herself to serious occupations.' She was, indeed, an admirable listener, says the same authority: 'personne au monde ne savait écouter comme elle;' and it is needless to say how invaluable this quality is everywhere, but especially to the Queen of a literary court.

'Talking

'Talking little, listening much, judging with acuteness, presiding over conversation with admirable dexterity; questioning every one with infallible accuracy on what he knew best; discovering how to make all merit exhibit itself, without offending any one; having the consummate art of making every one pleased with himself, and consequently with her: such is the account given of her by Granier de Cassagnac; but these are mere well-balanced sentences of compliment, which have been uttered respecting many a charming *maîtresse de salon* besides. There is nothing really characteristic in them. We can but add, that a still more attractive quality, but one of which the enjoyment was more confined to her intimates, was that of possessing the strongest and readiest sympathies, the most acute sensibility to the pride, the pleasure, the suffering of any who had the happiness to call her friend. 'Elle sort de son calme habituel,' says again Madame de Genlis, 'pour prendre subitement toute la vivacité qui peut s'allier avec la douceur: et c'est ce qu'elle est toujours, lorsqu'il s'agit de défendre, de justifier, ou de louer ses amis.' And this quality again had its roots in that deeper and more fundamental excellence in which we suspect the ultimate secret of her power lay—her singular freedom from selfishness. We never find her asking a favour, or coveting any earthly success or enjoyment, for herself; never making parade of her own sentiments, seldom dwelling on her own trials. The interests of her life, it has been truly said, were all relative.

And one word more as to a point in her character to which, though secondary, we have slightly adverted already: it is not without its importance. Madame Récamier was herself of middle-class origin, as we have seen. Her husband's family connexions were by no means of a high order in society. Her own charms, and some accidental circumstances, threw her into the highest. Some of her chosen associates were among the chiefs of fashion, some of literature. It is impossible, in her correspondence or in the narratives respecting her, to trace the slightest difference in her way of dealing with or speaking of these several classes of her acquaintance. She appears as if wholly insensible to what are called social distinctions; is absolutely without pretension, or finery, or condescension. Nor does this freedom from conventional exclusiveness extend to herself alone; she enforces it on all who come under her government. Duke Adrian, the exquisite grand seigneur, must speak of M. Bernard of the post-office, and Ballanche the printer, precisely as if they stood on the same level with himself. She will no more tolerate distinctions of rank, birth, or position, among her vassals in her presence,

presence, than will the Shah of Persia. Social equality is the peculiar grace of French intercourse, and, unhappily, almost absent from ours. But even in France we apprehend that such perfection of polish in this respect as was attained by Madame Récamier, and prevailed in her circle, is exceedingly rare.

Such a circle cannot exist among ourselves, nor need we, on the whole, wish that it should. The charming system of 'elective affinities' on which its relations are founded—the quiet assumption that genius, and beauty, and fashion dispense with the commonplace duties of life altogether, and that, so long as reputation is preserved, all safeguards with which ordinary society is fenced may be left aside as old-fashioned and tiresome—is not very likely ever to suit our more prosaic community. But let us not, on that account, withhold our admiration from what is truly admirable. Madame Lenormant speaks of her aunt, with justifiable pride, as '*elle qui, plus qu'aucune autre personne au monde, pratiqua et inspira l'amitié dans la plus parfaite acceptation du mot.*' Friendships such as those which she inspired and partook—passionate, engrossing, perdurable, deep as the very springs of life itself—occur not unfrequently in French literary biography of the last century. We all remember the life-long intimacies which were formed in the salons of a Geoffrin and a Du Deffand; we have read how the little Italian Abbé Galiani, the lightest, airiest, most insouciant of creatures, faded silently away and died, without visible cause, on the news of the decease of his correspondent Madame d'Epinay, whom he had not seen for years. Nor is our own literary history without parallels, though more rare; witness the instance of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. But scarcely any such ties, of which the history is recorded, equalled in tenacity that which bound together Madame Récamier and the last associates of her long career. There is something singularly solemn in the contemplation of those old lives wearing out together in an union of soul so perfect that, when the senses were almost dead, and conversation had ceased, and mutual intercourse became outwardly a blank, they still seemed to co-exist and communicate through the mysterious unison which permeated them all. We can well believe what Madame Lenormant assures us, that poor old Ballanche died of sheer anxiety and terror at the thought of an operation for cataract which the object of his affections was about to undergo. Châteaubriand, the nearest of all, quitted her the last. And when the whole were gone, and she was left alone in her darkness (for she had become blind some time before her decease), when her thoughts

were

were thus forced back on her inner life, and she was left to commune with the dead, her niece says that she

'often spoke of them, and always of Ballanche and Châteaubriand together, but always expressing herself as if they were only absent for a moment. At the hour when her two friends were accustomed to enter her drawing-room I have seen her shudder if the door happened to open; when I asked her the reason, she told me that at certain moments she experienced a thought of them so vivid that it seemed like an apparition. The darkness which for her enveloped all objects must have aided in producing this effect of imagination.'—vol. ii. p. 565.

She survived the comrades of her life a short while only; and died of cholera—a disease of which she had always entertained a peculiar dread—in May, 1849, at the age of seventy-two. Her features after death, we are told, resumed for a short space their original and extraordinary beauty.

'Au reste,' says her niece, 'Madame Récamier n'avait, pour ainsi dire, pas connu la vieillesse; dans les derniers tems de sa vie, ses traits avaient commencé à se flétrir, et sa taille s'était légèrement courbée: cependant elle conservait un grand charme dans le sourire, et sa démarche se distinguait encore par une extrême élégance. Elle cachait ses cheveux, qui avaient blanchi à Rome en 1824; mais elle n'avait jamais rien fait, absolument rien, pour combattre les effets de l'âge; et cette sincérité contribua sans doute à prolonger chez elle les avantages extérieurs bien au delà des limites ordinaires.'—vol. ii. p. 572.

ART. III.—*Vicissitudes of Families and other Essays.* By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, Author of 'The Peerage.' Third edition. London, 1859.

ALTHOUGH the primary moral inculcated by this book may be familiar enough, the incidental trains of thought and inquiry suggested by it are by no means equally trite, and we incline to rank them amongst the most curious and important it is well possible to pursue. As we read of the rise and fall of illustrious houses, of the elevation and extinction of historic names, of the different sources and varying fortunes of nobility, we are insensibly led on to speculate on the political, social, and moral uses of the institution, on the nature and tendency of blood and race, on the genuine meaning and philosophy of what is called Birth, and on the comparative force of the distinction in the leading communities that have more or less adopted it. Is its influence increasing or on the wane? Is it a blessing or a curse to humanity? Should

Should it be encouraged in old countries or discredited in new? Is it essential to constitutional monarchy? Is it incompatible with republican freedom? What have inherited honours and ancient lineage done for civilization, for science and learning, for politeness and the fine arts? Or, admitting what can hardly be denied, that privileged classes have been eminently useful in certain stages of progress, has their vocation, like that of the monastic orders in the dark ages, passed away, become a dead letter, or grown absolutely mischievous, since the discovery of representative assemblies and a free press? When, again, is or has been the pride of ancestry carried furthest, and where does it rest on the most solid foundation as regards either purity of lineage, public services, or popular esteem?

Looking at the number of family histories printed since we last reviewed a collection of them,* we feel we are no longer called upon to defend genealogical studies from the imputation of dullness, dryness, or barrenness. One thing, at least, may be confidently predicated concerning them. The sentiment, instinct, or prejudice on which they mainly rely would seem to be implanted in mankind, and to be elicited and fostered instead of deadened by intellectual progress. We may trace its influence on the most thoughtful, self-relying, and comprehensive minds, including Bishop Watson, Franklin, Gibbon, and Burke. It is all very well to disclaim the 'avos, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,' or to repeat complacently the familiar couplet in which 'Howard' rhymes to 'coward,' or to congratulate a *millionnaire*, whether he relishes the compliment or not, on his being the architect of his own fortune. The odds are that he is already in treaty with the Heralds' College for a coat of arms, and looking about for proofs of his descent paternally or maternally from some extinct family in the class of gentry. Nor should we be disposed to set down this tendency as altogether a sign of weakness or poverty of mind, when we find Byron prouder of his pedigree than of his poems, and the author of 'Waverley' risking absolute ruin in the hope of being the founder of a new line of lairds. Yet how tottering and precarious, in the great majority of instances, are these ideal edifices! how misplaced the ambition, how illusory

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xcvi., pp. 289-319. The multiplication of family histories is not confined to the Old World. Pedigree-hunting has become quite a mania in the United States, where it would seem that the best English blood, as well as the purest English accent, has been preserved. As one recent instance amongst many, we may cite 'The Brights of Suffolk, England: by J. B. Bright, of Boston'—a royal octavo of 345 pages. The English branches are described as extinct, and the author tacitly repudiates any relationship with the distinguished member for Birmingham, whose opinions might have been expected to endear him to his American cousins.

the hope! Newstead is in the market for the second time within living memory; and the Scotts of Abbotsford, in the true feudal acceptation of the term, exist no longer. Their fate is far from singular. Indeed, it is quite startling, on going over the beadroll of English worthies, to find how few are directly represented in the male line. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Raleigh, Sydney, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, Bacon, Coke, Hale, Holt, Locke, Newton, Cromwell, Hampden, Blake, Marlborough, Nelson, Wolfe, Clarendon, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Pitt, and Fox, are obvious instances, and the list might be indefinitely prolonged. As the most eminent have left no issue, the problem, how far female descent may be admitted to supply the failure of male, might safely be left unsolved. But much of what we are about to say would appear confused or unintelligible unless we came to a clear preliminary understanding as to the precise meaning of lineage, ancestry, and birth.

In our opinion, then, the distinction itself—a purely conventional creation—cannot exist at all, except within assigned limits; because, like Shakspeare's circle in the water, it is precisely of that quality which 'too much spreading will disperse to nought.' It is recorded of Mary Lady Honeywood, that, at her decease in her ninety-third year, she had 367 lawful descendants then living: 16 children, 114 grandchildren, 228 great grandchildren, and 9 great great grandchildren. But to show how rapidly blood becomes diffused through females, we have simply to refer to the number of persons who undoubtedly partake of the blood royal. These are now counted by tens of thousands; and (according to Sir Bernard Burke) amongst the descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., who died without male issue, were a butcher and a toll-gatherer, namely, Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Green, and Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. Amongst the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., was Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover-square, who christened his eldest son (we believe still living) Plantagenet. A single mis-alliance, and the decline proceeds at a gallop. In 1637, the great great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, was found exercising the cobbler's craft at Newport, in Shropshire. If this scion of royalty had married and left children, he might have stocked the whole country with Plantagenets. Bernard, Duke of Norfolk, of Brooks's and Beefsteak Club celebrity, once resolved to give a dinner to all the descendants of Jockey of Norfolk, Richard III.'s friend, and directed his steward to trace them

them out and make preparations accordingly. When a list, still incomplete but exceeding six hundred, was laid before him, he gave up the project. All the genuine Howards are entitled to quarter the royal arms in right of their descent from Margaret de Mowbray, who married their founder.*

When estates and dignities are inherited by and through females, and the paternal name is continued by assumption, the chasm is bridged over, and much of the prescriptive feeling popularly attached to an historic family is speedily won back. This is as it should be, assuming the essence of inherited nobility or gentry to consist in our progenitors having been long enough in the higher class to be under the influence of the maxim, *noblesse oblige*. Female descent will not break the chain of elevating associations when the property and social position are retained and transmitted by an heiress, whilst male descent will hardly preserve these unimpaired long after the estates are separated from the name, and its bearers are blended with the crowd. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, we fear it will not take much more to unmake one; and the last Duchess of Douglas surely stretched a point when she frequently invited a London tailor, named Douglas, to dine with her on the score of a distant connexion with her house.

The Percys, who stand at the head of Sir Bernard Burke's examples of vicissitude, hold their heads quite as high, and are allowed their precedence almost as ungrudgingly, as if they could trace a clear descent through males from the first Norman Percy. But the male line of the English branch became extinct as near its source as the reign of Henry I., when Agnes de Percy, daughter and heiress of William, the third Lord, married Joceline of Louvain, son of the Duke of Lower Brabant, who assumed the name and arms of the Percys. No diminution of rank can have resulted from such an alliance, and from this renewal of the stock till the death of the eleventh Earl in 1670, no succession of feudal nobles played a more conspicuous part or were more frequently mixed up in the troubles of the State. With their vast possessions and paramount influence in the north, it was hardly possible for the Earls of Northumberland to avoid taking a side in every intestine commotion or struggle for su-

* This topic is fully and ably treated by Mr. Charles Long, in his 'Royal Descents: a Genealogical List of the several Persons entitled to quarter the Arms of the Royal Houses of England,' published in 1854. 'The nature of mere Royal descents,' he remarks, 'is well known to dabbles in genealogy. When once you are enabled to place your client in a current of decent blood, you are certain to carry him up to some one of the great fountains of honour,—Edward the Third, Edward the First, or Henry the Third.' American genealogists assert that Washington was of the blood-royal of England.

premacv, political or religious; and what with capricious changes of creed by royal command at one time, and jarring pretensions to the crown at another, they must have been singularly fortunate, or miraculously sagacious, if they had contrived to be always in the right or always on the winning side. After making all reasonable allowances, however, it must be owned that the Percys had a wonderful knack at getting into difficulty. They not only found rebellion when it lay in their way, but frequently went out of their way to find it, and the result was that, for one of their chiefs to die a natural death, was rather the exception than the rule.

The first Earl was slain at Bramham Moor, his brother was beheaded, and his son, Hotspur, fell at Shrewsbury. The second Earl was killed at St. Albans; the third at Towton; the fourth was murdered by a mob; the fifth died in his bed, but his second son was attainted and executed at Tyburn, and his eldest, the sixth Earl, died of grief and mortification after earning the title of 'The Unthrifty' by the improvident waste of his inheritance. For some years after his death the succession was interrupted by the attainder of his brother, and a cloud obscured the fortunes of the family. They had to undergo the mortification of seeing the Dukedom of Northumberland conferred on a Dudley; but he, too, getting attainted soon afterwards, the Earldom was restored to the rightful heir, who, untaught by adversity, joined the rising of the north against Queen Elizabeth, and ended his life on the scaffold. He makes the seventh. The eighth was sent to the Tower for his exertions in favour of Mary Queen of Scots, and was shot or shot himself there. The ninth was fined 30,000*l.* and sentenced to imprisonment for life on a charge of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. The eleventh, the last male of the English branch, left an only daughter, whose career might match that of the most erratic or adventurous of her race. Before she was sixteen, she had been twice a widow and three times a wife. She was married at thirteen to the only son of the Duke of Newcastle, a lad of her own age, who died in a few months. Her second husband was Thynne of Longleat, 'Tom of Ten Thousand,' but the marriage was never consummated, and the tie was abruptly severed by the bullet of an assassin, set on by the notorious Count Konigsmark, who had been a suitor for her hand and was desirous of another chance. She then married the proud Duke of Somerset, and probably made him a fitting mate, for when his second wife, a Finch, tapped him familiarly on the shoulder or, according to another version, seated herself on his knee, he exclaimed indignantly, 'My first Duchess was a Percy, and she never thought of taking

taking such a liberty.' One of the most remarkable incidents in her life was yet to come. It was she who, by dint of tears and supplications, prevented Queen Anne from making Swift a bishop, out of revenge for the 'Windsor Prophecy,' in which she is ridiculed for the redness of her hair and upbraided as having been privy to the murder of her second husband. 'It was doubted,' says Scott, 'which imputation she accounted the more cruel insult, especially since the first charge was undoubted, and the second arose only from the malice of the poet.'

When the fortunes of the house of Avenel apparently all hang on Mary, and her marriage with Halbert Glendinning is at hand, the White Spirit looks with sorrow on her golden zone, now diminished to the fineness of a silken thread, and exclaims:—

'The knot of fate at length is tied,
The churl is lord, the maid is bride;
Wither bush, and perish well,
Fall'n is the lofty Avenel.'

The spirit or genius, if there be one, which watches over the fortunes of the Percys, must have undergone a corresponding sense of depression when, by the death of Algernon, the son and successor of the proud Duke, without male issue, their honours again devolved on a female, who married Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet of good family. His son is known to fame as having elicited the solitary *bon mot* attributed to George III. Disappointed at not getting the Garter, in addition to all the rest of the titles and honours commonly enjoyed by the head of his wife's family, he bitterly exclaimed that he was the first Duke of Northumberland that had ever been refused the Garter. 'Yes,' was the retort; 'and the first Smithson that ever asked for it.'

The main line of the Nevilles presents one of the most startling instances of vicissitude, when we contrast the position of the great Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker, in the zenith of his power, and that of his descendant Charles Neville, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, in 1572. The last of the Barons, as Sir E. Bulwer Lytton terms Warwick, enjoyed yearly revenues estimated at 300,000*l.* of our money, and feasted daily 30,000 persons at the open tables of his castles. His descendant in the fourth degree was living in the Low Countries on a small pension allowed him by the King of Spain, and is mentioned by Lord Seton, in a letter to Mary Queen of Scots, as having 'neither penny nor halfpenny.' He remained in the same penniless state until his death, without male issue, in 1601.

The 'Doom of Buckingham,' the heading of one of Sir Bernard Burke's sections, is well justified by the fatality which seems to
haunt

haunt the possessors of the dukedom. It was first bestowed on Humphrey de Stafford, who, with his eldest son, fell in the wars of the Roses. His second son and successor in the title was the friend and victim of Richard the Third, in whose honour Cibber interpolated the famous line which has made the fortune of more than one provincial actor. The sad story of the third Duke may also be read in Shakspeare. He had imprudently defied Wolsey, who found no difficulty in trumping up a charge of treason, upon which the Duke was found guilty by his peers, and beheaded on Tower Hill. When the Emperor Charles the Fifth heard of his execution, he is reported to have exclaimed, 'A butcher's dog has killed the finest *buck* in England.' The ducal title became extinct by his attainder, and the revival of the barony proved only a transitory gleam, for the male line expired towards the middle of the seventeenth century with Roger Stafford, who during much of an unhappy life bore the name of Fludd or Floyd. His sister married a joiner, and was the mother of the Newport cobbler already mentioned as entitled to quarter the royal arms. The first Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, fell by the knife of Felton. The death-bed of the second has been immortalised by Pope, and the moral is little weakened by the assurance that instead of—

'In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,'

we should read, 'in a well-furnished apartment of his steward's house.' Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, so created in 1703, reflected quite as much lustre on the title as he derived from it; but his race ended with his son, who died of a consumption at Rome before attaining his majority.

We willingly drop a veil over the contemporary annals of this fated dukedom. They form a chapter of family history which, considering how very little of it is accurately known, has been more than sufficiently discussed. But, whilst mourning over the dismantlement of Stowe and the irremediable dispersion of its varied treasures, we are irresistibly reminded of Canons, and are tempted to ask whether the star of Buckingham has not been rendered more lurid instead of brighter by its junction with that of Chandos—

'At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, What sums are thrown away!'

Though Pope tried hard to evade the responsibility, his satire was undoubtedly levelled at the Duke of Chandos, who impoverished himself and his heirs by laying out 200,000*l.* on a villa which they were obliged to pull down.

The

The Cromwells have risen as high and fallen as low as any family recorded in history. Dugdale says that Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the 'mauler of monasteries,' as Fuller calls him, was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, and had served under the Duke of Bourbon at the sacking of Rome. Having no children, he adopted and enriched a nephew, Sir Richard Williams, who took the name and became the progenitor of the race. There are five intermediate links between him and the Protector, on whose career it is superfluous to expatiate. The rapid degradation of the entire family, in all its branches, is the phenomenon which invites attention. The Protector had four sons and four daughters. Two of his sons survived him: Richard, who succeeded to the protectorate, and Henry, Lord Deputy of Ireland. Richard, whose reign lasted not quite eight months, resided abroad for the next twenty years, and is commonly believed to have assumed the name of Clarke on his return. This is hardly reconcilable with a story told by Miss Hawkins, on Lord Hardwicke's authority, of the ex-Protector's appearance in the Court of Chancery in 1705. 'The counsel made very free and unhand-some use of his (Richard Cromwell's) name, which, offending the good feelings of the Chancellor (Cowper), who knew he must be in Court, and, at that time, a very old man, he looked round and said, "Is Mr. Cromwell in Court?" On his being pointed out in the crowd, he very benignly said, "Mr. Cromwell, I fear you are very inconveniently placed where you are; pray, come and take a seat on the bench by me." Of course, no more hard speeches were uttered against him. Bulstrode Whitelocke, then at the bar, said to Mr. Yorke, "This day so many years, I saw my father carry the Great Seal before that man at Westminster Hall."'

He died in 1712, leaving two daughters and no male issue. Henry, the ex-Lord Deputy, resided, till his death in 1673, at his estate of Spinney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire. He left five sons and one daughter. All the sons died without issue, except one, who, after losing or spending all his property, wrote thus to Lady Fauconberg, his aunt: 'Our family is low, and some are willing it should be kept so; yet I know we are a far ancients family than many others. Sir Oliver Cromwell's my grandfather's, uncle's, and godfather's estate that was, is now let for above 50,000*l.* a year.' His son Thomas carried on the business of a grocer on Snow Hill, and died in 1748, leaving an only son, Oliver, solicitor and clerk to St. Thomas's Hospital, who succeeded, as devisee of two female cousins, to an estate at Theobald's, Herts, which had been granted by Charles II. to General Monk. He died in 1821, leaving one

daughter, married to Mr. Russell, of Cheshunt Park. 'With this Oliver Cromwell, the attorney and the son of the grocer,' says Sir Bernard Burke, 'the male line of the Lord Protector's family expired.' Yet the pedigree, as set forth in the 'Dictionary of the Landed Gentry,' by the same learned author, reads like that of an ordinary country gentleman, and the grocer figures as an esquire. We strongly suspect that a good many of the pedigrees preserved in this repository, which look fair enough on the face of them, would be found, on close inspection, to have been similarly interrupted or defaced by mechanic pursuits or misalliances. Amongst the Protector's descendants through females, we read of a basket-maker in Cork, the lineal descendant of Ireton; of one great grand-daughter married to a shoemaker; of a second to a butcher's son, who had been her fellow-servant; and of a great-grandson's son and daughter earning their livelihood as a working jeweller and a schoolmistress.

Upon the sarcophagus of the last Hampden is inscribed, 'John Hampden, twenty-fourth hereditary Lord of Great Hampden.' The dignity of the family is proved by a tradition that, during a visit with which Edward III. and the Black Prince honoured the contemporary lord, a tilting or fencing-match led to a quarrel; that the Prince received a blow in the face; that the royal party left the house in high dudgeon, and that they took satisfaction for the alleged insult by seizing some of their host's manors. It does not sound likely that if the pink of chivalry had been intentionally insulted, he would have demanded or accepted damages; but it would appear, from the old rhyme, that something of the sort had occurred:—

'Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
Hampden did foregoe,
For striking of a blow,
And glad he did escape so.'

A brilliant historian has drawn a vivid picture of the degradation to which this family was reduced in the person of one of its last representatives, and sad indeed is the contrast between the character and position of the opponent of shipmoney and that of his grandson in 1695, when he committed suicide.*

Few have travelled along the valley of the Tyne without remarking the remains of Prudhoe Castle, now the property of the Percys, and giving a name to one of their dignities. This anciently belonged to the Umfravilles, having been granted, with the surrounding lands, by the Conqueror to their ancestor, Robert with the Beard, to be held by the proud service of defending

* See Macaulay's 'History of England,' vol. ii., p. 36; vol. iv., p. 618.

that

that part of the realm from wolves and the King's enemies, with the sword which the King wore at his side when he entered Northumberland, and which he bestowed on the said Robert. This family declined from its high estate at no very distant period from its source, but it only became extinct in the male line within living memory. Its last representative but one kept a chandler's shop at Newcastle, and, falling into difficulties, accepted the office of keeper of St. Nicholas' Workhouse in the same city, where he died, leaving a widow, with a son and daughter, in absolute destitution. The late Duke of Northumberland allowed the widow a pension, and procured a midshipman's appointment for the son, who obtained the rank of captain, but died without issue.

On one side of the same valley, near Hexham, may be seen, on a well-wooded height, the ruined castle of the Ratcliffes, Earls of Derwentwater, whose lands were confiscated in 1716; and exactly opposite are the domains of Beaufront, the seat of the Erringtons. On the eve of the rising of 1716, the owner of Beaufront and the Earl met by appointment in the road which separates their estates, with the view of proceeding together to the place of meeting, when Errington, turning round to take a farewell look at his ancestral mansion, was so struck by its air of comfort, that he could not make up his mind to risk the loss of it; and, after vainly trying to imbue his friend with the same train of feeling, quietly returned home with his retainers. The greater part of the Ratcliffe estates were granted by the Crown to Greenwich Hospital. The representation of the family in the male line has been claimed for Mr. Radclyffe, of Fox Denton Hall, Lancashire. The Erringtons of Beaufront are no more; the last descendants being two brothers, one of whom was a witness to the marriage of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert. The larger part of their Northumbrian estate was devised to the second son of the late Sir Thomas Stanley, who assumed the name of Errington. The old house and grounds were sold to a Newcastle merchant, who built the imposing structure that now stands upon the site.

'The heir of the ancient and illustrious house of De Courcy,' says Dr. W. Jenks of the United States, 'was discovered in a hardy seaman sailing nearly a century ago out of the harbour of our own Newport; and, in my own time, the legitimate owner of the immense estates of the Grosvenors in a poor farmer of New York. The latter never inherited. The descendant of the former now possesses the family title and estates.'

It is confidently stated in a recent publication, that the lineal representative of Simon de Montfort is a saddler in Tooley-street, and that the representative of the earldom of Mar was once dis-

covered in a coal-pit; that very earldom of which Lord Hailes says that its origin is lost in its antiquity. A very near race for the earldom of Crawford might have been run by a hodman. Hugh Miller, who began life as a stonemason and worked with him, has often heard him addressed 'John, Yerl Crawford, bring us another hod.*' The father of the late Earl of Glengall was a baker's boy when his future honours first dawned upon him. The restoration of the earldom of Huntingdon, in the person of a captain of the Navy, is less surprising, although Lord Macaulay speaks of it as having been 'regained by a series of events scarcely paralleled in romance.' One of the most curious circumstances connected with it was the indifference of the rightful heir, who is said to have been provoked into the assertion of his claim by the insulting refusal of a nobleman to give him satisfaction as an equal. The Hastings of Daylesford claimed to be the main line; and though the family had been broken up and scattered, and the hereditary domains sold, the hope of its revival was fondly cherished by its most distinguished member, under circumstances which might well have deadened all aspirations of the sort. Mr. Disraeli, describing the characteristic longing of the British adventurer in the East, exclaims:—'Seated on an elephant, he dreams of Quarter Sessions.' Presiding at the Council Board, or proceeding in solemn state to confer with princes, Warren Hastings was dreaming of a ruined old house in Worcestershire. 'The darling wish of his heart,' says Lord Macaulay, 'had always been to regain Daylesford. At length in the very year in which his trial commenced, the wish was accomplished, and the domain, alienated more than seventy years before, returned to the descendant of its old lords.'

The most eloquent lamentation over the decay of ancient families was pronounced on the judgment-seat. In the year 1626 the death of Henry de Vere, Earl of Oxford, gave rise to a contest for the earldom, between Robert de Vere, claiming as heir male of the body of Aubrey de Vere, and Lord Willoughby of Eresby, claiming as heir-general of the last Earl. Chief Justice Crewe spoke thus:—

'This great and weighty cause, incomparable to any other that hath happened at any time, requires great deliberation, and solid and mature judgment to determine it; and I wish that all the Judges of England had heard it (being a fit case for all), to the end we all together might have given our humble advice to your Lordships herein. Here is represented to your Lordships *certamen honoris*, and, as I may well say,

* 'Self-Help: with Illustrations of Character and Conduct.' By Samuel Smiles, author of 'The Life of George Stevenson.' London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1859.—p. 133.

illustris honoris, illustrious honour. I heard a great peer of this realm, and a learned, say, when he lived there was no king in Christendom had such a subject as Oxford. He came in with the Conqueror, Earl of Gwynes; shortly after the Conquest made Great Chamberlain of England, above five hundred years ago, by Henry I., the Conqueror's son, brother to Rufus; by Maud, the Empress, Earl of Oxford; confirmed and approved by Henry II. *Alberico comiti*, so Earl before. This great honour, this high and noble dignity, hath continued ever since in the remarkable surname of De Vere, by so many ages, descents, and generations, as no other kingdom can produce such a peer in one and the self-same name and title. I find in all this length of time but two attainders of this noble family, and those in stormy and tempestuous times, when the government was unsettled and the kingdom in competition. I have laboured to make a covenant with myself that affection may not press upon judgment; for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness, but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and house, and would take hold of a twig or a twine-thread to uphold it. And yet Time hath his revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things—*finis rerum*, an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene, and why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality. And yet let the name and dignity of De Vere stand so long as it pleaseth God!—*Jones's Rep.*, 101.

The decision was in favour of the male heir. On the death of his son in 1702 without issue, the line became extinct.

It has been said that the three noblest names in Europe are the De Veres of England, the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, and the Montmorencys of France; and, without going quite the length of the Chief Justice's enthusiasm, we should have supposed, with him, 'there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness' but would be anxious for the continuance of either of them, especially if it were rightfully his own. Yet it is an undoubted fact that, conspicuous amongst the English or Norman settlers in Ireland who, becoming *Hibernis Hiberniores*, adopted the names as well as dress and habits of the Irish septs whom they dispossessed, were the Veres or De Veres of Ulster, who became M'Sweenies, and the Geraldines or Fitzgeralds of Drogheda, on the Blackwater, who called themselves McShenies.* From documents quoted in Chalmers' 'Caledonia,' it appears that the name Vere, or Weir, was not uncommon amongst the Norman settlers in Scotland in the twelfth century. The male line of 'Oxford's famed De Vere,' however, is confessedly extinct;

* See Spenser's 'State of Ireland.'

and, although a gallant attempt has been made to restore the patronymic with the most euphonious accompaniment, we fear that generations must pass away before the prescriptive and time-hallowed associations will return to it.*

The family of Drummond is conspicuous amongst those which have undergone the most trying reverses without losing any portion of their vitality or self-restoring power; and fortunately it has found an annalist in one who, both from inclination and capacity, was best qualified to do it justice. It occupies a prominent place in Mr. Henry Drummond's '*History of Noble British Families*,' which, even in its unfinished state, forms an epoch in that branch of literature which it enriches and adorns.† The Drummond pedigree commences with a scion of the royal house of Hungary (said to descend from Attila), named Maurice, who commanded the ship in which Edgar Atheling and his sisters were conveyed to Hungary. One of these, Margaret, was afterwards married to Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, who endowed Maurice with the lands of Drymen or Drummond, in Dumbartonshire. The alliances and acquired dignities of the family are in keeping with this descent. Besides intermarrying with the Spanish Bourbons, the Bruces, the Stuarts, and other royal or princely houses, it has given a queen to Scotland, and figured in every grade of the peerage as well as in almost every high order of knighthood. Its partial eclipse dates from the Revolution of 1688, when its chief adhered to the fallen dynasty, without taking the precaution, common in Scotland, of having a leading member on the other side; and an attainder was the result. Their British peerages became legally extinct, and were ill-compensated by the St. Germain's honours lavished on that counsellor of the banished king whom Lord Macaulay has exerted his unrivalled powers to stigmatise.‡

The crisis, which proved so disastrous in one way, was eminently favourable to them in another. Andrew Drummond, who settled in London soon after the Union with Scotland, having a turn for business and a character for integrity, was intrusted with the management of the pecuniary affairs of many of the exiled Jacobites, and at length his consignments and investments increased to such an extent, that he was induced to send for two of his nephews to

* In 1832, Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt obtained the Royal licence to drop the name of Hunt, and became Sir Aubrey de Vere, on the strength of his descent from the daughter of John de Vere, second son of an Earl of Oxford who died in 1539.

† For a notice of this work, see '*Quarterly Review*,' vol. xcvi. p. 319.

‡ Mr H. Drummond states that, on the death of James, Louis XIV. engrafted into the nobility of France all on whom titles had been conferred at St. Germain's by James.

assist him. This was the origin of the celebrated establishment of Drummond and Co., of Charing Cross, who, before the close of the last century, had been appointed bankers to the Hanoverian sovereign of these realms. Three or four fresh stocks of Drummonds have already sprung from it. The social connexions of the partners are on a par with the commercial; and they will probably derive more lustre directly or indirectly from its wealth and credit than from any revival of titles. Whether the original Andrew, with all his shrewdness, would have thought so, may be questioned; for Mr. H. Drummond tells us that it was his pride in his latter years to insist on the essential difference between a banker and a gentleman whose necessities obliged him to keep a banking-house. Just so, M. Jourdain's father, far from being a draper, merely kept a stock of cloth which he exchanged for money to suit the convenience of his friends.

The position of the Drummond family naturally raises the question, how far the pursuit of commerce is a derogation from nobility. In Spain and Germany it would be so considered; but no loss of caste could have been entailed by commerce in Venice or Genoa. In some provinces of France, a noble about to engage in trade might formally suspend or deliver up his sword; and, the circumstances being duly registered, resume it, on retiring from business, with his pristine rank and privileges unimpaired. It was understood that, when the head of the banking-house of Smith and Co. was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Carrington, his retirement from the bank was made a condition precedent by Mr. Pitt at the express desire of George III., who had German notions about rank. The late Lord Ashburton and Lord Overstone had withdrawn from their respective firms before their admission to the Upper House; but Lord Overstone was distinctly informed that his elevation did not depend on his secession; and there never was a period in England when merchant was otherwise than an honourable designation. 'Our most respectable families,' says Gibbon, 'have not disdained the counting-house, or even the shop; their names are enrolled in the Livery and Companies of London; and in England, as well as in the Italian commonwealths, heralds have been compelled to declare that gentility is not degraded by the exercise of trade.'

It is hardly necessary to repeat that several English peerages of no mean antiquity were founded by traders; but we suspect that Mr. Smiles has been hurried by his favourite topic into a little unconscious exaggeration when recapitulating them:—

'The great bulk of our peerage is comparatively modern, so far as the titles go; but it is not the less noble that it has been recruited to

so large an extent from the ranks of honourable industry. In olden times, the wealth and commerce of London, conducted as it was by energetic and enterprising men, was a prolific source of peerages. Thus, the earldom of Cornwallis was founded by Thomas Cornwallis, the Cheapside merchant; that of Essex by William Capel, the draper; and that of Craven by William Craven, the merchant tailor. The modern Earl of Warwick is not descended from "the Kingmaker," but from William Greville, the woolstapler; whilst the modern dukes of Northumberland find their head, not in the Percies, but in Hugh Smithson, a respectable London apothecary. The founders of the families of Dartmouth, Radnor, Ducie, and Pomfret, were respectively a skinner, a silk manufacturer, a merchant tailor, and a Calais merchant; whilst the founders of the peerages of Tankerville, Dormer, and Coventry, were mercers. The ancestors of Earl Romney, and Lord Dudley and Ward, were goldsmiths and jewellers; and Lord Dacres was a banker in the reign of Charles I., as Lord Overstone is in that of Queen Victoria. Edward Osborne, the founder of the Dukedom of Leeds, was apprentice to William Hewet, a rich cloth-worker on London Bridge, whose only daughter he courageously rescued from drowning, by leaping into the Thames after her, and eventually married. Among other peerages founded by trade, are those of Fitzwilliam, Leigh, Petre, Cowper, Darnley, Hill, and Carlington.—*Self-Help*, pp. 133-4.

Any line of life which leads to wealth and honours will always attract recruits of promise from all ranks; and indications are not wanting that, long before the profession of arms had ceased to arrogate precedence, youths of gentle birth were occasionally bred up to trade. Thus (in the '*Fortunes of Nigel*') Scott describes Tunstall, one of George Heriot's apprentices, as the last hope of an ancient race; and Rashleigh Osbaldiston (in '*Rob Roy*'), with all his pride of birth, willingly consents to take his cousin's place in the counting-house. Sir Dudley North, the Turkey merchant, was a peer's son.

According to the author of '*The Grandeur of the Law*,' a diligent and scrupulous antiquary, between seventy and eighty peerages, including the premier dukedom, have been founded by the legal profession; and when Thurlow was twitted by the Duke of Grafton with the recent date of his peerage, he replied:—

'The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to me.'

In the olden time, a forensic career afforded no presumption whatever of a plebeian origin. So exclusive was the Bar, that there

there exists an ordinance, countersigned by Bacon, closing its portals, the inns of court, against all but gentlemen entitled to coat armour. It must not therefore be hastily inferred that every family sprung from law or commerce had a mean beginning, any more than that every pedigree which can be carried back to the Conquest began with a gentleman. If we may believe Thierry or the authorities collected by him, William's army was principally composed of the lowest and most disreputable adventurers of a lawless age, the very scum of the population of central Europe, brought together by the hope of plunder. Numbers, we learn, who landed as footboys or camp followers, decked themselves out in the spoils of the dead or the vanquished, passed muster as knights or esquires, and received grants accordingly:—

'The cowherds of Normandy and the weavers of Flanders, with a little courage and good luck, speedily became great men in England, illustrious barons; and their names, vile or obscure on one coast of the Channel, were noble and glorious on the other. Would you know,' thus runs an old French record, 'the names of the great men who came over with the Conqueror William? These are their surnames as they are found written, but without their christian names, which are often wanting or changed: they are Mandeville and Dandeville, Omfreville and Domfreville, Bonteville and Estonteville, Mohun and Bohun, Biset and Basset, Malin and Malvoisin? All the names that follow are similarly ranged so as to aid the memory by the rhyme and alliteration. Many lists of the same kind, and disposed with the same art, have been preserved to our days; they were discovered inscribed on large pages of vellum in the archives of churches, and decorated with the title of "*Livre des Conquerants*." In one of these lists, the names are ranged in groups of three: Bastard, Brassard, Baynard; Bigot, Bagot, Talbot; Toret, Rivet, Bonet; Lucy, Lacy, Percy, &c. Another catalogue of the conquerors of England, long preserved in the treasury of Battle Abbey, contained names of a singularly mean and odd aspect, like Bonvilain and Boutevilain, Trousselot and Troussebout, l'Engagne and Longue-Epée, L'Oeil de Bœuf and Front-de-Bœuf. Finally, many authentic documents designate as Norman knights in England, a Gillaume le charretier, a Hugues le tailleur, a Guillaume le tambour; and amongst the surnames of this chivalry collected from all corners of Gaul, figure a great number of simple names of towns and countries: Saint-Quentin, Saint Maur, Saint Denis, Saint Malo, Tournai, Verdun, Fismes, Chaloner, Chaunes, Etampes, Rochefort, La Rochelle, Cahors, Champagne, Gascogne. Such were they who carried to England the titles of noble and gentleman, and planted them there by force for them and their descendants.*

Two

* '*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands, &c.*' vol. ii. pp. 34-36. Hame says, that 'they (the English nobles) had the mortification of seeing

Two lists are printed in Holingshed, one 'as we find them written in the Chronicles of Normandy by one William Tailleux,' which contains about 170 names, and is confessedly incomplete; the other 'transcribed from the Roll of Battle Abbey,' containing above 600 names. The smaller list purports to include only men of rank, who are almost invariably designated by a territorial title, as earl or seigneur. The Battle Abbey roll gives merely the surname, without distinction of rank or even the prefix of *de*, which throws considerable doubt on its antiquity, considering that surnames were not fixed for a full century after the event. Allowing for variations in spelling, a great many of them are still common in England, but it is to be hoped that those who lay claim to them will not act like the members of the ducal family who have exchanged their historic name of Seymour for St. Maur; this being unluckily one of the instances cited by Thierry to discredit the gentility of the conquerors. Misled possibly by so imposing an example, an Irish barrister, hight Mullins, not long since appeared amongst his astonished friends as Desmoulins. Dr. Warren of Boston maintains that most of the Warrens on both sides of the Atlantic are de Warrennes. The Pooles of Devonshire suddenly became De la Poles, but thought better of it, and became simple Pooles again. The late Serjeant Bumpas might have been excused for reverting to Bonpas; but the constant endeavour to elevate Smith into Smyth or Smythe, has an awkward analogy to Jonathan Wild's uncertainty whether his name should not be spelt Wyld.

If this fashion should spread, the Drummonds may choose amongst fifteen varieties of spelling, the Percivals amongst five or six, the Evelyns amongst a round dozen. The Cecils will or may become Sytsilts; the Bruces,—Brahusses, Braos, Bruis, Brus, or Brewse; the Howards,—Herewards, Hawards, or Hogwards; the Russells, du Rosel; the Campbells, Campo Bello; the Stirlings of Keir, Stryveling; and the characteristic controversy between Home and Hume must be revived. Although the name was always pronounced Hume in Scotland, and was afterwards written Hume, Heaume, or Hoome, in old documents, John Home, the author of 'Douglas,' vehemently contended for the *o*, whilst David Hume, who belonged to the Ninewell branch of the same family, was wont to irritate his cousin by jocularly insisting on the *u*. On one occasion he proposed to decide by a cast of the dice which should adopt the other's mode of spelling: 'Nay,' says John, 'this is a most extraordinary proposal indeed,

seeing their estates and manors possessed by Normans of the meanest birth and lowest stations.'—*History of England*, ch. iv.

Mr.

Mr. Philosopher; for if you lose, you take your own name, and if I lose I take another man's name.*

Mr. Lane's ingenious attempt to restore the orthography of the Oriental names in the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments,' has been received with little favour by the majority of English readers, who find their earliest and most cherished impressions confused and broken when they stumble upon Jinns and Wezéers, or meet their old acquaintances Aladdin and Sindbad the Sailor under the uncouth aliases of Ala-ed-Deen and Es-Sindibad of the Sea. How will they feel when English history is subjected to the same process? A century hence they may be sorely puzzled by the reply of Sir Edward Seymour to King William, when asked whether he was of the Duke of Somerset's family: 'No, Sir, the Duke of Somerset is of mine.' Five or six centuries of proved nobility are enough, in all conscience, to satisfy the pride of any race; and a great deal less may suffice when popular homage has been attracted to a name by its frequent occurrence in a country's annals in connexion with valour, genius, patriotism, or statesmanship. The splendour of the illustrious house of Russell will not be perceptibly diminished by our discarding Mr. Wiffen's laboured theory of its rise, and accepting as its founder one John Russell, constable of Corfe Castle in 1221, who, according to Dugdale, 'gave fifty marks to the King for license to marry the sister of Doun Bardolff, a great man in those days.' Shakspeare has done more for the Talbots, Stanleys, Cliffords, Nevilles, Greys, Blounts, and Vernons than the Heralds' College; whilst 'the gentle Surrey' and Howard of Effingham may save the premier Duke the trouble of tracing his paternal descent beyond the Chief Justice of Edward III.

In the course of a debate, in 1621, turning on some alleged exercise of the Royal prerogative in feudal times, the first Lord

* The curious in names may consult Mr. Lower's learned and ingenious work 'On Surnames,' but they will find nothing in it more curious than the etymology of the noble name of Thynne, and the gallant attempt recently made to identify the founder of the house with John de Boteville or de Botefeldt, who flourished in the reign of Edward the Fourth. This gentleman, it seems, by residing in an Inn of Court, or by dispensing hospitality at his family mansion (for even this point is involved in doubt), became popularly known successively as 'of the Inn,' 'th' Inn,' 'Thynn,' and bequeathed the appellation in its completed state to his posterity. If this were so, he is probably the only member of a knightly race that ever got or took a name like a foundling; and the presumption is not strengthened by the statement that his usual appellation was John de la Inne de Botfeldt, which was more likely to be transformed into Lynn. The name of Thynne has held its own for three hundred years, and we recommend the lord of Longleat to stick to it. Our attention was attracted to this controversy by a handsome quarto, entitled 'Stemmata Botevilliana: Memorials of the Families of de Boteville, Thynne, and Botfield.' By Beriah Botfield. Nicholson and Sons. London, 1860.

Spencer was thus roughly rebuked by the Earl of Arundel. 'My lord, my lord, when these things were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep.' 'When my ancestors were keeping sheep,' retorted the new peer, 'yours were plotting treason.' As the descent of the Spencers, or Le Despencers, is of more than average antiquity, the reproach was evidently levelled at their tame, unenterprising mode of life; and the retort is singularly pointless, for a wealthy and influential family must have been lamentably unproductive of men of spirit and energy if it lasted out the Wars of the Roses without plotting or executing what one faction or the other would denounce and punish as treason. We read with indignation and contempt of the country squire who, on the morning of the battle of Marston Moor, was seen within hearing, and almost within sight, of the hostile armies, quietly drawing his covers for a fox; and there is small ground for self-complacency in a long line of progenitors, when the unbroken succession is owing to dullness or pusillanimity. Indeed nothing has tended to elevate a family above its compeers so much as any sort of exploit, adventure, or even mishap, performed or sustained by an ancestor, whether in strict accordance with modern morality or not.* The Armstrongs, with the genuine border feeling, are proud of the numbers of their name that have been hanged. When Mr. Popham christened his horse (the winner of the Derby) 'Wild Darell,' he invited attention to the manner in which his ancestor the chief justice is believed to have obtained Littlecott. If he wants to go a little further back, he may quote—

'Popham, Horner, and Thynne,

When the monks popped out, they popped in.'

Or the Horners may rely on the nursery rhyme, in which 'little Jack Horner' puts in his thumb and pulls out a plum, *i. e.* a grant of fat abbey lands. When the nuns of Wilton imploringly asked the Earl of Pembroke what was to become of them, he exclaimed, 'Go spin, you jades, go spin.' The Herberts do not need so modern an illustration, and may be content to drop it, unless indeed Mr. Sydney Herbert's laudable patronage of needlewomen was intended as an atonement for his progenitor's hard-heartedness to the sex.

The Burdets shine out as of knightly distinction in the reign of Edward IV. by aid of the Sir Robert who was executed for conspiring the death of that monarch; although we do not place

* 'Treason, sacrilege, and proscription are often the best titles of ancient nobility.'—*Gibbon*. Few readers will require to be reminded of the passage in which he exhorts the Spencers to consider 'The Fairy Queen' as the brightest jewel of their coronet, and prophesies that 'Tom Jones' will outlive the imperial eagle of the house of Hapsburgh, of which the Fieldings are a branch.

implicit reliance in Lord Campbell's statement that his sole offence lay in his saying, when his favourite white buck was killed by Edward: 'I wish the buck, horns and all, in the King's belly.'

The *Agincourt* on the shield of the Wodehouses speaks trumpet-tongued; and the Fulfords of Great Fulford, should their share in the Crusades be questioned, may produce the written capitulation by which, after a gallant defence, they surrendered their house to Fairfax.

The crest of the Cheneys, a bull's scalp, is said to have been won by Sir John Cheney, at Bosworth field, in a hand to hand encounter with Richard, who felled him to the ground by a blow which laid the upper part of his head bare. Though stunned by his fall, Sir John recovered after a while, and seeing an ox's hide near him, he cut off the scalp and horns to supply the place of the upper part of his helmet, and in this singular head-gear performed miracles of valour. He was certainly created a Baron and a Knight of the Garter for his services at Bosworth, and it is said that the bull's scalp was also assigned him as a crest.

The crest of the Dudleys, of Clopton, was a woman's head helmeted, hair dishevelled and throat-latch loose, proper. The story, as set down in writing by the parson of the parish in 1390, ran that the father of Agnes Hotot, a great heiress who married the Dudley of the day, having a dispute with one Ringsdale about an estate, it was agreed that they should meet on the debateable land and settle the title by single combat. Hotot on the day appointed was laid up with the gout, and the heiress, rather than the land should be lost, donned his armour and encountered Ringsdale, whom she unhorsed. On being declared the victor, she loosed her throat-latch, raised her helmet, and let down her hair about her shoulders, thus proclaiming her sex.

The crest of the Hamiltons is a tree with a saw through it, and their motto *Through*. The explanation is that Sir John Hamilton, grandson of the third Earl of Leicester, having killed John de Spencer, one of Edward II.'s courtiers, was obliged to fly for his life. When on the point of being overtaken, he and his attendant changed clothes with two woodcutters, and were in the act of sawing through a tree when their pursuers came up. To steady his attendant, who was looking round in a manner to excite suspicion, Sir John called out, *Through*.

The crest of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, an eagle feeding an infant, is traced to an incident in the Latham family, from whom they acquired Knowsley. The legend is that a child, exposed by one of the Lathams, was thus wonderfully preserved. The device of the Leslies, 'Grip Fast,' was granted by Margaret, Queen

Queen of Scotland (wife of Malcolm Canmore), who, in crossing a flooded river, was thrown from her horse, and in imminent danger of being drowned, when Bartholomew Leslie seized her girdle and drew her to the bank. The crest of the Davenports, of Cheshire, is 'a man's head couped below the shoulders in profile, hair brown, a halter about his neck proper.' Mr. Lower's explanation is that one of them having been taken prisoner in the Wars of the Roses, was spared on condition that he and his posterity would adopt this badge of humiliation.* It is not the kind of stipulation that would be held binding on heirs, and in Ormerod's '*History of Cheshire*,' the crest is said to have been assumed by one Vivian de Davenport, on being made Grand Serjeant, or principal thief-taker, of the hundred of Macclesfield, in the thirteenth century.

Speaking of Richard de Percival, a follower of Richard Cœur de Lion, Mr. Drummond tells us:—

'It is said that having lost a leg in an engagement in Palestine, he continued notwithstanding on horseback till he lost his arm also; and then that he still remained some time in his seat, holding the bridle with his teeth, till he fell from loss of blood and perished in 1191. As much of the story as relates to his valour is confirmed by an account written by the king's secretary, Iseanus; and a man in armour, without a leg, was an ancient badge of the family, and was on many windows of their house at Weston.'

If we believe this, it would be unjust to doubt M. De Lamartine's account of the heroism of one of the French generals at Waterloo: 'General Lesourd, having received six sabre wounds, dismounts from his horse whilst his dragoons are rallying for a fresh charge, has his arm amputated and the blood stanchied, remounts his horse, and charges with them.'†

The '*Luck of Eden Hall*' carries the Musgroves back into the olden time, although the story of the cup or chalice having been taken from the fairies, may 'live no longer in the faith of reason,' and many incredible legends may prove equally serviceable in the same way. Lady Morgan laid down that a Banshee was indispensable to a genuine old Irish family, and a haunted room has always been a coveted evidence of distinction in a mansion. Neither are we prepared to dispute the traditions which carry back some families of the yeomanry, or even peasantry, to periods of remote or indefinite antiquity. Thus a

* '*The Curiosities of Heraldry, with Illustrations from Old English Writers*.' By Mark Anthony Lower. London, J. R. Smith, 1845, sect. 9. This amusing and instructive writer has collected various other instances of the same kind. See also Burke's '*Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*,' vol. ii. p. 22.

† '*Histoire de la Restauration*,' book xxv.

Brighton pastrycook is said to hold land in Sussex which has been in the name and family since Henry I.; and the lineal representative of the woodman who assisted in conveying William Rufus to the nearest cottage, still resides upon the spot. The family of Macnab, the blacksmith, the alleged possessors of the Ossianic manuscripts, were believed to have practised their craft in the same house for four hundred years; and Dr. Franklin says that his ancestors 'lived in the same village, Ecton, in Northamptonshire, on a freehold of about thirty acres, for at least three hundred years, and how much longer could not be ascertained.'

These are instances in which it is impossible to reject tradition without rejecting the sole or best evidence of which the subject admits. But when family pride appeals to popular credulity, we may be pardoned for being sceptical. We cannot consent to put up with presumptions and conjectures simply because the absence of direct proof can be satisfactorily accounted for; and although disposed to concur with Mr. Drummond in much of his argument against the Dryasdusts, we must decline his proffered guarantee for the bards—

'The bards,' he urges, 'did indeed exaggerate the exploits and feats which their heroes performed, but they did not invent pure lies: in the language of poetry, they might call a strong man whom their hero had killed a giant, or a bear, or a lion; but they would not have done so if their hero had stayed at home and killed nobody. The bards, minstrels, harpers, pipers of the nobles were their genealogists, and their tales were far more interesting and instructive than a folio of *Rotuli Hundredorum* or the *Testa de Neville*.'

It was the bard's or minstrel's duty to keep his patrons in good humour, and, when an infusion of fable would not answer the purpose, he certainly did invent pure lies. Thus in 'The Brooch of Lorn,' the bard coolly gives his master credit for a trophy notoriously won—

'Long after Lorn had left the strife,
Content to 'scape with limb and life.'

And Bruce, the most interested and best informed listener, quietly remarks:—

'Well hast thou framed, old man, thy lays,
To praise the hand that pays thy pains.'

If the bards, minstrels, or pipers are to be accepted as authorities, most Highland chiefs descend from aboriginal princes as naturally as the heroes of mythological antiquity descended from gods or demi-gods; and their progenitors must have been contemporaries of the kings whose portraits adorn, or deface, the walls of
Holyrood;

Holyrood; the first of whom, Fergus, ascended the Scottish throne, if there was one, just six years after the death of Alexander the Great. Unluckily their very traditions are rendered valueless by their discrepancy, for there is scarcely a clan whose allegiance, like that of the M'lvors, is not divided between rival pretenders to the chieftainship. The last of the Glengarrys who retained any of the family estates, laid claim to the chieftainship of the Clan Macdonald in a letter addressed to the second Lord Macdonald, who laconically replied, 'Till you prove you are my chief, I am yours.—Macdonald.'

Sir Walter Scott thus justifies a well-known peculiarity of his countrymen:—

'The family pride which is often among the Scotch found descending to those who are in such humble situations as to render it ridiculous has perhaps more of worldly prudence in it than might at first be expected. A Clifford or a Percy, reduced in circumstances, feels a claim of long descent unsuitable to his condition, unavailing to assist his views in life, and ridiculous as contrasted with them. He therefore wishes and endeavours to forget pretensions which his son or grandson altogether loses sight of. On the contrary, the system of entails in Scotland, their extent, and their perpetual endurance, naturally recommend a Home, or a Douglas, to preserve an account of his genealogy in case of some event occurring which may render him heir of tailzie to a good estate. A certain number of calculable chances would have made the author of "Douglas" the Earl of Home.'

Notwithstanding the preservative tendency of both law and custom, the chieftainship and wide domains of many of the great Scotch houses have been carried out of the male line by females, and they are one and all exposed to the same difficulty as the English when they try to get beyond the crucial period of the twelfth century.* The Duke of Sutherland inherits from the Duchess Countess. The Duke of Buccleugh's paternal ancestor was the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. The Duke of Richmond is similarly descended from Charles II. Lord Douglas is by male descent a Stewart. The royal race of Bruce, made royal by the marriage of King Robert's grandfather with the

* Chalmers, in his '*Caledonia*,' roundly asserts that all the principal Scotch families south of the Forth, including the Douglasses, Bruces, and Stewarts, were founded by Norman, Fleming, or Saxon settlers, more than a century later than the Conquest. Two valuable contributions to Scotch family history have recently appeared,—*'The Stirlings of Keir and their Family Papers;'* by William Fraser; quarto (not published): and *'The Montgomeries, Earls of Eglinton;'* 2 vols. quarto; by the same learned and accurate writer. Sir George Stirling, of Keir, the lineal ancestor of the accomplished member for Perthshire, was the friend and companion in arms of the Great Marquis of Montrose. At the battle of Hastings the van of the invading army was commanded by a Montgomery.

daughter

daughter of David Earl of Huntingdon, is extinct. The Bruces, Earls of Elgin and Marquises of Aylesbury, with some minor branches, are descended from Sir Robert de Bruce, to whom David II. granted the castle and manor of Clackmannan as *dilecto et fideli consanguineo nostro*. Whether he was an illegitimate son of King Robert or a distant relative, is unknown. The first of the Grahams, Dukes of Montrose, known in Scotland, was William de Graham, whose name appears as a witness to a royal charter in 1128. He was probably a man of note; and at all events seven or eight centuries of nobility may suffice for the descendants of the great Marquis. The founder of the Campbells was Gillespie, who married the heiress of the ancient lairds of Lochrow some time in the 11th century. Sir Colin, called More or the Great, from whom the title of McCallum More is derived, was knighted in 1280. One of the best authenticated Scotch descents is that of the Earls of Wemyss, from Macduff.

Amongst the most striking examples of vicissitude in North Britain may be cited the transfer of Isla from Campbell of that ilk to Mr. Morrison, and the devolution of the estates of five or six ancient families on the Bairds of Garthsherrie Ironworks, whose aggrandisement will not be the less remarkable should they succeed in establishing their descent from the former lairds or barons of that name, their more immediate progenitors having been small farmers. Amongst the families which they have, so to speak, swallowed up, is one which has recently regained a European notoriety, that of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, whose crest was a sword dropping blood, and their motto 'I mak sicher.' Roger Kirkpatrick met Robert Bruce hurrying from the church in which he had stabbed Comyn. 'I doubt,' said Bruce, 'that I have slain him.' 'Do you doubt?' exclaimed Kirkpatrick; 'I'll mak sicher' (make sure); and entering the sanctuary he gave Comyn the *coup de grace* on the very steps of the altar. Hence the motto and the crest. The mother of Eugenie, Empress of the French, was a Kirkpatrick, and when her marriage with the son of a Spanish grandee of the first class was on the carpet, she was required to establish her pedigree. This was done, and it would seem rather overdone, by the aid of Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, for when the document prepared by him was submitted to Ferdinand VII., his majesty cried out, 'Oh, by all means let the young Montijo marry the daughter of Fingal.'

If we were required to specify the country in which, at every epoch of its annals, the fortunes and social condition of persons and families have undergone the most startling reverses, we should unhesitatingly name Ireland. The frequency and

wholesale character of the confiscations to which this devoted land has been subjected, are without a parallel in history, and each renewed sentence of forfeiture has involved the degradation or extinguishment of names and races embalmed by tradition or famous in song. To say nothing of English or Norman appropriations under Strongbow, enormous tracts in the south were made over to English adventurers by Elizabeth or her Lieutenants: eight hundred thousand acres in the north, comprising nearly all Ulster, were seized at one fell swoop by James; and Cromwell, not content with reducing the Irish contemners of his authority into hewers of wood and drawers of water, compelled whole septs to drop their patronymics and adopt English surnames. Thus O'Neen became Green; O'Duoin, Dunn; O'Cahan, Keene or Cane; De la Poer, Power; M'Shalley, Foley; O'Tuohy, Otway; M'Laghlen, Macklin; O'Sionach, Fox. We have already mentioned two remarkable changes in an opposite direction, originating in the desire of English settlers to be thoroughly Hibernicised; and from the same motive the FitzUrsulas became Macmahons, and the de St. Aubyns, Dobbyn or Tobyn. The conversion of De Burgh into Bourke or Burke, may have been brought about by a common and easy process; yet it was in the capacity of an Irish chieftain treating with the Crown, and under the title of 'Captain of the country of De Burgh,' that the first Earl of Clanricarde condescended to accept a peerage in 1543. A large district in Kilkenny, still known as 'Grace's Country,' was held by the Le Gros, *temp.* Henry II.; and the Walls, who were 'sold up' under the Encumbered Estates Court in 1854, are descended from a follower of Strongbow, named Du Val. This Court will probably do more for the mixture of races, and the separation of ancient descent from property, than Elizabeth, James, or Cromwell, and its records are already replete with touching appeals to sympathy and rich materials for romance. When through its instrumentality the vast estates of the Martins of Galway were transferred to the Law Life Assurance Society, no one can well doubt that the grand object of enlightened legislation—the greatest good of the greatest number—was promoted by the decree. Yet, in defiance of utilitarians and their philosophy, memory recalls the time when 'Humanity Dick' boasted to George IV. that the approach from his gatehouse to his hall-door was thirty miles in length; and the softened fancy follows his granddaughter, the Princess of Connemara, to the seaport across the Atlantic, where she died poor, an exile, and the last of her race.

* The systematic depression of the native Irish is evident from
the

the paucity of old Irish names in the peerage, which at present only contains four—O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Grady, and O'Callaghan; although Sir Bernard Burke thinks that, of the five or six royal families which divided the island, all, excepting the O'Laughlins, may be carried down to some existing representative. The last of the Maguires, princes of Fermanagh, was slain in a skirmish with a royal party under Sir William St. Leger, Vice President of Munster, in 1600. A few years since a legacy was left to his legal representative, if any, and so many claimants came forward from amongst the peasantry that the attempt to carry out the bequest was abandoned in despair.

The great Norman families who shared in the first invasion of Ireland, have been less perishable, in proportion to their numbers, than those who took part in the conquest of England. The Fitzgeralds, the Butlers, the Talbotts of Malahide, the St. Lawrences, the De Burghs, the Brabazons, and the Fitzmaurices, are lineally descended from the powerful barons who founded their respective houses in the twelfth century. John Constantine de Courcy, Lord Kinsale, Premier Baron of Ireland, is the lineal representative of Sir John de Courcy, created Earl of Ulster in 1181, who, for a timely display of valour and strength as champion for King John, was rewarded by a grant to him and his successors of the privilege of remaining covered in the King's presence. Almericus, the twenty-third Baron, having exercised this privilege soon after the arrival of William III., that monarch angrily inquired the meaning of the freedom, and, on its being proudly explained to him, remarked, 'Your Lordship may put on your hat before me, if you choose, but I hope you will take it off before the Queen.'*

The most powerful of the Anglo-Norman settlers were the Fitzgeralds and the Butlers. At one period the Butlers had no less than eight peerages, held by separate members of their house; and the time has been when the Fitzgeralds, with one root in the centre and another in the south, were described as overshadowing half the island with their branches. The history of the Earls of Kildare has been recently given to the world under the most favourable circumstances and in an eminently attractive shape.† We trust that similar justice will be done by the same or an equally accomplished pen to the Fitzgeralds, Earls of Desmond, whose lives are crowded with romantic incidents: as when the sixth Earl was dispossessed by his uncle for marrying

* Lord Forester enjoys the same privilege under a grant to his ancestor from Henry the Eighth.

† 'The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors from 1037 to 1773.' By the Marquis of Kildare. Third Edition. Dublin. 1856.

a beautiful damsel of low degree; or when the Great Earl, lying bound and wounded across the shoulders of his captors, followers of Ormond, was tauntingly asked, 'Where is the mighty Desmond, now?' and replied, 'Where he should be—on the necks of the Butlers!' A little later, we find the last recognized bearer of the title, after possessing estates computed to yield him forty thousand gold pieces of annual revenue, risking and losing all in a hopeless rebellion, and perishing in a hovel.

A large share of his spoils was secured by 'the great Earl of Cork,' whose career, as detailed in his auto-biography, is an instructive example of the manner in which Irish property has changed hands. On his first arrival in Dublin in June, 1588, he says, 'All my wealth was 27*l.* 3*s.* in money, a diamond ring, a bracelet of gold, a taffety doublet, a pair of black velvet breeches laced, a new Milan fustian suit laced, and cut upon taffety, two cloaks, competent linen and necessaries, with my rapier and dagger.' Just before the Munster rebellion broke out, complaint was made by the Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, and other formidable accusers, that 'I came over a young man, without any estate or fortune; that I had made so many purchases as it was not possible to do it without some foreign Prince's purse to supply me with money; that I had acquired divers castles and abbeys upon the sea-side fit to receive and entertain Spaniards,' &c. &c. The greatest of his subsequent acquisitions was in December, 1602, when 'he (the Lord President of Munster) propounded unto me the purchase of all Sir Walter Rawleigh's lands in Munster, which, by his assistance, and the mediation of Sir Robert Cecil, was perfected, and this was a third addition and rise to my estates.' The purchase-money was 1500*l.* Lismore Castle and its dependencies, now the property of the Dukes of Devonshire, and valued at more than 30,000*l.* a year, formed part of the purchase. Carved in stone, and still legible on the shield over the gate-house, is the Earl's motto, 'God's Providence is our Inheritance;' though, judging from his conduct, he might have been expected to make his selection between '*Aide toi, et Dieu t'aidera*;' or, 'Put your trust in Providence and keep your powder dry.' In 1641, two years before his death, he computes his revenue, 'besides houses, demesnes, parks, and other royalties,' at 50*l.* a day.

The beautiful valley of the Dargle, including the domains and pleasure-grounds of Powerscourt, Charleville, and Tinnehinch (the favourite abode of Grattan), in the county of Wicklow, formed part of the O'Toole country, which was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Marshal Wingfield, the ancestor of the Viscounts Powerscourt. When he was about to take his leave, after thank-
ing

ing Her Majesty for this munificent donation, she inquired if there was anything else she could do to gratify him. 'Yes,' was the adroit reply; 'if your Majesty would graciously add the scarf which you have on, I should prize it more than all the honours and lands you have bestowed.' She took it off and gave it him. In an old portrait at Powerscourt, he is painted wearing it as a shoulder-belt; and the scarf itself was suspended over the picture, till a maiden aunt of the late Viscount cut it up to cover screens or footstools; nor, strange to say, could she ever be made to understand that she had done wrong.

The first of the Irish Beresfords figures, about 1611, in the capacity of manager of the corporation of Londoners, known by the name of 'The Society of the New Plantation in Ulster.' Their best blood is derived from the marriage of Sir Marcus Beresford, in 1717, with the heiress of the Le Poers, Earls of Tyrone. The Irish possessions of the Courtenays were accumulated by Sir William Courtenay, one of the 'undertakers' of 1585, whom the family records piously denominate 'the Great.'* Sir Valentine Browne, the ancestor of the Earls of Kenmare, was an 'undertaker' at the same epoch, and made an equally good thing of it; although his grandson petitioned the Crown for a reduction of the reserved rent of 113*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, on the ground that the lands lay in 'the most barren and remote parts of Kerry,' namely, in and about the Killarney district, the whole of which belongs to Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert of Mucross.

The exorbitant pretensions of the Welsh to ancient birth are ill sustained by proofs; and the lack of written records, or even of plausible traditions, has frequently compelled their genealogists to resort to mere fable when they try to carry a pedigree back beyond the sixteenth century. That of the Mostyns of Mostyn, preserved amongst their archives for more than three hundred years, is inscribed on illuminated parchment, and measures more than seventy feet long by about a foot broad. It begins with Noah, and after passing through most of the princely houses mentioned in the Old Testament, is made to flow through sundry royal and imperial channels till it reaches the Edwards, Kings of England, where it stops; so that it would fit any family claiming descent from the Plantagenets. Equally superfluous was it for Sir Bernard Burke to track the Tudors through the dark, unwritten periods of Welsh history, by way of prefatory ornament to the genealogy of a distinguished orator and author, whose position, acquired and hereditary, needs no adven-

* If Fielding had been well read in genealogical history, the frequent occurrence of this term might have given a hint for an additional touch or two to the character of Jonathan Wild the Great.

titious aid. If Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's ancestor married a genuine Tudor, we can dispense with her descent from Welsh kings with unpronounceable names in the sixth century.*

Mr. Bentham and his disciples were wont to take for granted that the nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom are a mushroom race as compared with the continental nobility, and to complain that, if the people are to be over-ridden or kept down by blood, they might reasonably insist upon the best. If this be their main grievance, they may take comfort, for the British empire is rather above than below the average of European communities in this respect; and the alleged superiority of the continental aristocracies vanishes or diminishes apace when we apply to them the same critical tests to which we habitually subject our own. It is a matter of indifference to us whether we adopt or throw aside tradition. In either case we are a match for them. But the contest must be carried on with equal arms; and we shall not feel called on to admit that the Talleyrands descend from the Comtes de Perigord, or the Chateaubriands from the sovereign princes of Auvergne, unless it be simultaneously conceded that the Nevilles descend from the kings of Denmark, and the Drummonds from Attila. A Chalmers or a Nicholas would make wild work with the *pièces justificatives* of a French, German, or Spanish genealogist; and Gibbon excepts no nation when he says:—

'The proudest families are content to lose, in the darkness of the middle ages, the tree of their pedigree, which, however deep and lofty, must ultimately rise from a plebeian root; and their historians must descend ten centuries below the Christian æra before they can ascertain any lineal succession by the evidence of surnames, of arms, and of authentic records.'

The ducal family of Levis, in France, boasted that they were descended from the princes of Judah, and were wont to produce a very old painting representing one of their ancestors bowing, hat in hand, to the Virgin, who says, '*Couvrez vous, mon cousin.*' The house of Croy possessed a pendant to it, depicting Noah with one foot in the Ark, exclaiming: '*Sauvez les papiers de la maison de Croy.*' The head of another French house is reported to have said, in answer to a threatening remonstrance from his spiritual adviser: '*Le bon Dieu n'aura jamais le cœur de damner un Clermont-Tonnerre.*'

The pretensions of the Montmorencys are well known. But there being no proof of the existence of a Seigneur de Montmorency before the middle of the tenth century, the descent of this

* See Burke's 'Peerage and Baronetage,'—title, Lytton.

family from the first Christian baron is untenable, if intelligible; whether they contend that their ancestor was the first Christian who was made a baron, or the first baron who became a Christian. The most plausible interpretation is, that he was the first known baron or seigneur *de la Chrétienté*—that is, of a district so called. The analogous title of Dean of Christianity was not uncommon in the Church. The title of first Baron of France is explained to mean of the Isle of France, where the township from which the Montmorencys derive their name is situate.* The pride of a French noble is to descend from one of the petty sovereigns, dukes, counts, or princes who once divided and distracted the kingdom. The Ducs de Grammont retained their regal rights in Bidache and Barnache till 1789. The illustration most coveted is a crusading ancestor; and in the '*Annuaire de la Noblesse*' there is a fair sprinkling of names to which this distinction is attached.†

'Of all the families now extant,' wrote Gibbon, 'the most ancient doubtless, and the most illustrious, is the house of France, which has occupied the same throne above one thousand years, and descends in a clear and lineal descent of males from the middle of the ninth century.' What an example of vicissitude it presents now, and what alternations of fortune may be yet in store for it! The want of a peerage blending imperceptibly with the people, and carrying weight by inherited wealth and public services as well as by birth, was one main cause of its fall, and will prove, we fear, the grand obstacle to its durable restoration, for if our neighbours have been annually getting farther from liberty, they have certainly done their best to supply or find a compensation in equality. Unluckily it is that sort of equality which flourishes in Turkey or Russia, where all are equal because equally passive and powerless before the throne. In the meantime personal vanity finds its gratification in an assumption of names and titles, which makes confusion worse confounded whenever an attempt is made to test the accuracy of the '*Annuaire Nobiliaire*,' or to compute how many historic families still survive out of the two hundred to which, according to Madame de Staël, they were reduced before the revolutionary hurricane swept over them. In her '*Considerations on the French Revolution*,' she says:—

* '*L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*,' &c., vol. ii., p. 643.

† See '*Annuaire de la Noblesse de France*,' publié par M. Borel d'Hauterive, 1860: '*Histoire Généalogique et Héraldique des Pairs de France*,' &c. &c.; par M. le Chevalier de Courcelles; Paris, 1822-1833; 12 vols. quarto: '*Histoire Généalogique et Chronologique*,' &c. &c.; par J. P. Anselme; third edition; 9 vols. folio; Paris, 1726. More than 600 volumes, relating to the French nobility, were destroyed in 1792.

‘The nation would willingly have submitted to the preeminence of the historic families, and I do not exaggerate in affirming that there are not more than two hundred in France. But the hundred thousand nobles and the hundred thousand priests who wished to enjoy privileges on a footing of equality with those of MM. de Montmorenci, de Grammont, de Crillon, &c., disgusted generally.’

The depreciated sort of nobility to which she alludes was acquired either by letters of nobility or by holding certain offices, like *secrétaire du roi*, which were constantly for sale. Twenty-five years of nobility qualified for the chamber of nobles.

The order of nobility was revived by Napoleon in 1808, but he appears to have limited his new creations to the titles of duke, count, and baron. We have discovered no marquises or viscounts amongst his new nobles. The hereditary quality of the peerage was destroyed in 1831, and titular nobility was again proscribed in 1848. It has revived with the empire, and the existing law of France recognises and protects a property in names and arms. A section of the ‘*Annuaire*’ is devoted to the *Jurisprudence Nobiliaire* of the year; and amongst the reported cases for 1859 are a suit by the Duc de Montbazon to prohibit the unauthorised assumption of the titles of the house of Rohan, and one by the Countess de Chateaurenard and her two sons to compel the suppression of the passages in a family history published by the Vicomte de Valori, in which he disputed their title to their name. The Rohan cause is still pending. The decision in the other is, that the passages shall be suppressed, and that the judgment of the court shall be inserted in seven journals at the expense of the author.

Another numerous class of cases has arisen from a practice which may be illustrated by what happened to the Marquis de St. Cyr during the Reign of Terror. On his giving in his name and title to the Secretary of the Section, the following dialogue ensued:—*Sec.* ‘Marquis de St. Cyr? Il n’y a plus de Marquis. *Marq.* ‘Bien—de St. Cyr.’ *Sec.* ‘Il n’y a plus de de.’ *Marq.* ‘St. Cyr, donc.’ *Sec.* ‘Il n’y a plus de Saints.’ *Marq.* ‘Allons—mettez Cyr tout court.’ *Sec.* ‘Citoyen, il n’y a plus de Cyrs (Sires); nous avons décapité le tyran.’ Many who were not so unfortunate as to lose the whole of their names were compelled to drop a portion of them. Thus M. Prouveur de Pont, born in 1794, having been baptized without the de Pont from prudential motives, was formally authorised to resume it by a decree of the civil tribunal of Metz in 1859. It is only very recently that this branch of jurisprudence has been in active operation; and it remains to be seen whether it can be strictly applied in a country where it has been from time immemorial the custom to change names.

names. 'Replace,' exclaims the editor of the '*Annuaire*,' 'the names of Voltaire, Beaumarchais, and d'Alembert, by those of Arouet, Caron, and Lerond, would you have done more than create a mischievous and melancholy confusion?' Sundry manors, or '*terres*,' used to fetch a high price on account of the euphonic titles that passed with them.

If the principal Roman nobles could establish their pretended descent from the patricians of the Republic, they might boast the best genealogies in the world. But speaking of them as a class in the fourteenth century, Gibbon says:—

'In origin and affection they were aliens to their country; and a genuine Roman, could such have been produced, might have renounced these haughty strangers, who disdained the appellation of citizens, and proudly styled themselves the princes of Rome. After a dark series of revolutions, all records of pedigree were lost; the distinction of surnames was abolished; the blood of the nations was mingled in a thousand channels; and the Goths and Lombards, the Greeks and Franks, the Germans and Normans, had obtained the fairest possessions by royal bounty, or the prerogative of valour.'

The chief authority for this statement is Muratori; and Petrarck, apostrophising the Roman people in his celebrated letter to Rienzi, exclaims, 'Your masters are foreign adventurers. Examine well their origin. You will find that the valley of Spoleto, the Rhine, the Rhone, and some corner of the earth ignobler still, has bestowed them on you.' The Ursini, or Orsini, were said to have migrated from Spoleto in the twelfth century; and the Colonnas, whose first historical appearance was in 1104, admitted that they came from the banks of the Rhine, which their flatterers endeavoured to reconcile with an alleged Roman origin by the hypothesis that a cousin of Nero, who escaped from the city and founded Mentz, was their progenitor. In the Colonna Gallery at Rome is a picture of the Resurrection, in which the most distinguished members of the family, male and female, are represented rising from their coffins assisted by angels, and occupying the exclusive attention of the Two First Persons of the Trinity. The claim of the Massimi to descend from Fabius Maximus rests solely on the name; and the Annibaldi, we agree with Gibbon, 'must have been very ignorant, or very modest, if they had not descended from the Carthaginian hero.' With equal plausibility, the pedigree of the English de Veres began with Lucius Verus; there is a family in Prussian Poland, named Scipio, who are traditionally carried up to Scipio Africanus; and a Welsh family, named Williams, claim Anchises for an ancestor.

The Venetian nobles, all of whom were inscribed in the Golden Book,

Book, were of four classes and of very unequal rank—the lowest being the descendants of those who had purchased their nobility. The highest—*Gli Elettorali*—were the descendants of the twelve persons by whom the first Doge had been elected in 697 A.D., and of the four who, in conjunction with the representatives of these twelve, signed an instrument for the foundation of the Abbey of San Georgio Maggiore in 800. The twelve are sometimes spoken of as the Twelve Apostles, and the four as the Four Evangelists. The twelve were Badonari, Barozzi, Contarini, Dandoli, Falieri, Gradenighi, Memmi otherwise Monegari, Michielli, Morosini, Polani, Sanudi otherwise Candiani, Thiepoli. The four were Bembi, Bragadini, Cornari, Giustiniani. Six other families have been admitted without cavil to the first class: Delfini, Querini, Sagredi, Soranzi, Zeni, Zeniani.*

Only two of these are mentioned by Count Litta—the Candiani, who became extinct in the eleventh century, and the Giustiniani, the last of whom died in 1784. From his notices of the Strozzi and Medici, the greatest of the Florentine houses, it would appear that branches of them exist still. There is a branch of the Medici at Naples, and two of the Strozzi are or recently were in the Austrian service. The Strozzi, who claimed to descend from a Roman proconsul, were not known before the middle of the thirteenth century, and the founder of the Medici was elected gonfaloniere in 1295, when the nobles were excluded from the magistracy. This fact rather favours that theory of their origin which is based on the name and the balls in their shield. The Alighieri became extinct in 1558. The immortal poet who gave lustre to the family was thoroughly persuaded of his descent from one of the ancient Roman families who at the fall of the Empire took refuge in Florence; but the name first occurs in 1019. The families of Ariosto and Bentivoglio, both of Bologna and both of respectable antiquity, are also extinct. The Pepoli are represented by the poet and patriot, lately resident in England. The Duke de Sforza is married to an Englishwoman, whose story is recorded in Burke's 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.' The father of the first Duke of Milan of this family was, towards the end of the fourteenth century, a soldier of fortune, who had begun life as a peasant. When asked to join a band of free-lances, he flung his spade into a tree, and said he

* 'Sketches of Venetian History.' Murray's Family Library, ch. v. Disputes about precedence, which might disunite the privileged order, were discountenanced by the State. One of the Da Ponti family, in a dispute with a Canale, having boasted that the Ponti (bridges) were above the Canali (canals), it was retorted that the Canali existed before the Ponti. The Council of Ten stopped the controversy by suggesting that *they* could fill up the canals, and knock down the bridges. would

would enlist, if it did not come down again. The spade stuck fast, and his military career began.

Count Litta's magnificent work (*Famiglie Celebri Italiane*) consists of nine folio volumes, and he has omitted many families who are entitled to a place in it. He seldom errs on the side of credulity; but he troubles himself very little about ancient pedigrees, and commonly allows the merit of antiquity to a family, provided its name occurs in the early annals of a State. By a parity of reasoning, we could carry back hundreds of English families to the Conquest; and the O'Neills or O'Briens would rival or transcend the best names that figure in the Golden Book of Venice. This must be kept in mind in estimating the pretensions of the Spanish nobles, who, with the exception of a few grandees of the first class, would be a good deal puzzled if required to prove their pedigrees step by step, without a single intervention of the bar sinister, or (what they dread still more) without the slightest taint of African, Indian, or Jewish blood. The genuine blue blood, which should be unmixed Gothic and of indefinite antiquity, is rarely to be found except in the mountainous districts to which the Iberian population retired before the invading Moors. The Biscayans are the Welsh of the Spanish peninsula, and their pedigrees strongly resemble that of Cumberland's hero, John de Lancaster, which made nothing of an odd century or two before the Christian æra. There was a period when the Spanish Jews enjoyed a large amount of political and social influence, and many an impoverished Hidalgo, yielding to the united force of power and wealth, was not sorry to form an alliance with the objects of this ill-suppressed hate. Blanco White says that so many of these mixed marriages are set down in a manuscript work, widely circulated, as fully to justify its ominous title of 'The Brand of Spain.' The same writer mentions a curious illustration of the marked division into noble and plebeian families. A common robber, apprehended with three others, was declared noble by his relatives, who demanded that he should be allowed the full privileges of his class, offering at the same time to defray the incidental cost. Instead of being hanged with his accomplices, he was strangled by the *garrote* on a scaffold hung with black, and a certificate of the fact was delivered to the family to be preserved amongst their archives as a proof of their nobility.*

A grandee of the first class is privileged to remain covered before the sovereign. A grandeeship, or any number of grandee-

* Doblado's Letters. See also 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lvii., p. 69, *et seq.* More than a hundred years ago, it was computed that Spain had produced seven hundred works on genealogy and heraldry.

ships, may be inherited without merger, through males or females, by a grandee. Hence the phrase of a noble's having so many hats, *i. e.* so many rights to put on his hat in the presence of royalty. Seignories, titles, honorary charges, and proprietary rights of all sorts, descend and accumulate in the same fashion; so that, on the tontine principle, and taking into account the in-and-in marriages of the Spanish nobles, it is within the range of possibility for all the hats to be piled upon one head, or for all the rightful inheritors of the most sonorous appellations to be carried in a coach. The Duc d'Ossuna could not be deferentially addressed in a dedication within the compass of one of our pages, and his possessions are so extensive that, as we heard one of his friends assert, he has robbers of his own or, in other words, robbers settled on his territory, who in return for his enforced or involuntary hospitality allow him and his visitors to pass toll free.

The '*Almanac de Gotha*' professes to include all the continental nobility of the first class, especially those descended from any of the mediatised German houses, or otherwise entitled to be deemed princely or illustrious; such as the Princes de Ligne, the D'Arembergs, the Dalbergs, the Metternichs, the Waldsteins or Wallensteins, the Schwarzenburgs, the Lichtensteins, the Trautmandorffs, the Esterhazys, the Bathyanis, the Palfys, the Puckler-Muskau, the Lievens, the Poniatowskys, the Lobomorskys, the Chimays, the Corsinis, the Dorias Pamphilis, the Belgiosos, the Tremoilles, the Rohan-Chabots, the Polignacs, the Torlonias. We select these on account of their historic, diplomatic, or social notoriety in England; not (as may be inferred from the last) because they are the most ancient. Indeed many of the more obscure Teutonic families produce better pedigrees than the Metternichs or Schwarzenburgs. But when we reject presumption and require proof, we find the best of them lost about the same time, in the same mists of uncertainty, with our Nevilles, Stanleys, Berkeleys, Courtenays, Clintons, Herberts, Fitzgeralds, and Douglasses.*

As regards quarterings, the continental nobility derive an obvious advantage from the clear line of demarkation drawn between them and the non-noble classes. There can seldom be much difficulty in testing the right of a Comtesse de — or a Fraulein von — to armorial bearings; whilst the occurrence of plain Miss or Mrs. — on the sixth or seventh step of the ascending scale may prove an insurmountable bar. Social position is more or less affected by the same cause. Sir James

* See the '*Historisch-Genealogischer Atlas*' of Dr. Karl Hopf, of which the first part, including Germany, appeared in 1858. See also the learned work of Spenerus, '*Historia Insignium Illustrium*,' &c. &c.

Lawrence, Knight of Malta, has written a book to prove that gentility is better than nobility, inasmuch as it does not depend on titles nor on anything that monarchs can confer. *Nascitur generosus: fit nobilis*, is the maxim which he adopts and strengthens by an accumulation of authorities. The touchstone of a gentleman is his right to bear coat armour. This is still the meaning of the French term *gentilhomme*, and a contempt for mere title is expressed in the device of the de Coucys:—

‘Je suis ni duc ni prince aussi,
Je suis le seigneur de Coucy.’

The distinction between peers and commoners, or what Sir James Lawrence would call the titled and untitled nobility in the United Kingdom, is exclusively political; and the multiplicity of titles on the continent ought not to deprive an Englishman of his relative rank. If a Howard of Corby did not become an esquire by being named in the commission of the peace or elected a member of Parliament, he would have no precedence whatever, and an ordinary barrister might walk out of a room before him.* In Russia or Sicily, he would be a prince; in Naples or Rome, a duke; in Spain, a grandee of the first class; in France, a comte; and in Germany, a graf, a freiherr, or a baron.

Let it not be supposed from our referring to this distinction that we see cause to envy the French or German multiplicity of titles and decorations. The advantage of the English system far more than counterbalances its disadvantages; and to reconcile the continental custom, of conferring heritable titles on all the children, with our form of constitution, would be an impossibility. The sole laxity in our laws or practice there may be reason to regret is the impunity with which names and armorial bearings may be assumed. The ‘Commercial Directory’ of London alone contains thirteen Percys, twenty-one Talbots, thirty Seymours, forty-eight Herberts, and one hundred and ten Howards. The prevalent belief is that any new man may get any crest and coat of arms at the Heralds’ College. This, we are assured, is not the fact; and the high character of the principal members of the college is a guarantee for the conscientious performance of their remaining duties. But they cannot be expected to incur extra trouble or expense in detecting flaws in pedigrees brought to be registered; and their powers are no longer adequate to

* Precedence is a large subject in itself. The only reliable set of rules is one compiled for Her Majesty by Sir Charles Young, Garter King at Arms. A few copies, with notes, have been printed for private circulation.

check any bold usurper of family honours who may think proper to set up an escutcheoned carriage without consulting them.

A curious case, in which an ancestor of Earl Delawarr was the prosecutor, is reported in Rushforth's '*Historical Collections*,' as having occurred in the reign of Charles II. :—

'A person of a far different name by birth, and but an ostler, having by his skill in wrestling, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, got the name of "Jack of the West," coming afterwards to be an innkeeper, and getting a good estate, assumes the name of West, and the arms of the family of the Lord Delawarr, and gets from the heralds his pedigree, drawn through three or four generations, from the fourth son of one of the Lords Delawarr; and his son, whom he bred at the Inns of Court, presuming upon this pedigree to take place of some gentlemen, his neighbours in Hampshire, they procured him to be cited by the Lord Delawarr in this Court (the Court of Honour or Lord Marshal's Court), where, at the hearing, he produced his patent from the heralds. But it so fell out that an ancient gentleman of the name of West, and family of Delawarr, and named in the pedigree, who had been long beyond the sea and conceived to be dead, and now newly returned, whose son, as it seems, this young spark would have had his father to have been, appeared in court at the hearing, which dashed the whole business; and the pretended West, the defendant, was fined 500*l.*, ordered to be degraded, and never more to write himself gentleman.'

The heralds were wont to make circuits from time to time and hold Visitations, at which the neighbouring gentry were invited or summoned to attend. The proved pedigrees were duly entered, and at the end of each book is commonly a list of persons who 'disclaim all pretension to arms or gentry.' The last Visitation was held in 1687. The last attempt to revive the Court of Chivalry was in 1737. It failed for want of a lord high constable of England, who is an indispensable element; but we have heard that, when O'Keefe, the dramatist, quartered the royal arms of Ireland, the Irish heralds stopped his carriage in the streets of Dublin and erased the emblazonment. A similar attempt in Edinburgh, at the instance of a Duke of Athol, resulted in the triumph of the alleged pretender, an ex-linendraper, who obtained large damages.

We are wont to fancy that our own is pre-eminently an age of movement and transition, that fortunes change hands more rapidly than at any preceding epoch, and that the old landed aristocracy, retreating before the fortunate sons of commerce or speculation, like the red Indians before the white men, are in a fair way to be gradually 'improved off the face of the earth.' Yet a calm analysis of the springs or causes of the aggrandisement

ment or decline of families at different periods does not bear out the theory. The extinction or impoverishment of most of the old stocks may be traced to three causes, namely, natural decay, personal improvidence, or civil war—the last of which has happily become inoperative. The sudden rise of new men was also long principally owing to that unsettled state of things which enabled sovereigns to endow favourites with princely revenues, or permitted ministers of state to found earldoms, marquisesates, or dukedoms out of their official perquisites. Under the Plantagenets, the process was rude enough. The transfer of a title and estate from an opponent to a partisan was a matter of pure force or a high-handed exertion of prerogative. Might made Right. Thus, when the seventh Earl de Warrenne in common with other nobles was required by Edward I. to produce his titles, he brought out an old rusty sword which had belonged to the first Earl, and said, ‘By this instrument do I hold my lands, and by the same I intend to defend them.’ His title was no longer contested; but on the death of his grandson, the eighth Earl, the Earldom and entire property were confiscated by Edward III. Under the Tudors, the plunder of the monasteries enabled the monarch to found or aggrandise families without impoverishing the Crown. But Lord Burleigh was the first statesman who obtained great wealth without public scandal. His style of living was on the most magnificent scale. He built three fine houses, and maintained four establishments. He entertained the Queen twelve several times at the average cost of 3000*l.* a time, and left a large fortune to his heirs, having begun life as a briefless barrister at Gray’s Inn.

The largest fortune accumulated under the Stuarts from public sources was that of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, estimated at 30,000*l.* a-year, equal to three times that amount now. The illegitimate sons of Charles the Second, also, received princely appanages. The practice of bestowing crown property on subjects, far from being abandoned at the Revolution, was occasionally pushed to an extent that provoked parliamentary interference even when the objects of the royal bounty were selected for their merits or services. When, in addition to other large donations, William, in 1695, ordered the Lords of the Treasury to make out a warrant granting his friend, Portland, a magnificent estate in Denbighshire, the murmurs were such as to compel him to give up the intention.

Not long afterwards the hereditary domains of the Crown ceased to be alienable; but till past the middle of the eighteenth century the salaries and perquisites of numerous offices left grasping courtiers and rising politicians no reason for complaint.

Thus

Thus it is related by Lord Macaulay of Montague, the founder of the dukedom of Manchester, that when he was a peer with 12,000*l.* a-year; when his villa on the Thames was regarded as the most delightful of all suburban retreats; when he was said to revel in Tokay from the imperial cellar, and in soups made out of birds'-nests brought from the Indian Ocean, and costing three guineas a-piece, 'his enemies were fond of reminding him that there had been a time when he had eked out by his wits an income of barely 50*l.*; when he had been happy with a trencher of mutton-chops and a flagon of ale from the college buttery, and when a tithe-pig was the rarest luxury for which he had dared to hope.' Speaking of the last days of Queen Anne, Lord Stanhope says that 'the service of the country was then a service of vast emolument;' and, instancing the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, he states that, exclusive of Blenheim, of parliamentary grants, of gifts, of marriage-portions from the Queen to their daughters, the fixed yearly income of the Duke, at the height of his favour, was no less than 54,825*l.*, and that the Duchess had, in offices and pensions, an additional sum of 9500*l.* This is a moderate estimate; Lord Dartmouth, in a note on Burnet, computes their joint salaries at 90,000*l.* When Sir Robert Walpole became Prime Minister his paternal estate was less than 3000*l.* a-year. During his tenure of office he lived magnificently; he laid out enormous sums (popularly computed at 150,000*l.*) in buildings and pictures; and he more than quadrupled his private income, besides providing for his sons by patent places to the tune of 14,000*l.* a-year between them. We shall not much mend the matter by accepting Archdeacon Cox's palliation, that Sir Robert had been a large gainer from the South Sea bubble.

In the times of which we speak, every functionary who had to receive or pay over money was deemed entitled to a handsome percentage; and if it remained any time in his custody, he was tacitly permitted to employ it for his own personal advantage. When England, besides keeping up a large fleet and army, was liberally subsidising foreign princes, the profits of paymasters and treasurers were immense; and the first Lord Holland is supposed to have availed himself of his opportunities as Paymaster of the Forces without scruple or remorse. His rival, the great commoner, when he held the same office, proudly declined to receive a sixpence beyond the regular salary; and his example has been followed by the two last generations of English statesmen, pre-eminently by his illustrious son, who is one amongst many instances that, so far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, a political career in this country has become one of the least tempting a man
of

of talent can adopt. The Bar, too, is beginning to elevate without enriching; and the majority of lawyers recently ennobled are far poorer than their predecessors. Although literature, as yet, has only helped to found a single peerage, it is rapidly rising to the rank of a well-remunerated as well as honourable vocation, and the time may come when the works of a popular author may support a title as well as Blenheim or Strathfieldsaye.

As for science, it seems her destiny to invent and discover on the *sic vos non vobis* principle. Of the five or six remarkable men who brought unquestioned originality of mind to bear on the cotton-manufacture, only one (Arkwright) received his reward in wealth. Of the many who co-operated in maturing the invention of the steam-engine, Watt alone derived even a moderate fortune from its wonder-working capabilities. The electric telegraph has not made Professor Wheatstone a *millionnaire*; and whoever may have first lighted on the gold-fields of Australia, it is clear that no estate in this land of promise nor share of its produce has been assigned to any of the alleged discoverers, although we have heard that a colonial minister offered Count Strzlecki to call the auriferous district by his name. In the mean time, enormous fortunes are rapidly accumulating in the colonies, the results of energy and enterprise in many walks of life besides gold-digging, and the lucky possessors will soon be bidding for the mansions of the decayed gentry, like the flight of nabobs who followed in the wake of Clive and Hastings.

It must be admitted, however, that the development of commerce and industry has proportionally strengthened the position of the proprietary class by adding incalculably to the value of their land. The accession of income accruing to the Bedford, Portland, Grosvenor, Portman, and Berkeley estates in and about the metropolis may be taken as a sample of what is going on in other rich and populous neighbourhoods; whilst the revenues of many lordly owners of mines have simultaneously increased. On the whole, therefore, we see no reason to fear that any sweeping or revolutionary change in the well-ordered social system of the United Kingdom is at hand; and the effect on our minds of this review of the vicissitudes of families, especially in their political bearings, is rather reassuring than the contrary.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Leaders of the Old Bar of Philadelphia.* By H. B. 8vo., pp. 120. Philadelphia, 1859.
 2. *An Inquiry into the Formation of Washington's Farewell Address.* By Horace Binney. 8vo., pp. 250. Philadelphia, 1859.

WHATEVER may be thought of the importance of a good understanding between France and England to the peace of Europe, it is perhaps no less important for the happiness and interests of mankind that a hearty and affectionate feeling should subsist between the United States and England, with a view to the spread of commerce, the advancement of the principles of liberty, and the extension and consolidation of the Reformed Church. We do not intend to enlarge on this subject now: we believe it to be happily unnecessary. The thoughtful and really influential men of both countries are agreed in desiring not merely a cordial alliance between them, but affectionate feelings between the citizens of each. We make the observation only as introductory to the notice of a fact which contributes largely to this result—the hearty and remarkable concurrence of the members of the legal profession in both countries in these sympathies. Our lawyers read with admiration, and consult with the greatest respect, the text-books of American lawyers and the judgments of American judges; and our legal education and system of study have greatly profited by our emulation of that broader and more varied character which the peculiar circumstances of America necessarily tend to create. Whenever a Barrister or a Judge from America has visited this country, our Bench and our Bar have uniformly given them a reception cordial as well as respectful. They have not merely been greeted in our courts, but they have been welcomed at our circuit messes and at the private tables of our practitioners. On the other hand, it is difficult to exaggerate the feeling with which they have seemed to be animated in respect of our law. Westminster Hall has been regarded with almost religious veneration; its traditions and associations they have made their own; no petty jealousies have intervened to prevent the acknowledgment of their admiration for our system and esteem for our distinguished men. They have received our attentions in the spirit in which they were offered, and, whenever English lawyers have given them an opportunity, by becoming their visitors, nothing has been wanting which the most flattering attention and kindest hospitality could suggest to make their visit instructive and agreeable. These are not words of

of course. We are sure that the Profession would confirm them as unexaggerated truths.

Among American lawyers of the present and preceding generations there is no one more generally respected and beloved than the author of the apparently unconnected essays on the 'Leaders of the Old Bar of Philadelphia,' and on the 'Formation of Washington's Farewell Address.' He long stood in a very eminent position at the Bar, both in the courts of his own State and the Supreme Court of the United States. At any time he would have been considered a most fit person to be placed on the Bench. We regret that he never was: his mind is eminently judicial, and his general learning and accomplishments would have adorned the professional research which he would have brought to the decision of all questions, while his high personal character would have added authority to his judgments. We think it also a misfortune for himself. *Magistratus indicat virum*—the Judgeship is both the test of the lawyer and the man; it is the completion of the lawyer's professional and personal character. Even in England, however, we cannot always say why a great lawyer has never been made a Judge: and it is often much more difficult to answer the question in America. Mr. Binney has retired for some years in the fulness of his reputation and practice. He has been contented, or, rather, he has preferred, to enjoy the happiness of a domestic and literary retreat, exercising only that influence in his State—difficult to measure, but large in amount—which almost necessarily attends the great and excellent, who living without office or profession, seeking no distinction, but shunning no social duty, are ready and efficient agents for good to all within their sphere.

Mr. Binney was a College senior about the close of Washington's last Presidency; and he speaks, in the commencement of his first essay, of his theme being, in respect of the advantages of personal recollection, 'pretty much an octogenarian perquisite of his own.' That theme is a sketch of the leaders of the first Bar of Philadelphia after the Declaration of Independence. Before the Revolution, even in Philadelphia, the largest and most wealthy city in our American plantations, the Judge was sometimes nearly the only regularly bred lawyer in his court, though there were seldom wanting some few among the practitioners who had eaten their terms in our Inns of Court, and taken their notes in the King's Bench of what was argued by Dunning or decided by Mansfield. The War of Independence and the occupation of the City for some time by the British troops would naturally scatter lawyers or give a new direction to their pursuits. But apparently the administration of justice in regular Courts by

regularly appointed Judges, and according to all the ancient forms, more rapidly resettled itself after the return of peace than almost any other institution of the country; and probably there was then, as there certainly is now, a versatility in the American advocate and a vivaciousness in his practice which we find it difficult to understand. The busy lawyer of to-day, we know, becomes the soldier, or the diplomatist, or member of the cabinet to-morrow, and the war ended, or the mission closed, or the Government changed, he becomes again the successful lawyer on the day after. We believe the present respected Minister from Washington has more than once made these changes, and that he still has so much yearning for his original craft that if he were recalled he would not be inconsolable, but would soon be found in his office again—or, as we should say, chambers—gathering around him his old clients, who would have lost none of their confidence in him on account of his secession. Themis is not the jealous mistress on the other side of the Atlantic which her votaries find her to be in England. This may be owing in part to that circumstance of difference between the American lawyer and the English barrister which we think very much to the advantage of the latter. The line between barrister and attorney is sharply drawn in England, and, as a general rule, the barrister is never approached in the first instance directly by his client. Neither does he admit his witnesses to his consultation-room: with them his intercourse is only in open court. The American lawyer unites both characters; he 'gets up' as well as 'conducts' his case. It appears to us that this must tend to increase the difficulties, unavoidably great, of professional integrity; and sometimes, without the privity of the lawyer, to corrupt the truth and warp the testimony of witnesses. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that some advantages may flow from it, and among these may be the closer bond in respect of civil transactions which must exist between the barrister and client, and consequently the greater inducement to renew the connexion when the ex-minister or soldier is once more at his desk, ready again to transact the business of his old client.

Age entitles Mr. Binney to be '*laudator temporis acti*,' and he takes occasion in his opening to notice the altered, and, as he thinks, worsened training for the Bar of the present day, from that which prevailed in his own time and that of his immediate predecessors: that '*the old Entries and Abridgments, with, instar omnium, Coke on Littleton*,' are now scarcely known but by name; and that '*books of practice, indexes, and digests*,' which '*supply thoughts without cultivating the power of thinking*,' are the only store-houses to which students and young lawyers resort.

The

The same observation might be made, as we are told, with reference to our own Bar; and it is curious that something of the same kind was said as long ago as the time of Sir Matthew Hale by that great Lawyer himself. An ancestor of Bennet Langton was introduced to him as a young gentleman desiring his advice for the study of the law. Finding that he was an eldest son, he at first declined to give it, thinking it would be to no purpose; but being assured that the father had by a large purchase fortunately run himself into 5000*l.* or 6000*l.* debt, and that the son had resolved to repair the family fortune by practice, the case seemed hopeful enough for him to proceed. We give the story as it is recorded in Seward's 'Literary Anecdotes':—

'My Lord said that there were two ways of applying oneself to the study of the law: one was to attain the great learning and knowledge of it, which was to be had in all the old books; but that did require great time, and would be at least seven years before a man would be fit to make any benefit by it: the other was by fitting oneself for the practice of the court, by reading the new reports and the present constitution of the law; and to this latter my Lord advised me, having already passed so much time, a great many of the cases seldom coming in practice, and several of them antiquated. In order to which study his Lordship did direct that I should be very exact in Littleton, and after read carefully my Lord Coke's Littleton, and then his Reports; after which Plowden, Dier, Croke, and More. That I should keep constantly to the exercises of the house, and in Term to Westminster Hall to the King's Bench, because the young lawyers began their practice there.'

Our lawyers will smile at the list of *modern* writers and reporters whom Lord Hale recommended as supplying a short course to fit Mr. Langton for practice; but the truth is that at least four-fifths of the questions which now arise in courts of law turn upon subjects which did not exist, even in remote analogies, in the days of our ancient legal classics. We do not find Lord Hale making any mention of the Codex or the Institutions, or any writer on Mercantile law, simply because the Courts seldom or never had to deal with cases to which they might be applied. Our occasional dippings into Coke on Littleton lead us to think that it would be to be regretted if, under any circumstances, that very extraordinary work were not mastered by every lawyer; though already we have heard almost incredible reports of even eminent lawyers boggling at black letter or law French, when put to read a citation at the Bar. But, upon the whole, both the arguments of Counsel and judgments of Judges would seem to show that our lawyers, with less, perhaps, of technical nicety and antiquarian knowledge, have their powers of reasoning as fully cultivated,
and

and their memories as richly stored with a learning as valuable and as various as the best of their predecessors. In the conversation from which we have cited, Lord Hale said that he had studied sixteen hours a day for the first two years that he came to the Inns of Court, and afterwards confined himself to eight hours; but that he would not advise anybody to so much; that he thought six hours a day, with attention and constancy, were sufficient. We must say we prefer his precept to his example. Our wonder is twofold—what did he find in ‘the Old Books’ of which he speaks to occupy so much time, and how did his intellect escape uninjured from so much over-feeding?

The peculiar circumstances of the United States, the aggregation under a written Constitution of many States into one, which, though never absolutely sovereign and independent, were yet independent *inter se*, and which now reserve many of the most important rights and incidents of that independence—give to American lawyers the inestimable advantage of having frequently to deal with great constitutional or international questions.

‘The range of judicial questions which occurred between the peace of 1783 with Great Britain, and the end of the last Federal administration of the Government in the year 1801, the most brilliant part of Mr. Lewis’s professional life, and when his intellectual powers were certainly in their zenith, was remarkably large and important. Before the country had attained the lawful age of man or woman, the fullest demands for juridical wisdom and experience were upon it. Questions of prize and of the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, questions concerning the rights of ambassadors and the privileges of consuls, concerning the obligations of neutrality, the right of expatriation, the right of naturalization by the States, the construction of the treaty of peace with Great Britain, the case of the Virginia debts, and of confiscations and attainders complete or incomplete before the peace, the constitutional powers of the Federal Courts, the powers of Congress, the constitutionality of the carriage-tax, the nature and characteristics of direct taxes imposed under the Federal Constitution; questions of conflict between the authority of the States and of the United States, and between the States severally under the Confederation, and cases of high crimes, both at sea and on land, against the United States, were rising up from day to day for solution; and in most of them Mr. Lewis took a part and held a position that was worthy of the questions, and worthy of his own powers also.’*

The law of High Treason was a favourite subject with Mr. Lewis, with whom Mr. Binney commences his sketches. He had made himself intimately acquainted with every part of it, and

* Leaders, &c., 36-7.

was most commonly the counsel for the prisoner when such cases occurred for trial. Mr. Binney records a curious and characteristic anecdote arising upon one of them. Lewis had been counsel for a man of the name of Fries; on the trial the law of treason applicable to the case was fully discussed, and the prisoner was convicted. A new trial was granted on grounds wholly unconnected with the law of the case, and before the second jury was impanelled, the judge (Chase) informed the Bar that the Court had made up their opinion on the law of treason involved in the case, and to prevent misunderstanding had reduced it into writing. The copies which had been made for the Counsel interested and the Jury were then handed down. Lewis, with apparent solemnity, rose, took up one of the papers, gave a short glance at it, threw it down on the table, and retired. The next morning, when the case was called on, he informed the Court that, upon full and solemn consideration, he declined proceeding as counsel for the prisoner, as the Court had prejudged the law. His colleague, Mr. Dallas, did the same. There was profound silence and deep sensation. The Court had probably been led to expect this conduct. They requested the Counsel to proceed, informed them that they were not bound by the opinion, and finally withdrew it. But Lewis, who saw the advantage he had gained, replied in few words, with much solemnity of manner, 'The Court has prejudged the law of the case, the opinion of the Court has been declared; after such a declaration the Counsel can have no hope of changing it, the impression of it must remain with the jury; the Counsel, therefore, will not act in behalf of the prisoner.' Thus far the whole advantage was with the Counsel. The Court did what it could to regain its position; without loss of temper, and no loss of time, the Judge rejoined, 'Then, with God's help, the Court will be counsel for the prisoner, and see that he has a fair trial.' No doubt, says Mr. Binney, who was present (in April, 1800), he had a fair trial, was convicted a second time, and sentenced to death. But, as might have been expected, he was not executed; a pardon was granted. Indeed, the Government would have been bold, which had allowed the execution to take place after such a miscarriage at the trial.

The business of a court of justice, when well conducted, proceeds so smoothly, that an unlearned or inattentive observer scarcely perceives that any one is holding the reins; but the least slip on the part of those who preside, in a moment discloses the truth. There are always those who have an interest for the time in making the most of the mistake, and dexterity and courage are seldom wanting for the purpose. The Judge who is too swift to speak, or too slow to hear, will surely find he has to deal with what he may

may consider a malapert Bar. If, in the language of Bacon, the Court 'meet the cause half way,' they must expect to encounter some of the Counsel, 'who will chop with them;' and, what is even worse, they will not seldom miss of a right judgment, by confounding or putting down some well-instructed, but embarrassed and diffident, Junior. These are but inglorious victories after all; and, so far as our observation serves us, we should say that in more general conflicts between the Bench and the Bar, wherever justice is with the latter, they are successful, and perhaps oftener. We remember an incident occurring in the Court of King's Bench, when it was under the guidance of Lord Tenterden, no mean *ἀνίσχος*, which may illustrate this. In a great pressure of business in the New Trial Paper, the Court announced that, when the cases in that paper came on, they would hear only one counsel on a side; this was a great mistake, and might frequently have led to wrong decisions. The leader would commonly have been selected for the argument, and yet, from the multiplicity of his engagements, would often have been ill-prepared as to the detail of facts, or the points of law; on the other hand, the junior might often have been less able alone to do full justice to a complicated case, in which, perhaps, he might have to oppose a strong prepossession in the mind of the Judge who had tried it. The first case called on was one from the Western Circuit, in which the late Mr. Selwyn happened to be the junior. His leader was heard, and he instantly rose, saying, 'As I am the first victim, my Lords'—'Victim, Mr. Selwyn!' interposed Lord Tenterden, with much feeling, 'I scarcely expected to hear that word from you.' 'Yes, my Lord, victim of a rule which will shortly make a desert of these benches.' He did not need to finish his expostulatory sentence; there was no man at the bar whose character could have given more weight to the appeal, and this was supported by the unambiguous assent of the Juniors. The Court was cowed and defeated; the Judges folded their hands, heard him unresistingly to the end of his argument on the case; and the obnoxious and ill-considered rule at once fell to the ground.

Lewis was much in the confidence of Alexander Hamilton, Washington's Secretary of the Treasury, and confidential adviser. He was a stout Anti-Gallican, and showed his animosity amusingly. He abominated pantaloons, because he thought them a Gallican invention, and he stuck to powder and a queue because the French had just rejected them from their armies. He was arguing a very grave cause in the Supreme Court one morning, when news had arrived of some fresh atrocity of the French Revolutionists, and after establishing his position with great strength

strength and skill, ended his point thus—‘And this, may it please your Honours, is as cul-lear, and as pul-lain (so he always pronounced clear and plain) as that the Devil is in Paris, and that nobody can doubt.’ He smoked cigars incessantly.

‘He smoked at the fireplace in the court, he smoked in the court library, he smoked in his office, he smoked in the street, he smoked in bed, and he would have smoked in church, like Knock-dunder in the “Heart of Mid Lothian,” if he had ever gone there. He was once ordered into the custody of the Marshal by Judge Chase, who affected to believe that the audacity was in some interloper at the chimney-corner of the court-room; but Judge Peters explained *sotto voce*, and so it passed.’

Our friends at the bar, *haud inexperti*, would smile at the devices of Lewis, when he was not ready, to induce the Court to postpone the case; and failing that, to prepare himself as he could pending the argument. They would find in it an instance of the sameness of barrister nature on both sides of the Atlantic; but our limits compel us to pass on to the second figure on Mr. Binney’s canvas. This is Edward Tilghman, born in 1750. He was made an accomplished scholar in Philadelphia, and obtained his legal education principally in England. He entered at the Middle Temple in 1771, and in the two following years was a diligent attendant in the courts of Westminster Hall. Mr. Binney gives some extracts from his Note-book, one of which we will quote. It shows that the young student amused as well as instructed himself, and indicates a species of comment on the part of Lord Mansfield which we do not remember to have seen noticed before.

‘King’s Bench, Thursday, 7th Feb. 1774.

‘Campbell v. Hall, Esq. Special Verdict.

‘*Lord Mansfield*. What a farrago Sir John gave us yesterday!

‘*Sir R. Aston*. Strange stuff; his criticism upon “no longer” was against him.

‘*Lord Mansfield*. Sad stuff, Sir Richard. *This* will prove sad stuff.’

The unhappy Sir John was Sir John Dalrymple, who had been arguing ‘yesterday’ a question on literary property; and whoever was the fortunate man about to argue to-day, he seems to have had Lord Mansfield at least well prepared for his argument.

Those who have been used to hear Sir James Scarlett’s addresses to a jury will be struck with the following account of Tilghman, both for its resemblances and its differences from the manner of that great advocate:—

‘With

‘With a certain description of juries he was nearly irresistible. He talked to the panel as if he was one of them—as if he was opening to his brethren the path in which they had to walk with him in the discharge of a duty that was a duty of conscience equally to them and himself. This, of course, implies that he knew his jury would understand him, and that he thought his case would bear any quantity of sifting. If he thought either the jury or his cause in fault, he threw nothing away upon either, but reserved himself for a better occasion. But at all times his sense and shrewdness, occasional pleasantry, and constant air of sincerity, made it delightful to listen to him. He never condescended to propitiate a dishonest prejudice, rarely a prejudice of any kind. He would laugh at it, and sometimes give it a touch of the whip; but he never coaxed it, or wheedled it, or set up a counter-prejudice to contend with it. Some of this may at times be proper, but it was not his way. If he thought his cause a good one, and the tribunal an intelligent one, he walked to victory with the most easy and assured step possible. In such a case before Judge Washington I heard him once say at the conclusion of his argument, when a colleague was to follow him, “I have now finished what I had to say in the case, and I will let my colleague lose it if he can;” and this he said without the least vanity or triumph, but as if he was merely giving a voice to what others had thought before he was (had) done.’*

We have been told of an eminent advocate, now in practice in Westminster Hall, who, upon concluding a very successful argument, turned round to his junior,—‘The Court are with us, perhaps you had better say nothing.’ The junior obediently folded up his papers with a bow to the Court, and perhaps not without reason boasts that he won the case by holding his tongue and saying nothing. Indeed we once heard a distinguished equity judge address a barrister at the close of his argument in these words: ‘You have wholly removed any doubts I may have entertained. You have entirely convinced me that you have no case whatever.’

But Tilghman had higher claims to admiration than those of legal knowledge or successful advocacy. A neighbour of his, in whom he had reposed great confidence, miserably abused it, and injured him seriously in his fortune. The unhappy man had also committed forgeries, which were discovered, and was in temporary concealment preparatory to flight:—

‘In the night that followed the discovery, when he was about to fly, Mr. Tilghman, knowing that he must depart in poverty and wretchedness, took a large purse of gold in his hands, and went to his place of concealment. The only words he spoke to the flying man when he entered his room were these:—“I laid this up for a rainy day; but as I do not believe that any trouble can fall on me or mine as bitter as yours, take it, and may it do you good. Farewell.”’†

* Leaders, &c., 60.

† Ibid., 69.

Mr. Binney proceeds in these affecting words:—

‘ Yet trouble did fall upon him, without his fault, and of unutterable bitterness, too; and he bore it with a fortitude and resignation in which no martyr could have surpassed him. He let concealment feed upon his fortune, and upon his health, that he might keep pain from those he loved. The sacrifice may have been a misjudgment on his part. There were some who thought it was; but it would have been a bold word to express to one whose judgment for everybody else was the best in the world. I knew him and saw him in the agony of that day, and revered him for the heroism of the fortitude with which he parted with nearly all his *active* property, put down his carriage, and sold his long-accustomed habitation, that his determination might be accomplished without possibility of failure. In the last walk of any length that he took from the city to his farm in Delaware County, about eighteen months before his death, I was his only companion; and, while crossing the last field to his house, he stopped at a fence, and told me that two days before he had accomplished the full sacrifice. The only comment that he made was, “I am sorry that my good wife must for the rest of her days go afoot.”’ *

The good wife survived him many years, to the age of ninety-one, in health, which, having been delicate, gradually improved, happy in cheerful spirits and a gentle temper, and rich in the love of her children and the regard and reverence of all her husband’s friends.

Mr. Binney writes of Tilghman with particular interest. ‘ He launched me,’ says he, ‘ in my profession;’ and then subjoins an account of the incident, which, for the testimony it bears to his own professional estimation in early days, we will not pass over. More than fifty years since he was waited on in his small office—large enough, he says, for all the visitors he then had—by a gentleman with a retainer to argue a difficult, important, and novel case. It arose on an award made by Tilghman, which was disputed in point of law. Looking at the papers, he found himself alone, and was told that two eminent men were to argue on the other side. He remonstrated, but his client was inflexible. ‘ I will retain no one else; go on, and make the best of it.’ He did so, and won his case; and afterwards he inquired of his client why he had so stoutly refused him a colleague? The answer was, ‘ I did as I was told to do. Mr. Tilghman told me to retain you, and said, “Put it on his own shoulders, and make him carry it; it will do him good.”’ †

Mr. Binney rightly valued and was grateful for this interference; it is not merely the most flattering, but the most useful patronage which a young lawyer can receive. We know an

* Leaders, &c., 69.

+ Ibid., 71.

old lawyer who has always a kind word for Lord Tenterden, and he gave as the reason that he found himself once, while still wearing a stuff gown, called on to lead the most important cause of the Assize against the established leader of the circuit. He, too, had the good fortune to win his verdict. The attorney was a stranger to him; he had the slightest possible knowledge of the client; but, meeting him afterwards, inquired how he came to select him for his leader. The answer was, 'Abbott and I are old college-friends; you breakfasted with me once, and met him; and after you left he advised me to employ you if I had any occasion for counsel on the circuit.' Our friend added, 'So far from making any merit to me of his recommendation, I used to think his manner particularly ungracious to me, and that he had a personal dislike to me.'

We pass on to Mr. Binney's last sketch; it is that of Jared Ingersoll, whose pupil he was. He himself, like Tilghman, had received his legal education in England. One good habit he learnt with us—less noticeable here, because more common, than in America—the habit of taking much exercise on foot. In the summer he had lodgings in the Country, ten miles from the Temple, and not unfrequently walked the distance to and fro in the day. He used to speak of the benefit of this; and, as a proof how much more use our countrywomen make of their feet and limbs than his own, he told Mr. Binney that one of the daughters of his hostess sometimes accompanied him in the morning; and, after dropping him at his chambers in the morning, walked back again with him in the evening. This, we suspect, must have been a strong case of the '*minus via lædet*' by reason of companionship; perhaps she meditated a longer trip with the young American than to London and back again. Mr. Binney is urgent in his recommendation of exercise to all classes and both sexes of his fellow-citizens; especially, he says, it is as necessary a foundation for a lawyer as his professional studies, and adds,—'After doing my best one morning to overtake Chief Justice Marshall in his quick march to the Capitol, when he was nearer eighty than seventy, I asked him to what cause in particular he attributed that strong and quick step, and he replied that he thought it was most due to his commission in the army of the Revolution, in which he had been a regular foot practitioner for nearly six years.' God forbid that our future Chief Justices should ever undergo a precisely similar apprenticeship; yet, in passing, we may congratulate our lawyers on the manly and earnest reality with which they manifest their readiness to arm in defence of the country. Should the soundness of their preparation ever come to be tried, we feel sure that it will not fail; and

and meantime they will reap their reward in active and vigorous health of body—no mean help to cheerful spirits and activity of intellect.

We may notice, in passing, that in America, as in England, the Law seems favourable to longevity. Marshall and Binney have already been mentioned; and the present Chief Justice of the United States, an invalid for fifty years, is now presiding at the age of 83 over his eight Puisnes and the Bar with undiminished vigour of intellect and accuracy of recollection. We may hope, therefore, that our hale Lord Chancellor has many years of work in him yet.

The sketch of Ingersoll is less full of anecdote than those which precede it; the character of his mind, his mode of preparing himself for his work, and his manner of conducting his arguments in court, as well as his cases before a jury, are described very strikingly, but the description is too long for quotation. The tactics, however, of public speakers any way eminent are worth noticing in a country like this, where public speaking is the business of so many, and we will therefore transfer the concluding passage to our pages.

‘It was not an unfrequent thing with him to begin his summing up in conclusion to the jury with an apophthegm on some historical fact that was apposite to the main matter, and thus from the outset to win the attention of the panel, and assist the impression of his address by assuming the connexion of his claim or defence with an indisputable truth. On one occasion he was counsel for a party who had gone beyond the line of legal retaliation for sharp words spoken of his mother. “Gentlemen of the jury,” he began, “we are informed by a traveller in Africa that universally among her savage tribes they have a saying that is worth remembering—‘Strike *me*, but do not curse my mother.’ The most imbruted negro on the Senegal or Gambia has this instruction from his wild nature. How much clearer a voice speaks the same language to a civilised man, who derives his manhood from the bosom and training of a refined and loving woman! We must take care not to be surpassed in manliness and filial affection by a brutish negro.” This is an instance of his manner.’*

Mr. Binney incidentally, and without being aware, as it should seem, that any doubt had been thrown on the main fact which he records, throws some light on a matter in history which is not without its interest. In Adolphus’ ‘History,’ vol. i. p. 171, and in Lord Mahon’s ‘History,’ vol. v. p. 131, 1st edit., and vol. v. p. 87, 3rd edit., accounts are given of the debate in which Colonel Barré has been commonly supposed to have delivered his well-known and splendid philippic in answer to Mr. Gren-

* ‘Leaders,’ &c., 108.

ville. Both historians throw doubt on the fact of its ever having been uttered; and his Lordship suggests that it may have been added at some subsequent period by the pen of Barré. The American tradition, however, is clearly the other way, as Lord Mahon states in his third edition; but apparently he still retains his doubts. Mr. Binney was a pupil of Jared Ingersoll, whose father of the same name was agent for Connecticut at the time of the debate. He says:—

‘It is to him, the father, that we owe the preservation of Colonel Barré’s famous burst of eloquence in reply to *Charles Townshend* (not Mr. Grenville), when he boasted that the Colonies had been planted by England’s care, nourished by her indulgence, and protected by her arms, and therefore ought not to grudge a contribution to her treasury. Mr. Ingersoll, who was in the gallery of the House of Commons at the time, immediately wrote out the brilliant reply of Barré, and transmitted it to Connecticut; and from one of her journals it passed into all American hearts, and has become a first lesson in oratory to her sons.’*

Inquiries which through the kindness of a friend we have been enabled to make seem to put it beyond a doubt that Mr. Binney’s statement is accurate in all respects. In the Boston Athenæum is a volume of pamphlets, lettered B. 392, which contains among other things a number of Ingersoll’s letters. At page 150 is a letter to Governor Fitch, from which we print this extract:—

‘When he had done, Mr. Barré rose, and, having explained something which he had before said, and which Mr. Townshend had been remarking upon, he then took up the before-mentioned concluding words of Mr. Townshend, and in a most spirited and, I thought, an almost inimitable manner, said, “They planted by your care,” &c. . . . These sentiments were thrown out so entirely without premeditation, so forcibly, and so firmly, and the breaking off so beautifully abrupt, that the whole House sat awhile as amazed, intently looking, and without answering a word. *I own I felt emotions that I never felt before; and went next morning and thanked Colonel Barré in behalf of my country for his noble and spirited speech.*’

It will be remembered that Barré called the Americans ‘those Sons of Liberty’—a name they were not slow to adopt. Ingersoll, in another letter in the collection, alludes to this, and says, ‘I believe I may claim the honour of having been the author of this title, however little personal good I have got by it, having been the only person who transmitted Mr. Barré’s speech to America.’

* Leaders, &c., 77.

Barré's speech must have been wholly unpremeditated, and, so considered, is undoubtedly, both for strong passion and glowing language, and also for perfect judgment and artistic skill, one of the most remarkable specimens of parliamentary eloquence on record; we have thought it, therefore, worth our while to settle the doubt as to the authenticity of the common report.

Mr. Binney's book is a short one, little exceeding one hundred pages, and it professes only to sketch the professional career and character of three members of the bar; incidentally it gives us glimpses of his own career; and it is written with so clear a principle pervading the whole, that we cannot but form some opinion of the body of which these four were members. We shall not be afraid of the celebrated retort of Colonel Barré if we say that, as we may boast to have planted in the United States and bequeathed to them a pure Church and a zealous Clergy, so we left to them our law and the rudiments of a Judiciary and Bar successfully trained in our legal principles and practice. In both instances the seed was sown on a grateful soil. To the Church and the Law in the United States much of the stability and prosperity of the country is owing. With less of form and external discipline than we retain in the mother country, the American courts have never failed to exhibit, both on the bench and at the bar, in a very high degree, the sterling qualities of learning, ability, and integrity. Long may they deserve that this should be said of them!

It has been observed of Americans somewhere that nationally they are not much gifted with wit; and it is remarkable how little Mr. Binney has had to report in this way in the sketches which he has drawn. Yet a really great advocate is seldom found without some share of what at least passes for wit or humour: the very habit of cross-examination; the originalities of character which trials present in the witnesses; the continual passages between contending counsel; the varieties of cases, and the corresponding necessity for variation of manner—all tend to bring out that smartness of diction, that quaintness and droll perversion of ideas and words, which are very nearly akin to genuine wit even where it is not the thing itself. We will venture to add an anecdote in this vein of an American lawyer, Jeremiah Mason by name, which the celebrated Webster used to tell with much glee. He was engaged in the defence of a Methodist minister, by name Avery, on a charge of murder. The professional character of the prisoner interested deeply his brother ministers, who in numbers attended the trial. The case was very serious, and the advocate was absorbed in intently watching the progress of the evidence, carefully noting it, and
observing

observing its effect on the jury, when one of these ministers, who would now be called a Spiritualist, was led to his side, and in great agitation said—‘Mr. Mason, Mr. Mason! I have most important matter to communicate. The Archangel Gabriel came to my bedside this morning, and told me that brother Avery was innocent!’ Without lifting his eye or his pen from the paper, Mason replied ‘Let him be subpoenaed immediately!’ and continued his work.

Mr. Binney closes his sketches, after honourable mention of the general state of the Philadelphian bar during the times he has been describing, with the observation that those were days in which the judges held their office during good behaviour. In England we can hardly conceive of the bench being filled by lawyers who must enter the arena of a popular election, the suffrage in particular States being universal, and the term for which the candidate is elected being limited to a few years—in some of the States to one. It is common in discussion with Americans, even with their lawyers, to hear them say that hitherto the evil consequences to be apprehended from it have not been observed. The explanation offered is that parties are so nicely balanced that unless the stronger puts forward its best man there is danger that a much better man put forward from the other side may win. What a notion does this account (reason for the law, or defence of the system, it cannot be called) give us of the light in which the office of judge must be regarded in these States! It, however, wholly disregards the position of the judge when elected, with the question of re-election before his eyes. One more competent than Mr. Binney to express an opinion on this subject cannot be desired, uniting as he does great ability and the clearest judgment, possessing an experience of more than half a century, perfectly disinterested—a judge in the constitution of his mind, and a most loyal Patriot. He speaks in terms which may well make Americans consider seriously the step which has been taken; and though as regards present effects he uses very delicate and cautious language as might be expected, yet his words must of course be treated, like the gentle apprehensions and warnings of the physician, as intended to convey all that they imply.

‘We are now under the direction of a fearful mandate which compels our judges to enter the arena of a popular election for their offices, and for a term of years so short as to keep the source of their elevation to the bench continually before their eyes. At least once again in the life of every judge we may suppose he will be compelled by a necessity much stronger than at first to enter the same field; and the greater the necessity, the less will his eyes ever close on the fact.

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It is this fact, re-eligibility to office, with the hope of re-election, that puts a cord around the neck of every one of them during the whole term of his office. It is transcendently worse than the principle of original election at the polls. Doubtless, there is more than one of the judges who had rather be strangled by the cord than do a thing unworthy of his place; but the personal characteristics of a few are no grounds of inference as to the many; nor are even the mischiefs already apparent a rule to measure the mischiefs that are in reserve. We must confess that a system is perilous which holds out to the best judge, if he displeases a powerful party, nothing better than the poor-house, which a late eminent chief justice saw before him, and committed the great fault of his life by confessing and avoiding it. At the formation of the Federal Constitution in 1787, the tenure of the judicial department was thought by our forefathers to be not only the guarantee of that department, but the best guarantee of all the departments of government. What guarantee is there for the constitution itself, if you emasculate the judicial department; the only one that is a smooth, practical, wakeful, and efficient defence against invasions of the constitution by the legislature—the only one that can be efficient in a republican representative government, whose people will not bear a blow, and therefore require a guarantee whose blow is a word? A leasehold elective tenure by the Judiciary is a frightful solecism in such a government. It enfeebles the guarantee of other guarantees—the trial by jury, the writ of Habeas Corpus, the freedom and purity of elections by the people, and the true liberty and responsibility of the press. It takes strength from the arm that can do no mischief by its strength, and gives it to those who have no general intelligence to this end in the use of it, and therefore no ability to use it for their own protection. The certainty and permanence of the law depend in great degree upon the judges; and all experience misleads us, and the very demonstrations of reason are fallacies, if the certainty and permanence of the judicial office by the tenure of good behaviour are not inseparably connected with a righteous as well as with a scientific administration of the law. What can experience or foresight predict for the result of a system by which a body of men set apart to enforce the whole law at all times whatever may be the opposition to it, and whose duty is never so important and essential as when it does so against the passions of a present majority of the polls, is made to depend for office on the fluctuating temper of a majority, and not upon the virtue of their own conduct.

‘But an equally inseparable connexion or dependency exists between the bar and the bench, between the knowledge and virtue of the respective bodies. A good bar cannot exist long in connexion with a favour-seeking bench, a bench on the look-out for favours from the people or from any one. Such a bench is not an independent body, whatever some of the judges may be personally. *Nobody thinks it is.* The constitution of 1837 and the people declare that it is not, by the very principle of the recurring elective tenure. Under a false theory and for a party end they meant to make it a dependent body

by abolishing the tenure during good behaviour. The bench, therefore, as now constituted, is not raised sufficiently above the bar to command it by the power of its political constitution. The bar is constitutionally the higher body of the two, the more permanent, the more independent; and popularity being the motive power, the more controlling body, though only for its personal and several ends. This is the fatal derangement that the present judicial tenure makes between the two corps—the subordinate becomes the paramount—the private and personal will controls the public, not by reason, not by virtue, not always openly, but by influence. In our cities and towns the bar is a large and diversified body. Like the web of our life, it is a mingled yarn, good and ill together; and the ill yarn is not always the weakest, nor the least likely by its dye to give hue and colour to the whole. Venal politicians—leaders in the popular current—minglers in it for the purpose of leading it, or at least of turning the force of its waters to their own wheels—adepts in polishing up, or in blowing upon, or dulling the names of candidates for judicial office—students in the art of ferreting out the infirmities of judges, and tracking the path of their fears,—such men are always to be found in such a body, and to be found in most abundance at the bar of a court that has a weak constitution. It is there that thrift waits upon them. There is no need that the pregnant hinges of their knees should be crooked to the judges, if they be only to those who make them. Where is the independent bench that can habitually exercise the restraining or the *detersive* power to prevent such faults of the bar from “whipping the virtues” out of court, or breaking down their influence upon the mass? And if the bench, not individual judges—if the bench, as the constitution makes it, cannot steadily and uniformly, without special virtue or particular effect, repress the professional misconduct of every member of the bar, whatever be his popular influence and connexions, what honour or esteem will professional distinction obtain from the world, and what sanction will professional integrity have at the bar?

‘It is no comfort to think that the people, or at least a large number of them, must be present sufferers from such a state of things, and that finally all of them must take their turn; for the whole people must suffer from a disordered bar. But the more cutting evil must fall on the honourable members of the bar, who regard their own distinction in it as an estate in character for those who are to succeed them; and who, if their community be generally vitiated, must see the inheritance of honour, which they would lay up for their children, day by day sapped and undermined; while they are toiling against the hour-glass, to find at last in their best acquisitions nothing better than the sand at one end or the emptiness at the other.

‘The bar of Philadelphia, I doubt not of all Pennsylvania, but of the former I may speak *scienter*, was for nearly half a century, under the judicial tenure of good behaviour, an honourable bar professionally and personally. If there were spots or blemishes, they did not meet the face of the court and rarely the face of day.

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The serene virtue of the bench was no more disturbed than its strength was challenged by them. Without any doubt very many honourable and able lawyers are still extant at it; and so are pure and unterrified judges. But is there no symptom of change? Perhaps not great. Is the countenance of the public towards the bench and the bar the same that it was in times past? Perhaps not exactly. Both the fact and the causes of it are worthy of much observation by the bar—and by everybody.*

This is a long extract, but we have been unwilling to curtail it. The passage is admirable for the truth and force of its reasoning, for the clearness and vigour, and not less for the moderation of its language. We wished to let this venerable man of four-score speak for himself on a matter on which he has a special title to be listened to, and which, as it is of infinite importance to his countrymen, so it is not without its bearing on ourselves. We have already said that, at present, such a mode of judge-making—such a tenure of the Judge's office—would be thought preposterous in England; but let us not assume, therefore, that both may not in course of time be pressed, or come to pass. When the constitution of the United States was framed, when those of the several States were first settled, such a change would have equally been thought impossible. Yet it has happened; and, as might be expected, the States seem to outbid each other in reducing the term of office. In Vermont and Rhode Island the election had become annual more than twenty years since. In some the election is by universal suffrage; in some both the amount of the salary and the duration of it depend on an annual vote of the legislature. It is much the fashion now to commend American usages to our imitation, and we know not how soon this may be selected as an example. The obvious effect on the Bench we need not press; the effect on the Bar is not so obvious, but it is equally certain, and equally important. What Mr. Binney has said of the mingled yarn, we may say with equal, perhaps greater correctness, in consequence of their much larger number, of our own Bar; still, although so many are members of the Legislature, it is at present, from the foremost man to the lowest, within the just control of an independent Bench. So it has been under circumstances more trying than the present. Some of us are old enough to remember Henry Brougham at the Bar, in the full swing of his great abilities, with a gift of withering sarcasm, luxuriant eloquence, and exuberant spirits, such as those, who were never present at his displays, can scarcely credit, and wielding a poli-

* 'Leaders,' 114.

tical power which few persons in the country then possessed. Yet those who saw him in the King's Bench will remember the complete, yet not excessive, sway over him which Lord Tenterden, so inferior as an individual, exercised. We say this not in discredit of the statesman and orator, not in special praise of the Chief Justice, but in praise of the system, which, by depriving the advocate of an appeal out of doors, and making the judge independent, kept both in their right relation to each other, and the course of the administration of justice undisturbed. We may be forgiven if we feel jealous of anything which tends, however remotely or indirectly, to break in on this happy state of things; and we must not be deterred by the excellence of the individuals promoted (which we unreservedly admit) from saying that a practice of promotion on the Bench would be most pernicious. The merit of the individuals, in whose persons precedents are made, only increases the danger of the precedents.

Here we close our observations on this interesting little book; and the point at which we leave it makes the transition very easy to the second essay which remains to be noticed. We think we can perceive that the connexion between the two may have been present to the mind of the author. So far as regards constitutional politics in America, numerous and scarcely intelligible as are the names of parties, the really great and permanent division is between the Republican and the Democrat, the disciple of Washington and the disciple of Jefferson: to this all others are but subordinate. Jefferson, Secretary of State under Washington, Vice-President under John Adams, and at the same time in factious opposition to both, considered, and justly considered, that his own elevation to the Presidency was a second Revolution as regarded the principles of the American Government. The direction which he gave to the current it has continued to run in ever since, with more or less obstruction, encountered and even overcome from time to time with more or less success, and apparent completeness. For the Republican party has never been overwhelmed; defeated often, but never conquered, strong in numbers, ability, and, above all, in character, it lifts its head, and again and again struggles with its more powerful opponent. Among its most painful defeats has been the change in many of the States in the mode of making the Judges, and their tenure of office. Mr. Binney is manifestly a Republican, he is manifestly opposed to Democracy, and as manifestly he regards the memory of Washington with profound and affectionate admiration.

With the Jeffersonian it must be always a difficulty to be under the necessity of depreciating the policy, and, to a certain extent, unavoidably disparaging the character of Washington. If he
were

were too much Anglican, too little Frenchman, if he were causing or suffering the infant republic to drift into Royalism, even into Aristocracy (and suppositions of this kind were the basis of the Jeffersonian revolution), how was he entitled to the unqualified love and veneration of the true American? And yet love and veneration for that great name always have remained, and we trust will remain, deep-seated in the true American's heart. This the Republican has the comfort of being able to cherish in himself, and enforce on others with an undivided, undoubting earnestness and conviction, which the Democrat must always feel wanting on his own part. One point, to which the Republican turns with the strongest assurance, is the great man's Farewell Address; to that he appeals, not only as the unanswerable vindication of his system and policy, but as embodying a treasure of true political wisdom, and displaying a warmth of love for his country, with earnest aspirations for its liberty and independence, which no other similar production has exhibited with so much force since the world began. It may scarcely be too much to say that with the Republican it is regarded with a sort of religious reverence, and the stoutest Democrat dare not openly depreciate it; on all hands the knowledge of it is still carefully diffused among the people; and it never fails to have its place in the eulogies which annually are delivered through the States in memory of the honoured deliverer of his country.

But how, if he were not the author of this very treasure of wisdom and love; if it were written for him; if yet he assumed the authorship, transcribed the manuscript of another, and deposited the transcript with the public muniments, so that his authorship might not at any time be questioned; would not this strike from the hand of the Republican his most powerful weapon? And further, how damaging to another eminent individual, the steadiest adherent of Washington, the systematic opposer of Jefferson, to destroy whose reputation was an object scarcely secondary to that of depreciating Washington's, if it should appear that he, the real author, had purposely preserved evidence among his papers, that in time the truth might appear, and Washington's claim be displaced, his own substituted? These are the insinuations (they have scarcely assumed the form of direct charges) which have induced Mr. Binney to examine the whole evidence on the subject with judicial impartiality, yet without dissembling the honest desire of his heart that the inquiry may lead to conclusions honourable to the memory as well of Washington as of Alexander Hamilton. He avows his reverence for Washington, the interest he takes in his true glory, as well as his personal admiration of Hamilton; and if we can scarcely be

be expected to entertain the same sentiments in the same extent, we believe the difference will only be in degree; at all events it would be disgraceful to ourselves if we could without great pain convict such men, the one of vanity so paltry, the other of meanness so miserable, as the conduct of which it is insinuated they may have been guilty would involve.

Happily the result of this inquiry leaves us under no such necessity; Mr. Binney has conducted it with a clearness of arrangement and truth of reasoning which leave nothing to desire, but necessarily with a detail and reference to letters and papers which it is impossible to transfer to our pages. We must content ourselves with stating some of the leading facts, and we will then give the verdict at which he arrives, in his own words. In his conclusion as to the facts we entirely agree, though perhaps we may differ from him as to the consequences in one less important particular.

In the first place then it is manifest that the intention to address a farewell to his countrymen whenever he should retire from public life was entertained by Washington years before his actual retirement, and, although such an intention was not unnecessarily blazoned abroad, yet it was not kept in absolute concealment. This address was intended rather as a public than as a private act, and was therefore a document in the preparation of which another than himself might take a large share. The difficulties even of Washington's first Presidency are now well known, and it is impossible not to perceive how deeply his personal feelings were wounded by the spirit and conduct of his opponents. He might naturally therefore desire to give strength and permanence to the principles which he sought to impress on the Government, after he should have ceased personally to direct it, by placing before his countrymen a statement of them, as a dying father might seek to impress his children as to their conduct through life in the form most likely to influence their affections, as well as to convince their reason. But on this very account he would consider the address in part a political and public act, although not an act of his Cabinet in consequence of the personal element in it. Thus, while he would be anxious that it should in fact, in form, and appearance convey his own personal feelings, he might naturally refuse to trust himself entirely with their expression, but might seek assistance to render the statement and vindication of his public principles, and of the advice he should give his countrymen, as forcible and perfect as possible. As a mere writer he probably with the modesty of true greatness thought lowly of himself, especially in comparison with some of those who were about him.

Whatever

Whatever were his motives, it appears that as early as May, 1792, about six months before his first Presidency terminated, and when he was seriously inclined not to accept a second, he stated his views on the subject to Mr. Madison, not then in the Cabinet. In a letter to him in which he 'reiterates' a request before made, that he would think of the proper time and best mode of announcing his intention to retire, he proceeds thus:—

'I would fain carry my request to you farther than is asked above, although I am sensible that your compliance with it must add to your trouble; but as the recess may afford you leisure, and I flatter myself you have dispositions to oblige me, I will without apology desire (if the measure in itself should strike you as proper, or likely to produce public good or private honour) that you would turn your thoughts to a valedictory address from me to the public, expressing in plain and modest terms, &c.'

The letter then proceeds to enumerate such topics as Washington wished to be dwelt on in the composition of the address, but it is not confined to this matter. It seems to have been his practice to note down for himself, and to collect from his advisers, from time to time, the subjects which it might be proper to introduce into his speech on the opening of the following session. This is also touched upon in the letter, which was on every account confidential. As regarded the address, the retirement itself not being absolutely concluded on, still less the proper period for announcing his intention to retire, it was of course understood between them that for the time Madison was not to disclose the communication. Madison complied with the request, and sent the draught of an address; but the intended retirement, as we know, was postponed; Washington entered on a second term of office, and the whole matter went to sleep. The present importance of this negotiation, however, is that it discloses Washington's original view of the act to be done—that he regarded it as half-official and public, that he mixed it up with matters which, though confidential as between himself and a member of his Government, were purely public in their character, and that he from the first intended to avail himself of help both as to the topics and the mode of expressing them.

In 1796, however, the determination to retire from public life was finally adopted, and at the same time the idea of addressing a farewell to his countrymen was revived. But in the interval that had elapsed it had become clear to Washington's mind that the differences between himself and Madison, which had either actually increased, or become more patent than before, made him neither a proper counsellor or assistant in the preparation of a paper of which it was one main object to explain

explain and enforce his own principles for the political guidance of his countrymen, and to render his system permanent, on the very points in which he knew Madison dissented from him. He therefore naturally turned to what might be called his own section of his Cabinet, and it was almost of course that he should select Alexander Hamilton, who was the most able of any, the most jealously regardful of his reputation, and the most intimately attached to his person. Madison's draught had been short, limited in its topics, and on the point which touched Washington's feelings,—the character of the opposition he had experienced,—was not framed in a congenial spirit. He now therefore prepared a much fuller paper, in which Madison's draught was in great measure incorporated, the outline more filled up, and the ideas couched in more suitable language. This paper he showed to Hamilton, and on May 10th, 1796, Hamilton writing to him says:—

'When last in Philadelphia, you mentioned to me your wish that I should redress a certain paper which you had prepared. As it is important that a thing of this kind should be done with great care, and much at leisure touched and retouched, I submit a wish that, as soon as you have given it the body you mean it to have, it may be sent to me.'

On the 15th May Washington answers him and encloses (as he says) the paper in its rough state, 'with some alteration in the first page since you saw it,' and begs him to be careful of it, as he has no copy except of the 'quoted part' (Madison's draught), nor 'of the notes from which it was drawn.' He adds,—

'Even if you should think it best to throw the whole into a different form, let me request, notwithstanding, that my draught may be returned to me (along with yours), with such amendments and corrections as to render it as perfect as the formation is susceptible of; curtailed if too verbose, and relieved of all tautology not necessary to enforce the ideas in the original or quoted part. My wish is that the whole may appear in a plain style, and be handed to the public in an honest, unaffected, simple garb.'

The letter contains, in what follows, much that to one who thinks as Mr. Binney does of Washington must be very touching, as disclosing the deeply wounded feelings under which he wrote, in regard to Madison and other members of his Government, and the personal imputations cast on him by some part of the public. But we are compelled to pass this over, as not bearing on the question now in hand; a single sentence only must be excepted as material:—

'All these ideas and observations are confined, as you will readily perceive,

perceive, to my draught of the valedictory address. *If you form one anew, it will of course assume such a shape as you may be disposed to give it, predicated upon the sentiments contained in the enclosed papers.*'—p. 49.

This letter shows with perfect clearness what it was that Hamilton was entrusted to do: in substance, his office was the same as before had been cast upon Madison. Washington had, from the very beginning, a definite view of what he wished to say. His main purposes were three: he wished to impress on the people the inestimable value of their constitution as it stood, and the advantages of their position geographical, as well as political; to vindicate, and, if he could, perpetuate, the policy he had pursued; and partly with this view, partly as a relief to his own feelings, to expose and deprecate for all succeeding Governments such unjust jealousies as he himself had been treated with. These topics he had laid down both to Madison and Hamilton. On all these he insisted; though with regard to the third—or what he called egotisms—he mainly yielded to the better judgment of Hamilton, who might, as a third person, be expected to take, and did in fact take, a larger and more commensurate view of what was due to his great name and station. As to the language in which these ideas were to be clothed, the arrangement, even the reasoning, everything that could be included under the terms of form and shape, he left to Madison first, and Hamilton last, an unfettered discretion, reserving to himself the final revision. And this was precisely the course which the matter took. Hamilton first made an abstract, in numbered paragraphs, of the points or topics; he then prepared his own original draught, and, as desired, he also corrected and incorporated together Washington's original paper and Madison's. Both these versions were sent to Washington, but Hamilton disapproved of the latter, and it was finally abandoned. He had desired Washington to return him the former, after he had considered it, for revision. On the 25th of August Washington writes to him thus:—

'I have given the paper herewith enclosed several serious and attentive readings, and prefer it greatly to the other draughts, being more copious on material points, more dignified on the whole, and, with less egotism, of course less exposed to criticism and better calculated to meet the eye of the discerning reader (foreigners particularly, whose curiosity, I have little doubt, will lead them to inspect it attentively, and to pronounce their opinion on the performance).

'When the first draught was made, besides having an eye to the consideration above mentioned, I thought the occasion was fair (as I had

had latterly been the subject of considerable invective) to say what is there contained of myself; and as the Address was designed, in a more especial manner, for the yeomanry of the country, I conceived it was proper they should be informed of the object of that abuse, the silence with which it had been treated, and the consequences which would naturally flow from such unceasing and virulent attempts to destroy all confidence in the executive part of the Government, and that it would be best to do it in language that was plain and intelligible to their understandings.

'The draught now sent comprehends the most, if not all, these matters, is better expressed, and, I am persuaded, goes as far as it ought with respect to any personal mention of myself.'

'I should have seen no occasion myself for its undergoing a revision; but as your letter of the 30th ult. which accompanied it intimates a wish to do this, and knowing that it can be more correctly done after a writing has been out of sight for some time than while it is in hand, I send it in conformity thereto. . . . I shall expunge all that is marked in the paper as unimportant, &c. &c.; and as you perceive some marginal notes written with a pencil, I pray you to give the sentiments so noticed mature consideration. After which, and in every other part, if change or alteration takes place in the draught, let them be so clearly interlined, erased, or referred to in the margin as that no mistake may happen in copying for the press.'—pp. 60-61.

Washington, before writing this letter and returning Hamilton's draught, had detained it for consideration a fortnight; but again, on the 1st of September, he made a new suggestion. He thinks the subject of 'education generally, and particularly the establishment of a university,' should be introduced into the Address:—

'Let me pray you, therefore, to introduce a section in the Address expressive of these sentiments and recommendatory of the measure, without any mention, however, of my proposed personal contribution to the plan. Such a section would come in very properly after the one which relates to our religious obligations, or in a preceding part as one of the recommendatory measures to counteract the evils arising from geographical discriminations.'—p. 63.

Hamilton's answer, on the 4th of September, adopts the suggestion as to education, but thinks that the question of the University would be more fit for the Speech at the opening of the session. In this Washington acquiesces, and wishes Hamilton to prepare a paragraph as to the University for his speech, '*predicated on the ideas with which you have been furnished.*' On the 5th Hamilton returns the Address, 'corrected agreeably to your instructions, with a short paragraph added respecting education.' 'Had I had health,' says he, 'it was my intention to have written

written it over, in *which case I could both have improved and abridged.*' Washington then made an autograph copy, still, however, exercising the right of making alterations and omissions. We have seen, in a former letter, he had spoken, as a matter of course, of having Hamilton's original copied for the press. On the 29th of September it was published in Claypoole's '*Daily Advertiser.*' One additional fact should be stated—that, in the course of Hamilton's dealing with the Address, he showed either Washington's draught or his own to Mr. Jay—it is immaterial which—the significance of the fact being that this must have been done either by Washington's express desire, or because, on the footing on which the matter was placed in his hands, Hamilton considered himself at liberty to make the communication.

This is the history of the transaction in its rough outline, and this suffices to show its character. The pride of authorship was far beneath Washington's great station and his greater mind. He would seek for assistance where the best could be afforded, but the nature of the help which he required naturally limited him in the choice and number of those to whom he should apply. He probably underrated his own ability as a mere writer; but the passages we have extracted from his letters might alone suffice to show that, although no man was more competent to dictate the topics, he was not so capable of a dexterous arrangement or a felicitous expression of his ideas. He made a very happy selection in Hamilton, whose unselfish loyalty to him was beyond question, who brought an excellent judgment to the task, and a heart which valued Washington's reputation far beyond his own, and who was master of that lucid order and simple yet forcible, manly yet affectionate, style which was specially required for the occasion. The nature of the service required some amount of secrecy and reserve; it would have been absurd at the issuing of the Address that it should have been avowedly the composition of any one except the man in whose name it was issued. It would have diminished its influence; it would have laid it open to invidious party criticism; nay, it might have interfered with the course of Washington's policy and measures, while he still continued in office, if the fact that Hamilton composed the document had led to the hasty conclusion that he was the moving power in the Government. To this extent Hamilton would feel bound to be secret; and he cannot be said to have failed in that obligation because he did not destroy his rough notes or original draught. Nothing made it a duty to suppress all evidence of the share he had had in the composition. On the other hand, there is not a circumstance that implies that
Washington

Washington had the low and unworthy desire of dressing himself in borrowed plumes, or of being supposed to possess powers as a writer which in many ways he showed himself conscious of not possessing. General character, well ascertained, ought to weigh much as evidence on such matters. Washington was certainly a modest man—it was a distinguished part of his real greatness—and as a writer, he was avowedly diffident of his ability, perhaps beyond what was necessary. Mr. Binney says, with generous feeling,—

‘No one, who has formed a just estimate of that great man, can imagine that he regarded his personal dignity, or his personal value and efficiency, as reduced or compromised in the least degree by his asking the aid of a friend, who had been his trusted minister, to arrange his thoughts or to improve their expression upon any public subject on which he felt it his duty to speak. He was so high-spirited and sensitive, as well as sincere, that the glimpse of such a thought would have turned him aside as certainly perhaps as any man that ever lived. The resort to such assistance was all the more likely to be made, and was all the more frequently made, because no one was more justly entitled to feel conscious that his powers of thought and expression were such as to place him on a perfect level with his office and duties; though on occasions when he might encounter criticism from enemies or adversaries (and he had them both), he may have thought that his active life had not permitted him to become so sure of the various colours and shades of language, or so intimate with the best forms of composition, as to enable him to select with facility, in the face of such critics, the plan and words which would give the most certain and effective expression to his thoughts, and the best protection against their perversions.’—p. 167.

Our narrative will not have given—indeed, nothing but the minute comparison which Mr. Binney has instituted can give—materials for determining accurately in what proportions the claims of authorship should be divided between Washington and Hamilton. The judicial conclusion to which Mr. Binney has arrived will satisfy most persons.

‘Washington was undoubtedly the original designer of the Farewell Address; and not merely by general or indefinite intimation, but by the suggestion of perfectly definite subjects, of an end or object, and of a general outline—the same which the paper now exhibits. His outline did not appear so distinctly in his own plan, because the subjects were not so arranged in it as to show that they were all comprehended within a regular and proportional figure; but when they came to be so arranged in the present Address, the scope of the whole design is seen to be contained within the limits he intended, and to fill them. The subjects were traced by him with adequate precision, though without due connexion, with little expansion, and with little
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declared bearing of the parts upon each other or towards a common centre; but they may now be followed with ease in their proper relations and bearing in the finished paper, such only excepted as he gave his final consent and approbation to exclude.

'In the most common and prevalent sense of the word among literary men, this may not perhaps be called authorship; but in the primary etymological sense, the quality of imparting growth or increase, there can be no doubt it is so. By derivation from himself, the Farewell Address spake the very mind of Washington. The fundamental thoughts and principles were his, but he was not the composer or writer of the paper.

'Hamilton was, in the prevalent literary sense, the composer and writer of the paper. The occasional adoption of Washington's language does not materially take from the justice of this attribution. The new plan—the different form—proceeded from Hamilton: he was the author of it. He put together the thoughts of Washington in a new order and with a new bearing; and while, as often as he could, he used the words of Washington, his own language was the general vehicle both of his own thoughts, and for the expansion and combination of Washington's thoughts. Hamilton developed the thoughts of Washington and corroborated them, included several cognate subjects, and added many effective thoughts from his own mind, and united all into one chain by the links of his own masculine logic.

'The main trunk was Washington's; the branches were stimulated by Hamilton; and the foliage, which was not exuberant, was altogether his; and he, more than Washington, pruned and nipped off, with severe discrimination, whatever was excessive, that the tree might bear the fruits which Washington desired, and become his full and fit representative.'—p. 169.

In this judgment we entirely concur, but we must confess with some regret. The Address, considered without the tendency to exaggeration which might be suspected on the other side of the Atlantic, is a very remarkable—a very admirable production; unique perhaps in its design, unexampled in its enduring influence on a nation. Great and truly practical wisdom speaks in it with simplicity, force, eloquence, and persuasiveness. It ranges over a large subject of many parts; it gives to each its due proportion; it omits none, and exaggerates none. That Washington is not, in the ordinary sense, the author of it, plucks a gem from the crown of his glory, as it added to the splendour of it while the address was supposed in its dignity and beauty to have proceeded from his head and heart. To suggest and to adapt is one thing; to arrange, to enlarge, to compose and adorn, to give to suggestions that lucid arrangement, forcible logic, glowing language, without which they lose nearly all their beauty and force, and to enrich them with those analogies and illustrations to which the whole composition owes so much of its character and

and effect—is another. It makes a considerable difference whether both these functions were performed by Washington, or whether the former alone is due to him. This is one view of the matter, but not the whole. The Address is not merely a public paper; it has some, though a very incomplete, resemblance to a speech to Congress; but it has also a personal and domestic character, and would resemble more the speech of a dying monarch to his children and family. It owes much of its power to this element, which did not certainly exclude advice or assistance. Nevertheless the nation had a right to expect that in substance it should have been their father's own, flowing from his own loving and wise heart—his own thoughts, his own vows, his own advice, in his own words. No doubt, of the thousands who read it and treasured it up as it issued from the press, the far larger proportion conceived it to be this, and would have experienced a revulsion of feeling when they found that it was not. Happily, the inquiry has now been conducted in a manner conscientious as regards the truth, considerate and reverential as regards the memory of Washington, and we heartily hope that the conclusions of Mr. Binney will be received in the same spirit by all parties in the United States.

ART. V.—*Notes on Nursing: What It Is, and What It Is Not.*

By Florence Nightingale. London. 1860.

2. *Life in the Sick Room.* Essays, by an Invalid. London. Third Edition. 1849.

THIS little book of Miss Nightingale's is a work of genius, according to the conscious or unconscious testimony of a miscellaneous multitude of readers. Homely people, attracted by the homely title, and seeing before them a pamphlet in cloth of eighty pages, take it up as housewives take up a receipt-book,—to get hints about some details of management. It is not surprising that they do not lay it down till they come to the end; for, as many of us have observed, no woman knows how to lay down a receipt-book, or to be civil to visitors when interrupted in reading a *Guide to Nursing*; but the countenance and voice with which ladies, doctors, and maidservants speak of Miss Nightingale's 'Notes,' testify to some extraordinary quality in her remarks. All readers say nearly the same thing. They always thought they knew a good deal about nursing; but now they see that they had a very imperfect idea of what nursing is—that it is an art grounded on science. If such is not their expression, such is their meaning. They have all their lives tried
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to make their household patients as comfortable as they could; they have been liberal in advice and criticism about other people's nursing; and now they discover that they have too often been ignorant and unobservant, thoughtless and conceited. This is not our judgment of them: it is the verdict they pronounce on themselves.

There is another class, not practically concerned with nursing, which renders a graver and more pathetic testimony in another way—the healthful of both sexes who have been wont to speak confidently about sickness and the sick, but who now find that they have been not only ignorant and thoughtless, like their contrite neighbours the nurses, but frequently unjust and tormenting. Here, again, we are not offering our own opinion on their conduct, but simply expressing their voluntary confessions. The book, in fact, under its humble title and pretensions, opens to us a wide field of morals, and some new tracks of philosophy. The actual subject of these eighty pages is nothing less than the relation of the Well to the Sick.

The more conscious testimony to the quality of the book needs but a reference. In the line of criticism there seems to be an entire agreement about it. It must be genius which rouses deep emotions in treating of homely topics, and makes the reader aware of having obtained a new standpoint, commanding a fresh region of observation. If any confirmation were wanted it is found in the style. There is not a sentence of fine writing, and hardly a superfluous word. The amount of meaning conveyed in the shortest and sharpest way gives the impression of wit; and the complex influence of this stimulating style, and the pathos of the topic treated of, is the genuine operation of genius. Never did the description which has been given of genius—that it is the perfection of good sense—apply more perfectly than to this book, which is a signal addition to the benefits Miss Nightingale has rendered to her generation and her country. In her 'Notes' we have a fresh expression of the special power which for many years past she has exhibited in her life. Some persons have shown surprise at the kind and degree of ability manifested in this new method of action; but none who have estimated her doings in the hospitals, and certainly none who have read her evidence before the Sanitary Commission of the Army, or who have officially had access to her Reports to Government, can fail to see that every act and utterance of this remarkable woman is instinct with that mastery within her own sphere of which her 'Notes' are the natural expression.

The grand interest of Miss Nightingale's book is its disclosure of the relation which is seldom expressly and seriously thought

thought of—that between the Healthy and the Sick. The corresponding relation—that between the Sick and the Healthy—was treated of nearly twenty years ago in the little book which we have coupled with Miss Nightingale's at the head of this article, for the sole reason, that, in this one respect, each is the counterpart of the other. 'Life in the Sick-room' is simply the almost involuntary utterance by a sufferer of the thoughts and emotions belonging to the peculiar and ill-understood condition of protracted disease, in sharp contrast with the condition and ways of healthy people. Miss Nightingale's 'Notes' are a disclosure of what is requisite for a proper understanding of the sick and their case. From the two together philosophical observers, and benevolent members of households, may learn a good deal that is new about a relation dating from the closing of the gate of Eden upon the pair who had left behind their unbroken health of body and mind, and the unity of spirit which belongs to it.

At the outset, in a very short preface, Miss Nightingale indicates the purpose of her 'Notes.' They are not a set of instructions how to nurse, rules by which nurses may teach themselves their art; they are hints for thought. Every woman must, some time or other in her life, 'have the charge of somebody's health.' 'I do not pretend to teach her how,' says Miss Nightingale, 'I ask her to teach herself; and for this purpose I venture to give her some hints.' These hints presently disclose some matters as nearly concerning the men of the nation as any mother, wife, or sister of charity in the land.

When we come to look into the matter, it seems doubtful whether any clear understanding exists among us as to the meaning of health, sickness, and nursing. Pascal knew more than most men about a condition of permanent ill health; and his report is, that the condition of the invalid is so radically different from that of the healthy man, as to constitute a distinct phase of life. He says that the man in health cannot at all tell what he should do, or think, or desire, if he were ill; and when he is ill, he is in a transformed condition, with thoughts and feelings accommodated to the malady; and, we may add, therefore incomprehensible to his friends. The real evil, Pascal says, is in the contrariety introduced into the invalid's condition by fears and desires suggested by disorder within, or interference from without,—the passions of the state in which he is not being thrust in among those of the state in which he is. If this be the truth of the sick man's condition, his friends have a good deal to learn and to consider before they meddle with his mind and his ways. Do they set themselves to such a study when they have illness in the house, or when they go and witness it elsewhere? The writers
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of these two books think that people in general do not. Every reader of the 'Notes' will probably be of their opinion, after seeing what are the needs of a state of sickness; and every reader of the Sick-room Essays, after learning what are its experiences.

Of the essential nature of disease we know no more than of the essential nature of anything else; but modern science has led us a step higher than our fathers in our understanding of the matter. It teaches us that the largest proportion of what we call disease is a process of cure. This must be understood before we can estimate the true function of nursing. Miss Nightingale states it thus:—

'Shall we begin by taking it as a general principle that all disease, at some period or other of its course, is more or less a reparative process, not necessarily attended with suffering: an effort of nature to remedy a process of poisoning or decay, which has taken place weeks, months, sometimes years beforehand, unnoticed, the termination of the disease being then, while the antecedent process was going on, determined? . . . In watching disease, both in private houses and in public hospitals, the thing which strikes the experienced observer most forcibly is this,—that the symptoms or the sufferings generally considered to be inevitable and incident to the disease are very often not symptoms of the disease at all, but of something quite different,—of the want of fresh air, or of light, or of warmth, or of quiet, or of cleanliness, or of punctuality and care in the administration of diet;—of each or of all of these. And this quite as much in private as in hospital nursing. The reparative process which nature has instituted, and which we call disease, has been hindered by some want of knowledge or attention, in one or all of these things; and pain, suffering, or interruption of the whole process sets in.' . . . 'If we are asked, Is such or such a disease a reparative process? Can such an illness be unaccompanied with suffering? Will any care prevent such a patient from suffering this or that?—I humbly say, I do not know; but when you have done away with all that pain and suffering which in patients are the symptoms not of their disease, but of the absence of one or all of the above-mentioned essentials to the success of Nature's reparative processes, we shall then know what are the symptoms and sufferings inseparable from the disease.'—pp. 5, 6.

Here we are guided to the right view of nursing. What is it to be a nurse? From the imperfection of our knowledge there is a mischievous imperfection in our terms. In a large sense, Miss Nightingale calls every person a nurse who has in charge somebody's health, whether perfect or impaired. The office of a nurse, in this view, is 'to put the constitution in such a state as that it will have no disease, or that it can recover from disease.' (*Preface*.) In the narrower sense of tending a person in a state of sickness, this is her account of the function:—

'I use the word nursing for want of a better. It has been limited to signify little more than the administration of medicines, and the application of poultices. It ought to signify the proper use of fresh air, light, warmth, cleanliness, quiet, and the proper selection and administration of diet; all at the least expense of vital power to the patient. It has been said and written scores of times that every woman makes a good nurse. I believe, on the contrary, that the very elements of nursing are all but unknown.'—p. 6.

We cannot resist adding, as an illustration, the account we find at the close of the book of the provision made, under the popular notion of nursing, for the care of the sick :—

'It seems a commonly-received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was "past keeping the pigs." Apply the above receipt for making a good nurse to making a good servant; and the receipt will be found to fail. Yet popular novelists of recent days have invented ladies disappointed in love, or fresh out of the drawing-room, turning into the war hospitals to find their wounded lovers, and, when found, forthwith abandoning their sick-ward for their lover, as might be expected. Yet in the estimation of the authors these ladies were none the worse for that, but, on the contrary, were heroines of nursing. What cruel mistakes are sometimes made by benevolent men and women in matters of business about which they can know nothing, and think they know a great deal! The every-day management of a large ward, let alone of a hospital, the knowing what are the laws of life and death for men, and what the laws of health for wards (wards are healthy or unhealthy, mainly according to the knowledge or ignorance of the nurse), are not these matters of sufficient importance and difficulty to require learning by experience and careful inquiry, just as much as any other art? They do not come by inspiration to the lady disappointed in love, nor to the poor workhouse drudge hard up for a livelihood.'—p. 75.

It is obvious, when we take these large meanings of the terms disease and nursing, that the first position of the healthy is that of learners. This is not the doctors' business only. While we know that 100,000 needless deaths happen yearly in England; while it is certain that every seventh infant born dies before it is a year old, and that two in five die in London before they reach their fifth year; and while neither doctor, nurse, nor patient can tell how much illness in any particular case is owing to the ostensible disease, and how much to mismanagement, there is something mournfully absurd in the confidence with which we daily hear somebody or other, in the insolence of health, pronouncing on the faults

faults and follies of the sick and their friends, or preaching pet doctrines in a style which means that it is people's own fault if they are ever ill. While this temper prevails the proud and the careless will never perceive where they stand, in regard to the health of their dependants and neighbours. They never dream of being answerable for the consequences of their mistakes in furnishing their houses, and in their habits of domestic living. They let workmen repaper their rooms by putting the new paper on the top of all the old ones. They do not trouble themselves to consider what wood the floors are made of, and how it is prepared for use. They turn with disgust and weariness from the subject of drains and ventilation; but when the governess falls ill, or some indispensable servant, the healthy members of the household are annoyed and disconcerted, and internally angry. The sufferer is often even forced into the apologetical mood, which would better become the other party. In such cases it is usually declared to be the patient's own fault; and a case is made out during his inability to argue. He has to bear a scolding or a sermon in addition to the illness; and the preachers compliment one another on their resignation under vexatious accidents. Here is a picture of what is going on in many houses in all towns every day of the year, with more or less variation of incidents:—

'I have known,' says Miss Nightingale, 'cases of hospital pyæmia quite as severe in handsome private houses as in any of the worst hospitals, and from the same cause, viz. foul air. Yet nobody learnt the lesson. Nobody learnt *anything* at all from it. They went on *thinking*—thinking that the sufferer had scratched his thumb, or that it was singular that "all the servants" had "whitlows," or that something was "much about this year; there is always sickness in our house." This is a favourite mode of thought, leading *not* to inquire what is the uniform cause of these general "whitlows," but to stifle all inquiry. In what sense is "sickness" being "always there" a justification of its being "there" at all?

'I will tell you what was the cause of this hospital pyæmia being in that large private house. It was that the sewer-air from an ill-placed sink was carefully conducted into all the rooms by sedulously opening all the doors, and closing all the passage-windows. It was that the slops were emptied into the foot-pans;—it was that the utensils were never properly rinsed;—it was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed. It was that the carpets and curtains were always musty; it was that the furniture was always dusty;—it was that the papered walls were saturated with dirt;—it was that the floors were never cleaned;—it was that the uninhabited rooms were never sunned, or cleaned, or aired;—it was that the cupboards were always reservoirs of foul air;—it was that the windows were

always tight shut up at night ;—it was that no window was ever systematically opened, even in the day, or that the right window was not opened. A person gasping for air might open a window for himself. But the servants were not taught to open the windows, to shut the doors ; or they opened the windows upon a dank well between high walls, not upon the airier court ; or they opened the room doors into the unaired halls and passages, by way of airing the rooms. Now all this is not fancy, but fact. In that handsome house I have known in one summer three cases of hospital pyæmia, one of phlebitis, two of consumptive cough : all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in temperate climates, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson. Yes, God always justifies His ways ; He is teaching while you are not learning. This poor body loses his finger, that one loses his life ; and all from the most easily preventible causes.

‘The houses of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of this generation, at least the country houses, with front door and back door always standing open, winter and summer, and a thorough draught always blowing through, with all the scrubbing, and cleaning, and polishing, and scouring, which used to go on, the grandmothers, and still more, the great-grandmothers, always out of doors, and never with a bonnet on except to go to church,—these things entirely account for the fact so often seen of a great-grandmother, who was a tower of physical vigour, descending into a grandmother, perhaps a little less vigorous, but still sound as a bell, and healthy to the core, into a mother languid and confined to her carriage and house, and lastly, into a daughter sickly and confined to her bed. For, remember, even with a general decrease of mortality, you may often find a race thus degenerating, and, still oftener, a family. You may see poor little feeble washed-out rags, children of a noble stock, suffering morally and physically throughout their useless degenerate lives ; and yet, people who are going to marry and to bring more such into the world will consult nothing but their own convenience as to where they are to live, or how they are to live.’—pp. 17-19.

The ‘convenience’ turns out to be a mistake in such cases. A certain handsome house in London, eminently suited to the convenience of a succession of residents in regard to situation and quality, cost each family much sickness and annoyance before they left it. Whenever doors and windows were shut, a mysterious foul smell spread through the house, which could not be attributed to drains. A sharp-witted young man at last resolved to hunt out the nuisance. He suspected a particular room, and inserted a slip of glass in the paper on the wall. Again and again the bit of glass was dimmed with a putrid dew. The hanging was torn down, and was found to be the topmost of a series,—no former paper having ever been removed when a new one was hung. A festering mass, an inch thick, was
stripped

stripped off; and when it was gone there was an end of the smell. A few discoveries of this kind, and some recent discussions about the arsenical green dye in paper-hangings, have in some measure directed people's thoughts to the sanitary conditions of furniture; but the subject is substantially a new one in Miss Nightingale's hands. There may be some use in being startled, but there can be none in being displeased, at her disclosures of the unwholesome arrangements of our homes. Whoever else may disbelieve or ignore them, let us hope that 'persons about to marry' will consider them, and have regard to them in furnishing their houses. They cannot all fit up their apartments as sensibly as the Empress Catherine of Russia, whose bedroom in her palace near Moscow would delight Miss Nightingale, with its walls tiled with porcelain, and the bed-posts of purple glass (next best to no bed-posts at all); but they will find a hundred particulars in which they may provide as conveniently and cheaply for the health as for the sickness of their future household. In sections 2, 8, and 10, on Health of Houses, Bed and Bedding, and Cleanliness of Rooms and Walls, they will find some facts which may surprise them not a little, and which they may be thankful to learn in time to save them from the responsibility of creating disease within their own homes. We will here notice only that portion of these sections which directly belongs to the relation of the Well to the Sick.

Miss Nightingale is of opinion that in dealing with infection the prevalent idea is that of taking care of one's self rather than of the patient—an idea against which she protests. It means simply that 'it is safest not to be too much with the patient,—not to attend too much to his wants.'

'Perhaps,' says this travelled nurse, 'the best illustration of the utter absurdity of this view of duty in attending on "infectious" diseases is afforded by what was very recently the practice, if it is not so even now, in some of the European lazarets, in which the plague-patient used to be condemned to the horrors of filth, overcrowding, and want of ventilation, while the medical attendant was ordered to examine the patient's tongue through an opera-glass, and to toss him a lancet to open his abscesses with.'—p. 19.

'True nursing ignores infection, except to prevent it.' And Miss Nightingale, being a true nurse, ignores it with a thoroughness which will be most consolatory to as many as can believe her. 'Now, do tell us,' she asks, 'why must a child have measles?' She does not believe that there is any occasion for the process of going through the diseases of childhood, as they

they are called, or the diseases of adult life either. Measles, whooping-cough, scarlet-fever, small-pox, are all, in her opinion, avoidable misfortunes. She pleads nature's laws for preserving the health of houses against man's *opinion* that certain diseases are inevitable; and, for the children's sake, urges a trial of obedience to those laws rather than submission to that opinion. Her reference to small-pox especially is most impressive, coming as it does from so accurate an observer of facts. After remarking on the mistake of regarding diseases as separate entities, necessarily existing, 'like dogs and cats,' instead of conditions, she gives a piece of her own experience:—

'I was brought up, both by scientific men and ignorant women, distinctly to believe that small-pox, for instance, was a thing of which there was once a first specimen in the world, which went on propagating itself, in a perpetual chain of descent, just as much as that there was a first dog (or a first pair of dogs), and that small-pox would not begin itself any more than a new dog would begin without there having been a parent dog. Since then I have seen with my eyes, and smelt with my nose, small-pox growing up in first specimens, either in close rooms or in overcrowded wards, where it could not by any possibility have been "caught," but must have begun. Nay, more: I have seen diseases begin, grow up, and pass into one another. Now, dogs do not pass into cats. I have seen, for instance, with a little overcrowding, continued fever grow up; and with a little more, typhoid fever; and with a little more, typhus; and all in the same ward or hut. Would it not be far better, truer, and more practical, if we looked upon disease in this light? For diseases, as all experience shows, are adjectives, not noun-substantives.'—p. 19.

If we would all contribute our own observations on this matter, we might soon arrive at certainty, and probably learn how to preclude small-pox and the whole dismal train of kindred disorders. Like Miss Nightingale we have witnessed indisputable cases of home-bred small-pox; and perhaps there is no locality where it now exists among us in which some facts of the kind might not be gathered. In a small country place, where everybody's goings and comings are known, there is, among many overcrowded houses, one particularly offensive. No case of small-pox had existed for months or years in the place or neighbourhood. Nobody had arrived who could bring it to that house or any other; but the first inmate who was in a reduced condition from distinct causes took the small-pox. A woman showed symptoms of it the day after her confinement. Then a child 'caught' it, as the saying is. The doctor had immediately on the woman's sickening examined the whole household as to their having been vaccinated; and this child was the only one who had not been 'secured.'

'secured.' The child was vaccinated on the spot, and did well; but 'caught' the small-pox before it had recovered from the cow-pock. The attack proved very mild; but another woman, who was confined presently after, sickened with it on the second or third day, and died. The rural policeman was set to watch the house, and allow no going out and in among the neighbours; and there were no more cases.

Hitherto we have looked only at the antecedent relations of the Healthy to the Sick. In the question of forecast about illness, and of forming ideas about the nature and conditions of maladies, there is little controversy—at any rate till the concrete practice is arrived at. People may be careless or ignorant; but nobody disputes the desirableness of avoiding illness, and of lessening its degree, if the thing can really be done. No opposition of interests or contrariety of moods takes place thus far. When all parties are well together, they feel and think alike; they are wise with the same wisdom, or scornful with the same scorn, or careless with the same levity, or grave with the same foreboding. It is when the illness arrives that they begin to part off, and a special relation arises between the sick and the well. The sick man passes into a new condition, in which his friends are unable to follow him: it is a thing which cannot be done. The impossibility is illustrated in the Sick-room Essays—in the testing form of a comparison of the feelings of the patient himself in a season of pain and one of ease. The Invalid says:—

'Sensations are unimaginable to those who are most familiar with them. Their concomitants may be remembered, and so vividly conceived of, as to excite emotions at a future time; but the sensations themselves cannot be conceived when absent. This pain, which I feel now as I write, I have felt innumerable times before; yet, accustomed as I am to entertain and manage it, the sensation is new every time; and a few hours hence I shall be as unable to represent it to myself as to the healthiest person in the house.'—p. 3.

This is tantamount to saying that we do not feel when we are not feeling—that we cannot have sensations when those sensations are absent, or rather that we cannot realise them by a mere act of the will. If it is so with the invalid himself, who can summon up a world of associations and revive collateral experiences, much more emphatically must it be true of the healthy, who have never been in the condition at all. The two are in absolutely different states as to their personal experience at the moment: and, however they may still agree about matters outside of themselves, neither can rationally pretend to judge for the other in any affairs which come within the influence of the malady. The invalid feels

feels pain in back and limbs, and is distressed in mind at seeing a servant lift a table or throw coals on the fire. All day long he is afraid of his friends over-exerting themselves. If he gave way to his impressions, he would implore them to do nothing that it would fatigue him to do. No less fallacious are the sound man's impressions of the condition and duties of the sick. He can no more enter into the difficulties and impossibilities, the needs and the possibilities of sick-room life, than the daylight animal into the ways of those of nocturnal habits. The case is the same as that of defective senses, or other abnormal organization. In every civilized country somebody is asked to write something for the use of the blind, or the deaf and dumb, in asylums; such as a hymn to be sung, or an address to the public to be recited. However such compositions may otherwise vary, we may always depend on finding one great mistake running through them—the expression of the writer's ideas being put into the mouths of the sufferers. The blind are always made to speak of their darkness, of the stars, the verdure of spring, and other things that they lose; and, in like manner, the deaf and dumb are supposed to be thinking of music, sweet converse, and the like. Now, the one thing that the blind never feel is darkness, because they have no conception of light, and the last things they would naturally talk of would be stars and verdure, about which they can have no primitive feelings whatever. In the same way, the deaf and dumb, full of levity and complacency and insolent *esprit de corps*, as they usually are, have no notion of sighing after music and vocal conversation. They are unaware of any better way of talking than that of the finger-alphabet, and, though they have pleasure like other people in the time of music (or pulsation), their ignorance of tune is as absolute as ours is of any additional sense existing in some unknown order of superior beings: and they would no more refer to sound of their own accord than we should to that possible ulterior sense of supposed ulterior beings. The case of the sound man at ease judging of and for the sick man in weakness or pain is very similar. He can go only by his own notions and feelings; and the one thing he may be sure of is that they will lead him wrong.

The two books before us are in remarkable accord in treating the conditions of health and sickness as radically distinct; and this testimony is the more valuable from the one speaking from the side of health and the other from that of sickness. The Nurse represents the sound, and the Invalid the sick. It is perhaps a natural consequence that the one is strongly impressed by the shortcomings, and the other by the advantages of the healthy.

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The commonest criticism that we have heard on each is, that the Nurse is very severe on the nurses and friends, and that the Invalid is hard upon the invalids. It happens to be one of the particulars in which we most honour Miss Nightingale's brave book, that, with the most intense and considerate and learned compassion for the sick, she joins an unflinching and outspoken rebuke of such sins towards them as are owing to ignorance or carelessness. The only question is, are the faults and shortcomings she exposes remediable or not? If they are, her severity is righteous; and we have every hope that her exposition of what nursing is, and what it ought to be, will soon produce results that will justify her opinion of nursing as it commonly has been. As to the other case, in which the Invalid is charged with 'stoicism,' the question is simply, whether invalids are the better or the worse, in character and peace of mind, for keeping their sufferings out of other people's way, and for regarding their own condition as a lowly one in comparison with that of health. If it be true that egotism is the besetting moral danger of the sick-room, such a view as the following may be safer and more true than the less 'stoical' one which many readers have desired:—

'The best and highest,' says the Invalid incidentally, 'must ever be selected from among the healthy and the happy—from among those whose conditions of being are the most perfectly fulfilled; but, without aspiring to their consummate privileges, we feel ourselves abundantly blessed in such a partial emancipation as permits us, on occasion, and without shame, to join their "glorious company."—p. 188.

Everything depends on who the 'glorious company' are. Not surely all who are in health. Miss Nightingale gives evidence to the contrary. But if the description applies to those who have 'a sound mind in a sound body,' it seems odd that there can be any question as to whether they are a higher order of the human being than the best of those whose impaired conditions of existence cripple them more or less in body and mind.

Miss Nightingale's severity, so startling to many who have supposed themselves immaculate in their behaviour to the sick, is very much a matter of inference, decided as it is. She shows the needs of the sick, and then what is done for them, in a sharp, clear, epigrammatic style, without calling names or making fine invocations. Any three or four incidents are as good as a volume on that department of human relations. She says:—

'If a patient is cold, if a patient is feverish, if a patient is faint, if he is sick after taking food, if he has a bed sore, it is generally the fault, not of the disease, but of the nursing.'—p. 6.

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A somewhat heavy burden of imputation upon the healthy to begin with! But it is amply sustained by details throughout the book. The most striking form, however, in which she puts forth the ease of the sick is perhaps in the occasionally recurring question, what the nurse is 'there' for?—

'If you wait till your patients tell you or remind you of these things, where is the use of their having a nurse? There are more shy than exacting patients in all classes; and many a patient passes a bad night, time after time, rather than remind a nurse every night of all the things she has forgotten. If a patient has to see not only to his own but to his nurse's punctuality, or perseverance, or readiness, or calmness, or any or all of these things, he is far better without that nurse than with her.'—pp. 27, 31.

After detailing four ways in which patients are occasionally starved to death by mismanagement, Miss Nightingale says:—

'I cannot too often repeat that patients are generally either too languid to observe these things, or too shy to speak about them; nor is it well that they should be made to observe them; it fixes their attention upon themselves. Again, I say, what is the nurse or friend there for except to take note of these things, instead of the patient doing so?'—p. 62.

Once more:—

'I think that few things press so heavily on one suffering from long and incurable illness as the necessity of recording in words from time to time, for the information of the nurse, who will not otherwise see, that he cannot do this or that, which he could do a month or a year ago. What is a nurse there for if she cannot observe these things for herself? Yet I have known—and known too among those, and chiefly among those, whom money and position put in possession of everything which money and position could give—I have known, I say, more accidents (fatal, slowly or rapidly) arising from this want of observation among nurses than from almost anything else. Because a patient could get out of a warm-bath alone a month ago—because a patient could walk as far as his bell a week ago—the nurse concludes that he can do so now.'—p. 66.

It must be remembered that in these long cases the nurse spoken of is not usually the hired professional person, but the wife, mother, or sister. Most of us could tell of strange hardships that we have witnessed in comfortable homes, from the utter inability of affectionate relatives, who have no sick sensations themselves, to comprehend the needs, the sufferings, and the self-denying scruples of the patient they are tending. Two or three children have a fever: they are brought together in little
beds

beds into a room next the drawing-room, to be near mamma; and they hear all that passes, through the folding-doors. Intimate friends are invited into the bedroom, where a child, whose life depends on the sleep which has not been obtained for a couple of days and nights, has at last dropped into a slumber. The mamma, talking loud, indulges in an affectionate gesture; and that gesture is no other than laying a heavy hand on the sleeper's head and shaking the head fondly on the pillow. The startled child looks up, and sees bonnets and muffs in the room, and will not sleep again in a hurry. A tender mother, nursing her son in fever, discusses every present proceeding and future plan with him, because she is accustomed to do so. She argues in favour of his taking a long journey on a certain fixed day. He feels as if he could never lift his head from his pillow again, and says he can't go. She persists in showing the reasons why he should; but of course in vain. 'I reasoned with him for hours,' she afterwards relates, with the air of being the real sufferer; and declares that she will never treat him otherwise than as a rational being. When a convalescent has submitted to overwork, and is in that state of exhaustion which causes a humiliating irritability, longing to be left alone, one member of the family comes in as another goes, 'to amuse him;' and when he implores them to leave him, they compliment him on his consideration for *them*, and assure him that they like to come and entertain him. One or other brings the 'Times' and begins reading to him. The paper has been dried up to the extreme crackling point, and the reader turns and shifts it constantly. She gets over the ground as fast as possible, in order to give him the most knowledge in the shortest time, so that his heart beats as if he were witnessing a race. But Miss Nightingale's remarks on reading aloud will supersede anything that we can say:—

'With regard to reading aloud in the sick-room, my experience is, that when the sick are too ill to read to themselves, they can seldom bear to be read to. Children, eye-patients, and uneducated persons are exceptions, or where there is any mechanical difficulty in reading. People who like to be read to have generally not much the matter with them; while in fevers, or where there is much irritability of brain, the effort of listening to reading aloud has often brought on delirium. I speak with great diffidence, because there is an almost universal impression that it is *sparing* the sick to read aloud to them. But two things are certain:—

'1. If there is some matter which *must* be read to a sick person, do it slowly. People often think that the way to get it over with least fatigue to him is to get it over in least time. They gabble; they plunge and gallop through the reading. There never was
a greater

a greater mistake. Houdin, the conjuror, says that the way to make a story seem short is to tell it slowly. So it is with reading to the sick. I have often heard a patient say to such a mistaken reader, "Don't read it to me; tell it me." Unconsciously he is aware that this will regulate the plunging, the reading with unequal paces, slurring over one part, instead of leaving it out altogether, if it is unimportant, and mumbling another. If the reader lets his own attention wander, and then stops to read up to himself, or finds he has read the wrong bit, then it is all over with the poor patient's chance of not suffering. Very few people know how to read to the sick; very few read aloud as pleasantly even as they speak. In reading they sing, they hesitate, they stammer, they hurry, they mumble, when in speaking they do none of these things. Reading aloud to the sick ought always to be rather slow, and exceedingly distinct, but not mouthing—rather monotonous, but not sing-song—rather loud, but not noisy—and, above all, not too long. Be very sure of what your patient can bear.

'2. The extraordinary habit of reading to oneself in a sick-room, and reading aloud to the patient any bits which will amuse him, or more often the reader, is unaccountably thoughtless. What *do* you think your patient is thinking of during your gaps of non-reading? Do you think that he amuses himself upon what you have read for precisely the time it pleases you to go on reading to yourself, and that his attention is ready for something else at precisely the time it pleases you to begin reading again? Whether the person thus read to be sick or well, whether he be doing nothing or doing something else while being thus read to, the self-absorption and want of observation of the person who does it is equally difficult to understand—although very often the reader is too amiable to say how much it disturbs him.—p. 31.

Natural as it is to many invalids to desire to be, and even to live alone, there can be no doubt that the longing is intensified by sufferings like these—sufferings caused by the insuperable difference between the states of health and sickness. A constant sufferer from asthma, which ended fatally after a course of painful years, said, in a confidential mood, that her life would be relieved of half its pains if she could live alone, or (as she gently intimated) if she could persuade her devoted family to leave her at times in peace and quiet. There is a passage in the *Invalid's Essays* which shows that this desire does not always spring from selfishness, and is not necessarily a sign of unreasonableness.

'In most cases this is no matter of choice, but a point settled by domestic circumstances; where it is not, however, I cannot but wish that more consideration was given to the comfort of being alone in illness. This is so far from being understood, that, though the cases

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are numerous of sufferers who prefer, and earnestly endeavour to procure, solitude, they are, if not resisted, wondered at, and humoured for a supposed peculiarity, rather than seen to be reasonable; whereas, if they are listened to as the best judges of their own comforts, it may be found that they have reason on their side.

‘In a house full of relations it may be unnatural for an invalid to pass many hours alone; but where, as is the case with numbers who belong to the middle and working classes of society, all the other members of the family have occupations and duties—regular business in life—without the charge of the invalid, it does appear to me, and is felt by me, through experience, to be incomparably the happiest plan for the sick one to live alone. By experience it is found to be not only expedient, but important in regard to happiness. In pictures of the sick-room, drawn by those who are at ease and happy, the group is always of the sufferer supported and soothed by some loving hand and tender voice, and every pain shared by sympathy. This may be an approach to truth in the case of short, sharp illness, where the sufferer is taken by surprise, and has his whole lesson to learn; but a very different account would often be given by an invalid whose burden is for life, and who has learned the truths of the condition. We, of that class, find it best and happiest to admit our friends only in our easiest hours, when we can enjoy their society, and feel ourselves least of a burden; and it is indispensable to our peace of mind to be alone when in pain. Where welfare of body is out of the question, peace of mind becomes an object of supreme importance; and this is unattainable when we see any whom we love suffering, in our sufferings, even more than we do: or when we know that we have been the means of turning any one's day of ease and pleasure into sorrow. The experience of years qualifies me to speak about this; and I declare that I know of no comfort at the end of a day of suffering comparable to that of feeling that, however it may have been with one's self, no one else has suffered—that one's own fogs have dimmed nobody's sunshine; and when this grows to be the nightly comfort of weeks, months, and years, it becomes the most valuable element in the peace of the sufferer, and lightens his whole lot. If not in the midst of pain, he feels in prospect of it, and, after it, that it really matters very little whether and how much he suffers, if nobody else is pained by it. It becomes a habit, from the recurrence of this feeling, to write letters in one's best mood—to give an account of one's self in one's best hours—to present one's most cheerful aspect abroad, and keep one's miseries close at home under lock and key.’—pp. 26-28.

Miss Nightingale's repeated testimony to the ‘shyness’ of invalids, their modesty about giving trouble, and their almost painful gratitude to their nurses, should go a long way with persons who think that ‘a little self-control’ is all that is necessary to place the patient on the same level with themselves.

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Her vivid indications of what it is to a weak patient to transact business may set such critics thinking, and her own exquisite considerateness may open to them a new view of their duty.

'All hurry or bustle is peculiarly painful to the sick. And when a patient has compulsory occupations to engage him, instead of having simply to amuse himself, it becomes doubly injurious. The friend who remains standing and fidgetting about while a patient is talking business to him, or the friend who sits and prosés—the one from an idea of not letting the patient talk, the other from an idea of amusing him—each is equally inconsiderate. Always sit down when a sick person is talking business to you, show no signs of hurry, give complete attention and full consideration if your advice is wanted, and go away the moment the subject is ended.

'Always sit within the patient's view, so that when you speak to him he has not painfully to turn his head round in order to look at you. Everybody involuntarily looks at the person speaking. If you make this act a wearisome one on the part of the patient, you are doing him harm. So also if by continuing to stand you make him continuously raise his eyes to see you. Be as motionless as possible, and never gesticulate in speaking to the sick.

'Never make a patient repeat a message or request, especially if it be some time after. Occupied patients are often accused of doing too much of their own business. They are instinctively right. How often you hear the person charged with the request of giving the message or writing the letter say half an hour afterwards to the patient, "Did you appoint twelve o'clock?"—or, "What did you say was the address?"—or ask perhaps some much more agitating question, thus causing the patient the effort of memory, or, worse still, of decision all over again. It is really less exertion to him to write his letters himself. This is the almost universal experience of occupied invalids.

'This brings us to another caution. Never speak to an invalid from behind, nor from the door, nor from any distance from him, nor when he is doing anything. The official politeness of servants in these things is so grateful to invalids, that many prefer, without knowing why, having none but servants about them.

'These things are not fancy. If we consider that, with sick as with well, every thought decomposes some nervous matter—that decomposition as well as recombination of nervous matter is always going on, and more quickly with the sick than with the well—that to obtrude abruptly another thought upon the brain while it is in the act of destroying nervous matter by thinking, is calling upon it to make a new exertion—if we consider these things, which are facts, not fancies, we shall remember that we are doing positive injury by interrupting, by "startling a fanciful" person, as it is called. Alas! it is no fancy.'—p. 28.

The condition in which these incidents are so important is inconceivable

inconceivable to persons in health, even if they have once been equally ill themselves. Here their fetishism comes in again; and, attributing their own present consciousness to another and diverse being, they pronounce that 'a little more self-control' would make everything easier. Our nurse replies,—

'Believe me, almost *any* sick person who behaves decently well exercises more self-control every moment of his day than you will ever know till you are sick yourself. Almost every step that crosses his room is painful to him; almost every thought that crosses his brain is painful to him: and if he can speak without being savage, and look without being unpleasant, he is exercising self-control.

'Suppose you have been up all night, and, instead of being allowed to have your cup of tea, you were to be told that you ought to "exercise self-control," what should you say? Now the nerves of the sick are always in the state that yours are in after you have been up all night.'—p. 35.

What then is to be done if there is this impassable gulf between the experience of the sick and the well? It is a great thing to have brought complacent persons to this point—of inquiring what can be done. It is clear that there is something—that there is everything to be done by the healthy for the sick. The lives saved that have been despaired of, the alleviation of suffering which astonishes the sufferer himself, the ingenuity in resource which at once delights and amuses the patient, the intensity of gratitude which makes the sick man kiss the passing shadow of his nurse upon his pillow, the success which follows the ministrations of individuals in private homes and in hospitals, all indicate the truth that, though the sensations of health and sickness are insuperably different, no difficulties from this cause need be insuperable. What are the resources? Those who cannot, by possibility, feel with the sick, must ascertain the facts of their patient's feelings as well as of his malady. That which cannot be known by sympathy must be learned by observation. Perhaps it is necessary to read Miss Nightingale's '*Notes*' to form a conception of the frequent lack of this quality in the sick-room. And yet it is little more than we might anticipate upon reflection. It is a subject of remark in every-day life if we meet with a person capable of quick and accurate observation, and especially if the faculty is exercised among obscure and unfamiliar classes of facts. Not only is it antecedently improbable that such a faculty should be found in any household which illness happens to visit, but there is the further difficulty that the observers are prepossessed with the associations and the impressions of health. The consequence is, that the patient overhears the
strangest

strangest accounts given to the doctor of what he has been doing or experiencing since the last visit. He could contradict every statement of how much he has slept, how much he has eaten, when he was feverish, and whether he has been faint. Now and then he may feel moved and enabled to tell his own story; but this seldom happens. The doctor must needs believe the nurse rather than the patient when they contradict each other; and it seldom happens that the sick have energy to protest and argue. They perforce give up everything, and let others do with them what they will. It is asserted, for instance, that the patient has had a good night, when he knows that he has not dozed more than an hour from sunset to sunrise. Miss Nightingale says the same answer has been given about two persons, one of whom woke occasionally in each night of nine or ten hours, and another who did not sleep at all for five nights and days, and died in consequence. Another patient, who has pulled his food about a little, but eaten none, hears it reported that he has taken his food much as usual. He may even hear that he had a comfortable evening or morning, because the nurse had amused herself by talking to him without perceiving that he was too faint to reply or to stop her. Some nurses, as Miss Nightingale shows us, can tell by the eye, within a quarter of an ounce, how much food the patient has actually eaten, and precisely how many hours he slept last night, and how much he has dozed, and whether any qualm of faintness passed over him while he lay silent. Others give only vague reports, or, if they attempt details, get monstrously wrong. Many an educated lady might say of herself what an ungrammatical nurse honestly admitted:—‘I knows I fibs dreadful,’ says Miss Nightingale’s candid acquaintance; ‘but believe me, Miss, I never finds out I have fibbed until they tells me so.’ It would be curious to ascertain how a conviction of fibbing was received by thirteen persons mentioned in the ‘Notes,’ who ‘concurred’ in declaring that a fourteenth went to a distant chapel every morning at seven o’clock during a period of, as it happened, absolute confinement to his bed.

No stronger hint could be given to the relatives of a sick person, as to their understanding of his condition, than a quiet ‘Note’ of Miss Nightingale’s:—

‘As long as observation is so little cultivated as it is now, I do believe that it is better for the physician *not* to see the friends of the patient at all. They will as often mislead him as not; and as often by making the patient out worse as better than he really is.’—p. 63.

The process is melancholy, and often most irritating to those
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who know how to see what is before their eyes; and the end is often startling, sometimes appalling, but seldom instructive. The parents of a deaf infant do not find out the imperfection till surprised by the dumbness. The parents of an idiot child do not suspect the deficiency which is plain enough to everybody else. This is want of observation, caused by defective experience as often as defective sense. But there is a further want in the unalarmed friends of a sick adult or young person. Some function or another goes wrong for a month, or a year, or a course of years, and no notice is taken, and no medical advice is obtained. Then comes a bad illness, and the family are alarmed at last, and possibly overmuch. None, however, are so easily reassured as the panic-stricken. If the patient improves in the slightest respect, or fails to grow indisputably worse every day, the alarm is dismissed. Thenceforward, nothing short of a clear sentence from the physician's lips will frighten the friends a second time; and the physician himself is frequently misled by their representation of their own views under the name of facts. Unless the patient faints away with the white aspect of faintness, nothing is said of this symptom. The brown kind, and the red or purple kind, and the yellow kind, are not noticed. If the patient fetches a book two yards off, he is called stronger than a month before, though he may not be able to stand for a minute. If he crawls hither and thither to put away whatever can be thrown down, or secure whatever little blessing would be put out of his reach, in dread of his nurse coming in to bustle about, and throw over the fire-irons, he is sure to be remarked upon as 'able to move about so much more when he thinks nobody sees him!' After a time, if the face flushes from pain or weakness, or fails to look ghastly, as faces often do when the altered hand should tell the true story, or the eye betray the advancing mischief, sanguine friends congratulate the sufferer on his good looks, and tell him he will be as old a man as any of them after all. Miss Nightingale must tell the rest.

'Which of us has not heard fifty times from one or another—a nurse, or a friend of the sick, ay, and a medical friend too—the following remark? "So, A is worse; or, B is dead. I saw him the day before; I thought him so much better; there was certainly no appearance from which one could have expected so sudden (?) a change." I have never heard any one say, though one would think it the more natural thing, "There *must* have been *some* appearance which I should have seen if I had but looked. Let me try and remember what there was, that I may observe another time." No, this is not what people say. They boldly assert that there was nothing to observe; not that their observation was at fault.

'Let people who have to observe sickness and death look back, and try to register in their observation the appearances which have preceded relapse, attack, or death, and not assert that there were none, or that there were not the *right* ones.'—p. 67.

The relation of the Healthy to the Sick used to be supposed, even within the memory of the existing generation, to be mainly comprehended in the function of the immediate nurse. When the nurse was described, all was told. Those were the days when that type of professional nurse existed, in the popular imagination if not very generally in fact, which we find in fiction up to a late date. Mr. Dickens has exhibited it repeatedly. The workhouse nurse, at the opening of '*Oliver Twist*,' is perhaps the most striking, because the least elaborated. In one instance a nurse ate all the jellies and dainty messes entrusted to her hands for three or four convalescent fever-patients in one household,—thus perplexing the doctors and throwing the single healthy member of the family into despair, because, while fresh cases were occurring, the earlier ones made no progress. There have been nurses who snored so loud all night as to keep the patient awake, and to drown his feeble call; and nurses, again, who, after tempting a weak convalescent to eat by bringing a little dainty, have spoiled all by squashing a large fly on the edge of the plate. As for their intemperance, it was natural enough when women had no fit training, and, on the other hand, met with little of the special consideration which is their due. Any person who has tried the experiment of leaning over a sick-bed and waiting on a helpless patient all day, and then sitting up all night, may form some idea of the craving for stimulants in hired nurses, whose needs and labours are seldom understood by their employers. The type of the class is, however, improving, under the teachings of Miss Nightingale, and the example of many women who are sent forth from our great hospitals and training institutions.

It is necessary to point out that nurses are, like other women, subject to weaknesses arising out of the follies of the time,—weaknesses more censurable in them than in other women when their usefulness is directly contravened by the folly, whatever it may be. We remember hearing some speculation among our female acquaintances, during the Italian war of last spring, about how the wounded French and Piedmontese soldiers liked being tended by the ladies of Brescia, those devoted ladies being dressed in handsome silks, with full skirts and delicate trimmings, with lace sleeves, and so forth. Miss Nightingale's '*Notes*' throw a strong light on such questions:—

'It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female
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ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us "woman's" "particular worth and general missionariness," to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any "mission" or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the floor of a sick room without shaking it! What is become of woman's light step?—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for?

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'The fidget of silk and of crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicines in the world will do him good. The noiseless step of woman, the noiseless drapery of woman, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well if they do not throw down some piece of furniture) will at least brush against every article in the room as she moves. * * * Fortunate it is if her skirts do not catch fire, and if the nurse does not give herself up a sacrifice, together with her patient, to be burnt in her own petticoats.'—p. 26.

All these particulars are involved in the relation of the Healthy to the Sick, and so is the treatment of the nurse by her employers, though heads of households in many cases overlook this. We often hear of the unreasonableness of patients, who forget that their nurse can ever be tired. This is, no doubt, true; though, by the testimony of hundreds besides Miss Nightingale, the gratitude and the scrupulosity of the sick about giving trouble are more common than selfishness, and sometimes painfully intense; but the healthy members of the household have not the excuse of a confused head, a bewildered memory, and exasperated nerves, which are apt to cause unreasonableness in a patient. Yet we frequently see them as hard upon the nurse as the sufferer who calls upon her to talk, or read, or sing and be lively after four-and-twenty hours of tendance. The sick person may not know midnight from noon, but there is nothing to be said for anybody else who supposes a nurse to be an inexhaustible machine, needing no winding up. We have understood that it is actually necessary for the managers of Institutions to make terms before sending out a nurse, bargaining that, if she is to sit up at night, she shall have her rest guarded by day. We have all, probably, witnessed the circumstances under which a nurse is sent for. The ladies begin by undertaking the work: in a few days they are wearing out, and the servants are declared to be wearied with perpetually running up and down stairs. To save both parties, a nurse is engaged, and she is quietly supposed to be bound to do the work of both. Not seldom the efficiency of the nurse is spoiled by her having to do many things besides nursing. Her

patient is her proper business ; and whatever is requisite for her business must be supplied to her, whoever it may be that has to run up and down stairs. We should hear less complaint and less quizzing about the absolutism of the nurse in private houses if reasonable care was taken to forestall her demands. She ought to be neither mistress nor servant, but she is a special assistant, who cannot do her work without tools, and whose work will be marred whenever she has to leave it, to make or fetch her own implements. Such is the prudential aspect of the case, putting aside considerations of justice and humanity. No wonder nurses are so soon worn-out as to be obliged to give up within a very few years, or, worse, to be tempted to go on when they are in fact past their work.

Thus far we have followed Miss Nightingale in her views of the duty of the healthy in regard to precluding sickness in their dwellings ; in regard to establishing an understanding between themselves and the sick by observation and a careful process of learning ; in regard to the external, bodily charge of the sick ; and in regard to the proper treatment of nurses. There remains another phase of the relation, as important as any, and on which Miss Nightingale speaks with particular force and pathos. The section on 'Chattering Hopes and Advices' will do more for the invalid class, in the relief of their minds and nerves, than perhaps all the rest of her pleadings together. She speaks as a nurse, and not as a moralist or mental philosopher ; but it is not conceivable that any analysis of human emotions from the professor's chair could better develop a new sense of the relation of mind to mind than Miss Nightingale's disclosure of the effects of imperfect sympathies in the Healthy towards the Sick.

The general disposition of unqualified persons to give advice is an old occasion of satire,—so old that one might think, till the case of tormented invalids was put before us, that there could be nothing left to say upon it. The artist of every age since men began to draw has been irritated by unasked advice how to paint his pictures. Whether Handel and Mendelssohn were instructed how to compose oratorios, we do not know : but they were told, in the form of subsequent criticism, how they might mend their works : and, in the opinion of gratuitous advisers, good counsel is better late than never. Every popular preacher is liable to be taught—usually by old ladies—how he should choose his topics and write his sermons ; and if he hints that it is his business to decide those matters, he gets a sermon, to his face or behind his back, on the value of Christian counsel and the beauty of Christian humility in receiving it. It is a frequent surprise to authors (in other lines than fiction) to be
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entreated not to touch upon one subject, and to treat another in such or such a way. Sometimes four, five, or six persons, all with different views, press their advice upon him. If he reminds them that they do not know what is coming, and cannot therefore judge of the case; or if he attempts to show them what it is to write a book; or if he asks them whether they would have interfered in the design of the Apollo Belvedere, or St. Peter's, or the Tubular Bridge, or any work of art or science; they stare, uncertain whether they would or not, if they had the opportunity. If he makes no reply, and no trace of anybody's counsel appears in the book, he is mourned over as one who rejects advice and guidance, as obstinate, wilful, and conceited. It is remarkable that no direct answer seems ever to have been obtained to the pertinent question, 'If six persons offer me, unasked, six irreconcilable pieces of counsel on the same matter, how can I satisfy them all?' Instead of replying, the friends report that he will argue for an hour rather than take anybody's advice.

An author or artist may easily be above losing his composure under this kind of intrusion. But how is it with the sick man? This part of Miss Nightingale's review of his case concerns all of us, for we all occasionally visit some one who is ill. If there is a complete and distinctive difference between the experience of the Sick and that of the Well, how far can either be fitted to give unsought advice to the other on points of health or sickness? Any sufferer under protracted illness has much to tell on this subject. It should be remembered, at the same time, that the feelings of the sufferer under advice and consolation are as unintelligible to the visitor as the visitor's consolations are vexatious to the invalid.

Let us take the invalid's foibles first. Readers of Miss Nightingale's 'Notes' exclaim, 'Is the fault, then, all on one side? Are patients never exacting, never petulant, never mistaken as to the moral treatment which is good for them?' What says the Invalid of the faults and foibles of the sick? More than we can quote here. There is a whole chapter on some of the moral perils and penalties of invalidism: and the supposition throughout the book is that the sick are inferior to the healthy, as living in impaired and vitiated conditions. It is quite certain that the proneness to fetishism is as great on the one side as the other; that men must be very wise before they surmount the liability to attribute their own experience to others, and thus to judge precipitately for everybody. The sick not only ache in every limb when they see from the window the running and leaping of boys and the heavy tasks done by men, but they fail to sympathise in the fun and frolic of life, and are
apt

apt to require from everybody the composure which is the highest condition practicable for them. Because they are 'virtuous' perforce, there ought to be 'no more cakes and ale.' Where such narrowness exists, it is more of a fault than in the healthy, because the invalid has had experience of being well, whereas the well have seldom had experience of the sick man's state. So says the Invalid; and the generous Nurse herself, with all her intense compassion and thoroughgoing championship of the sick, admits, *en passant*, the weaknesses of her protégés. 'If you knew,' she says, 'how unreasonably sick people suffer from reasonable causes of distress, you would take more pains about all these things.' Again:—

'It has been very justly said that the sick are like children in this, that there is no *proportion* in events to them. Now it is your business as their visitor to restore this right proportion for them, to show them what the rest of the world is doing. How can they find it out otherwise? You will find them far more open to conviction than children in this. And you will find that their unreasonable intensity of suffering from unkindness, from want of sympathy, &c., will disappear in their freshened interest in the big world's events. But then you must be able to give them real interests, not gossip.'—p. 59.

After all is said, the fact remains which is a mere truism—that the sick are in a morbid condition, and cannot possibly, by any effort or any discipline, see things at all times from the ordinary point of view. When the healthy, on the other hand, not only fail to find the standpoint for viewing the condition of the sick, but do not seek it—rather striving to impose on the sick their pain in seeing pain—the fault of want of sympathy becomes as grave as it appears in the 'Notes' before us.

Nobody willingly entertains painful emotions. The lifelong invalid should remember this when he feels hurt and depressed by the waning sympathy of friends. They were eager and helpful at first, and will doubtless be tender and considerate at the last, if aware of the approach of the end; but they naturally grow tired of despairing when nothing can be done, and they drop the subject which is necessarily uppermost with him. So says the Invalid, and, though this is far from being always true, we are disposed to think it is commoner than the reverse in the cases in which sickness is protracted through years. There are always some whose tenderness never subsides, and whose sympathy is as fresh at the end of years as of hours: and such exceptions indicate, by their striking beauty, the general rule. There are three ways in which people can get rid of the painful emotions caused by the sick, and ordinary persons are pretty sure to avail themselves of at least one of the three. They can show that the patient's

patient's illness is somehow his own fault; they can believe that he is not so ill as he seems or pretends to be; and they can take for granted that he will soon be well.

The first needs little comment. The cruelty to the sick of such self-indulgence in his critics is abundantly obvious. The allegation is improbable upon the face of it. The visitor is less likely to know than the family whether the treatment is rationally adopted; and the rashness of finding fault is therefore very great; but the levity with which the sufferer is tormented for the relief of his visitor's feelings is shocking to beholders. Such a visitor comes from month to month and from year to year with the same remonstrance, in almost the same words: 'I want you to change your doctor. I want you to change your plan. I am sure you might get about again, if you would only try a change. Now, promise me you will.' Every time there is the same answer, which it might be a good rebuke to lithograph and present to visitors on their entrance,—that those who are most nearly concerned have given every consideration to the case, and have decided to the best of their judgment. Miss Nightingale puts the grievance in the form of a sick man's reply to his advisers:—

'My advisers! their name is Legion. . . . Somehow or other, it seems a provision of the universal destinies, that every man, woman, and child should consider him, her, or itself, privileged especially to advise me. Why? That is precisely what I want to know. And this is what I have to say to them. I have been advised to go to every place extant in and out of England, to take every kind of exercise by every kind of cart, carriage; yes, and even swing (!) and dumb-bell (!) in existence; to imbibe every kind of stimulus that ever has been invented. And this when those *best* fitted to know, viz. medical men, after long and close attendance, had declared any journey out of the question, had prohibited any kind of motion whatever, had closely laid down the diet and drink. What would my advisers say were they the medical attendants, and I the patient left their advice, and took the casual adviser's? But the singularity in Legion's mind is this:—it never occurs to him that everybody else is doing the same thing, and that I the patient *must* perforce say, in sheer self-defence, like Rosalind, "I could not do with all."

* * * * *

'Wonderful is the face with which friends, lay and medical, will come in and worry the patient with recommendations to do something or other, having just as little knowledge as to its being feasible, or even safe for him, as if they were to recommend a man to take exercise, not knowing he had broken his leg. What would the friend say, if he were the medical attendant, and if the patient, because some *other* friend had come in, because somebody, anybody, nobody, had recommended something, anything, nothing, were to disregard *his* orders.

and

and take that other body's recommendation? But people never think of this.'—pp. 54-56.

Is the patient to reply, or not, to the advisers who favour him with counsel as various as their own minds? If he is silent, his state of mind is painful. If he answers, he must argue; and arguing with an unreasonable critic is not precisely the best employment for an invalid. In either case he is condemned as one of those obstinate people who will not be advised. While thus reported of outside, he is lying in a state of nervous exhaustion, his sleep destroyed for the time, his brain agitated by all the answers he might have made to his visitor, and his spirits depressed by the want of sympathy. Those who despise such sufferings 'little know,' as the Nurse states, 'how intensified they become to those who can have no change; how the very walls of their sick-rooms seem hung with their cares; how the ghosts of their troubles haunt their beds; how impossible it is for them to escape from a pursuing thought without help from variety.' Miss Nightingale says it is the nurse's business to discover the effect on the patient of his respective visitors. Each one will probably say, 'I hope you were not the worse for my call.' 'No real patient,' Miss Nightingale observes, 'will ever say "Yes; but I was a great deal the worse;"' not even though a night of delirium has followed, as she relates.

So much for the first method of easing the visitor's mind at the expense of the patient's. The next is determining that the patient is not so ill as he seems or pretends to be. The ordinary process is to settle that a person who can do this, that, or the other, or who does not wear one particular aspect, cannot be very ill; and then to pronounce of anybody who can do any of these things, or whose countenance does not wear the particular aspect, that he only wants to be roused to exertion. A young girl, always fragile, once upon a time slowly declined in strength without any sufficient apparent 'cause. Month after month showed little difference in her face; but at last she was unable to sit up. She was tended by a widowed mother and affectionate young sisters. The devoted mother died rather suddenly. The case of decline was an inconvenience in settling the family arrangements. The executor uncle frankly informed the invalid of the opinion of himself and his family that she had been encouraged to give way too much, and that she must now exert herself to get well, for her sisters' sake. The motherless sufferer wept long, but silently: she made no remonstrance. The heart knew its own bitterness, as so many hearts do in the sick-room. She did exert herself; and in a few days she was dead. Our Nurse has evidently known such cases. She says:—

'How

'How often we see at the end of biographies, or of cases recorded in medical papers, "after a long illness A died rather suddenly," or, "unexpectedly both to himself and to others"! "Unexpectedly" to others, perhaps, who did not see, because they did not look; but by no means "unexpectedly to himself," as I feel entitled to believe, both from the internal evidence in such stories, and from watching similar cases; there was every reason to expect that A would die, and he knew it; but he found it useless to insist upon his own knowledge to his friends.'—p. 56.

The third device for getting rid of painful emotions is assuring the patient that he will soon be much better. The best preacher on this head is perhaps the immortal little boy who tumbled down, and taught all who can learn what is *not* consolation to people in pain. 'Never mind, my little fellow,' said a bystander; 'you won't feel the pain to-morrow.' 'Then,' promised the boy, 'I won't cry to-morrow.' It is the most natural thing in the world to everybody to offer this sort of comfort, because it is *their* comfort. When they see anybody in pain, they look forward to the time when it will be over. But this is no comfort to the sufferer. The idea bears no relation at all to his misery; and, if he himself says anything about his pain being soon over, it is most certainly out of consideration to those about him.

The case is much graver when there is no rational ground for believing that the sufferer will be better. The Invalid and the Nurse are alike emphatic on the hardness and selfishness of 'Chattering Hopes,'—of saying, 'When you get well, you will do so and so;' 'You have a long life before you;' 'I shall expect to find you *quite* well in the spring;' 'You will be completely set up by the autumn;' and so forth. As the Invalid might fairly be suspected of querulousness on this topic, let us turn to Miss Nightingale and hear and take to heart what she says on behalf of the sufferers who are most liable to this sort of infliction:—

'But the long chronic case, who knows too well himself, and who has been told by his physician, that he will never enter active life again; who feels that every month he has to give up something he could do the month before—Oh! spare such sufferers your chattering hopes. You do not know how you worry and weary them. Such real sufferers cannot bear to talk of themselves; still less to hope for what they cannot expect.'—p. 56.

As the door closes behind such consolers, the worn-out patient thinks, 'Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.' Poor Juliet could hardly have felt more lonely than they, though their friends would do anything in the world to relieve them, if they did but know how. Why do they fail so? The Invalid says that nothing is easier than dealing with the sick, and that 'speaking

ing the truth in love' is the way. But the speaking the truth is precisely the difficulty, when the very fault of the healthy is their not comprehending how they stand in relation to the sick. Nothing is commoner than for sorrowing visitors to console themselves with the thought of the sick person's comforts; and then comes the lecture,—'I am so glad to see you have such a nice room,' or something or other which everybody might enjoy but the sufferer. The Invalid has an anecdote about this, showing, however, the favourable side of the sympathy:—

'Two little friends were with me—one greatly admiring various luxuries about me, and thence proceeding to reckon up a large amount of privileges and enjoyments in my possession and prospect, when his companion said, with a sigh and tenderness of tone musical to my soul, "Ah! but then there is the unhealthiness! that spoils everything." To which the other mournfully assented.'—p. 29.

Those who desire to learn may find lessons on every hand. Most of us have known of some dying person who could not ascertain the truth from doctor or nurse, or impress it upon friends. 'I feel I am sinking,' says a consumptive patient. 'I wish to make my will without delay.' Doctor and nurse declare that he is only a little faint from change of weather, and need not think about dying. 'But I have sunk much within two days; and even since the morning. I wish to make my will immediately.' More soothing and remonstrance; and the patient is too ill to argue. The next day perhaps he dies intestate. Upon this subject the Invalid says,—

'Only let all avoid every shadow of falsehood. Let the nurse avow that the medicine is nauseous;—let the physician declare that the treatment will be painful;—let sister, or brother, or friend, tell me that I must never look to be well. When the time approaches that I am to die, let me be told that I am to die, and when. If I encroach thoughtlessly on the time or strength of those about me, let me be reminded; if selfishly, let me be remonstrated with. Thus to speak the truth in love is in the power of all.'—p. 23.

Thus much is indeed in the power of all; while the genius of sympathy may be the gift of very few. Those must be obtuse or selfish who inflict the grosser hardships exposed by our Invalid and Nurse; but a world of pain may be inflicted by the mere ignorance on the part of kind-hearted friends that they and the sick have different points of view, and different sensations, mental as well as bodily. This may be, and continually is, learned by persons not naturally gifted with the insight which is a part of sympathy of the highest kind. The testimonies borne by both the authorities before us to much noble and genial service

service rendered by the Healthy to the Sick show what is possible to others than heaven-born nurses.

There are some who call Miss Nightingale's book severe and querulous. Severe it must be from its conception and purpose; but querulous we think it is not. Here is the paragraph which is perhaps the most likely of any in the book to be objected to on that ground. After pointing out the mercifulness of telling pleasant news to the sick—of a happy love-affair, or the success of some good scheme—she says:—

'Do observe these things with the sick. Do remember how their life is to them disappointed and incomplete. You see them lying there with miserable disappointments, from which they can have no escape but death, and you can't remember to tell them of what would give them so much pleasure, or at least an hour's variety.'—p. 58.

Whether this is severe depends on whether it is false or true; and there can be little question that it is a common though by no means a universal truth. As to its querulousness, the person who speaks is the same Nurse who at Scutari, with thousands of maimed and sick patients on her mind and hands, could find time to look out the particular book any one of them wished for, and memory and attention to take care that it was kept within his reach till he had done with it. As to the use of saying such things, we must remember the object of the book, that it is to assist women to ascertain for themselves whether they are fit to become nurses. It is in aid of them, and not as a lecture to society, that she shows how ill the relation of the Healthy to the Sick is generally apprehended.

Others than would-be nurses may, however, profit by these disclosures. The healthiest and kindest of us must sooner or later have relations with those who are ill. There have been occasions on which we have probably hurt somebody's feelings, and therefore somebody's health, in a sick-room. After reading this book, we ought never to do it again. Whenever we hear of the 100,000 needless deaths which annually occur in England we should henceforth remember that many more would be reported if we could learn the amount of blight inflicted, at moments critical for the heart and brain, by our imperfect sympathies.

As for the faults of the book,—we must leave it to medical critics to assert their objections to Miss Nightingale's opinions about open windows at night, the facts of the origin of contagion, and other professional questions. For our part, we have only one thing to regret; and that is the distribution of some of the matter of the book, and especially the arbitrary division between the text and the notes. Some of the best things in the work are scattered through

through the latter, where it is not easy to find them; and notes upon 'Notes' are an awkward form of instruction.

Miss Nightingale vitally served many thousands of sick and wounded sufferers during her days of health. She may serve more by this strong and tender work of her mind and heart, now that she has strength to nurse no longer. Her form may never again be seen bending over the beds of sufferers; but, for generations to come, her shadow may pass over their pillows, blessing and beloved as in the hospitals at Scutari.

ART. VI.—1. *The Art of Taming Horses.* By S. Rarey. London, 1859.

2. *Reminiscences of the late Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq., or the Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman.* By Sir John E. Eardley Wilmot, Bart. London, 1860.

IT is a singular fact, that although England produces the finest horses in the world, and though the English people have always fancied they understood their management better than any other nation, yet, lately, not only have we all been astonished by the superior knowledge on this subject of a trans-Atlantic cousin, but what is still more surprising, our sporting men have rushed forwards to pay to Mr. Rarey no less a sum than about 15,000*l.* for exhibiting to them a system of horse-breaking, the philosophy of which is based upon a few simple facts, which, although unreflected on, have ever been lying close before our eyes.

Of all animals in creation, there is no one we should all of us be so very sorry to lose as the horse. In peace and in war, on burning sands under the equator, or on eternal snow in the frigid zone, for pleasure or for business, well fed or starving, he is always not only ready, but eager, to the utmost of his strength, to serve a master, but too often inconsiderate, ungrateful to him, and unjust. As soon as his courage is excited, no fall, bruise, blow, or wound, that does not paralyse the mechanism of his limbs, will stop him; indeed, with his upper and lower jaw shot away, and with the skin dangling in ribands, we have seen him cantering, apparently careless and unconscious of his state, alongside of the horse artillery gun from which he had just been cut adrift.

But although in the hunting-field, on the race-course, or in harness, a horse will generally, from sheer pluck, go till he drops, yet, whenever he encounters physical strength greater than his own, our hero all of a sudden acts like an arrant coward.

For

For instance, in the mail, it apparently matters not to the spirit of the horses whether there be one passenger or six—light bags or heavy ones; on the contrary, the greater the weight, the more eagerly do they strain to force it to follow them. The faster they are allowed to go, the harder do they pull, until, if the reins were to break, they would enjoy the opportunity by running away, not as in the days of Phaethon with the chariot of the sun, but with say a ton and a half, of they know not what, at their heels. And yet, if on the following day the same high-flying, high-spirited, high-mettled horses were to be hooked to a sturdy living oak tree, after two or three ineffectual snatches to move it, no amount of punishment would be sufficient to induce them to go to the end of their traces; in short, to use a well-known expression, they would all ‘*jib*.’ Again, if a horse in harness, however resolutely he may be proceeding, slips upon pavement, and falls heavily on his side, after vainly making three or four violent struggles to rise, he becomes all of a sudden so completely cowed, that not only without any resistance does he allow his harness piecemeal to be unbuckled, the carriage detached, and pushed away far behind him, but, when lying thus perfectly unfettered, it requires kicks, stripes, and a malediction or two, to induce him to make the little effort necessary to rise from his prostrate state.

Again, in the hunting-field, a noble, high-couraged horse, a rusher at any description of fence, the very sight of which seems to inflame his ardour, in most gallant style charges a brook, which when he is in the air he sees is too broad to be cleared; on his chest striking against the bank, and while his rider, delighted at feeling that he is not a bit hurt, is luxuriously rolling over and over on the green grass like a rabbit that at full speed has been shot dead, this gallant steed makes two, three, or four desperate efforts to get to him, and yet, simply because the mud at the bottom of the brook catches hold of his hind feet, and the sticky perpendicular clay bank grasps his fore ones, his courage suddenly fails him, and as nothing will then induce him to make another effort, it becomes necessary to send, often several miles, for cart-horses to drag this high-bred animal out by his neck.

But although this strange mixture of courage and cowardice appears to us at first to be inexplicable, yet on reflection we must perceive that it is in strict accordance with the beneficent decree that ‘man should have dominion over every beast of the field.’

The weight and muscular strength of a horse multiplied into each other, form a momentum which, if his courage were as indomitable as that of man, would make him the master instead
of

of the servant of the human race ; and accordingly, although for all the purposes for which man can require them, his energy and endurance are invincible, yet, to ensure his subjection, his courage has been so curiously constituted, that, as it were, by touching the small secret spring of a safety valve, the whole of it instantly evaporates ; and although Mr. Rarey has not exactly explained this theory, he has, with extraordinary intelligence and success, reduced it to practice as follows :—

When a horse of a sensitive and sensible disposition is placed under the care of a man of weak nerves, he very soon finds out that, by the help of his body, teeth, and heels, that is to say by squeezing, crushing, biting, and kicking his groom, he is able to frighten him, and no sooner is this victory attained than the tyrant begins to misbehave himself to everybody in every possible way, until, as in the case of *Cruizer*, it is declared dangerous to approach him, even with food ; that no man can ride him ; in fact, that he is an animal beautiful to look at, but thoroughly useless to mankind.

Now, to cure this disorder, the wild beast, for such he is, with great precaution, by several guy-ropes, is led close to the wheel of a waggon, under which Mr. Rarey, putting his hands through the spokes, manages to lift up and gently strap up one fore-leg, and to affix a long strap to the fetlock of the other, which two simple operations at once ensure the victory he is about to attain.

As it gives a horse not the slightest pain or inconvenience to stand for a short time on one fore-leg, *Cruizer*, while ‘amazed he stares around,’ is scarcely aware that he is doing so ; and as he is totally unaware of the existence of the other strap, he is perfectly astounded to find that no sooner does he attempt to resent Mr. Rarey’s bold approach and grasp, than, apparently by the irresistible power of man, he is suddenly deprived of the use of both his fore-legs.

The longer and the more violently he can be made to resist, the more deathlike will be the trance in which he is about to lie. He struggles—struggles—struggles—until, as in the three instances we have described, his courage all at once evaporates, and with heaving flank, panting nostrils, flabby muscles, and the perspiration bursting through every pore in the skin, he allows his conqueror to sit on his ribs, to fiddle in his ears, drum to the gaping and gasping audience : in short, as the Duke of Wellington described Lord Ellenborough’s proclamation about the gates of Sumnauth, to sing over his carcase ‘a song of triumph.’ And thus, as Achilles was mortally wounded in the only vulnerable part of his body—the heel—so does *Cruizer* find that in a heart which had never before failed him, and which had been the
terror

terror of all who approached him, there exists a weak point, discovered by Mr. Rarey, which has caused his complete subjection to man.

'Is this the face that faced ten thousand men,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?'

The differences between the character and conduct of a wild horse and a tame one are, we believe, not very clearly understood. It is generally conceived that in the difficulty of sticking on to the back of a horse there exist three degrees of comparison, namely:—

1. That it is rather difficult to ride a horse that has been broken in.
2. That it is exceedingly difficult to ride a tame one that has *not* been broken in.
3. That it must be almost impossible to mount and ride a wild horse just caught that has never been broken in.

We will, however, humbly venture to assert that, in certain instances, the three steps of this little ladder might be reversed.

1. In a state of nature the horse is such a zealous advocate of our popular principle of 'self-government,' he is so desirous to maintain his 'independence,' that although he will allow almost any quadruped, even wolves and lions, to approach within a certain distance, yet the moment he sees a man, though on horse-back, he instinctively turns his tail towards him, and, when followed, gallops away.

If, consequently, by the triumph of reason over instinct he be caught, saddled, and if all of a sudden, to his vast astonishment, he finds sitting astride his back, with a cigar in his mouth, the very human being he has always been avoiding, his first and almost only feeling is that of *fear*, and accordingly, if he be retained by the bridle, instantaneously, by a series of jumps on all four legs, he makes impromptu his first hurried, untaught, unpractised effort to dislocate a rider. But if, instead of being as it were invited to perform these unsophisticated antics, he be allowed, or rather by whip and severe spurs, be propelled to do what he most ardently desires, namely, run away, his power of resistance is over, and his subjection inevitable. For at the top of his speed, just as when swimming, a horse can neither rear, kick, nor plunge, and accordingly at his best pace he proceeds on his sure road to ruin, until not only all his wind is pumped out of him, but after that, until twisted hide-thong and sharp iron have converted his terror of man into an ardent desire to be obedient to his will. In fact, like a small nation that has unsuccessfully been contending against a great one, he wishes to put an end to the horrors of war, and to sue for the blessings of peace.

2. If

2. If a domestic horse that has never been broken in be suddenly saddled and mounted, the rider has greater difficulties to encounter than those just described: for the animal is not only gifted by nature with all the propensities of the wild horse to reject man, but, from being better fed, he has greater strength to indulge in them; besides which he enjoys the immense advantage of being in a civilized, or, in plainer terms, an enclosed country. Accordingly, instead of being forced to run away, his rider is particularly afraid lest he should do so, simply because he knows that the remedy which would cure the wild horse, would probably kill him. In fact, the difference to the rider between an open and an enclosed field of battle is exactly that which a naval officer feels in scudding in a gale of wind out of sight of land, and in being caught among sandbanks and rocks in a narrow channel.

3. Of all descriptions of horses wild and tame, by far the most difficult to ride is that young British thorough-bred colt of two or three years old that has been regularly 'broken in' by himself, without giving the slightest warning, to jump away sideways, spin round, and at the same moment kick off his rider. This feat is a beautiful and well-arranged combination of nature and of art. Like the pugilistic champion of England—Tom Sayers—he is a professional performer, gifted with so much strength and activity, and skilful in so many quick, artful tricks and dodges, that any country practitioner that comes to deal with him is no sooner up than down, to rise from his mother earth with a vague, bewildered, incoherent idea as to what had befallen him, or 'how he got there.'

If a horse of this description and a wild one in his own country were to be mounted there simultaneously, each by an equally good rider, both the quadrupeds probably at the same moment would be seen to run away; the Briton for ever, to gain his liberty; the other quadruped, just as surely, to lose it!

Having now sufficiently discussed the character and conduct of the horse, we will presume to offer, or rather to bequeath to our readers, a very few observations as regards his rider.

1. Of horsemanship it may truly be said, that about four-fifths of the art depends on attaining a *just* seat, and one-fifth on possessing a pair of light hands.* The generality of riders are but too apt to sit on their horses in the bent attitude of the last paroxysm or exertion which helped them into the saddle. Now, when a man in this toad-like position rides along—say a macadamized road—he travels always ready, at a moment's notice, to

* Beckford says, 'First attribute of a good huntsman is courage. Next, hands and seat.'

proceed by himself in the direction in which he is pointing, in case the progress of his horse should be suddenly stopped by his falling down. Indeed, when a horse, without falling down, recovers by a violent struggle from a bad trip, a heavy rider in this attitude (called by Sir Bellingham Graham 'a wash-ball seat') is very liable to shoot forwards over his head in a parabolic curve, likely to result in a concussion of his brain or in the dislocation of his neck,—the horse standing by his motionless body perfectly uninjured.

On the other hand, when a man sits upright, justly balanced on his saddle, any sudden jerk or movement forwards throws his shoulders backwards. If therefore, while proceeding in that position, the horse thinks proper to fall, the animal in the first instance is the sole sufferer. He cuts his forehead, hurts his nose, breaks his knees, bruises his chest, while his head, neck, forelegs, and the forepart of his body, forced into each other like the joints of a telescope, form a buffer, preventing the concussion the horse has received, from injuring, in the smallest degree, the rider, or even the watch in his pocket, which, without leaving the precincts of the saddle, goes ticking, ticking, ticking on, just as merrily as if nothing had happened. If a horse only trips, a rider poised justly in his saddle can easily recover him. The instant, however, he is really down, as, from the momentum with which he had been proceeding, he must probably turn over, the practised rider, without hesitation, should set him the example, by rolling away out of his reach.

In the hunting field, the bent position in the saddle produces equally unpleasant results. On man and horse coming cheerfully to a fence, with what mathematicians call 'an unknown quantity' on the other side, if the rider sits justly on his saddle, it is the horse and not he that receives the concussion of any fall that may ensue, simply because the spring of his animal in taking the leap had thrown his shoulders backwards, and consequently his head out of danger; whereas the nose of the gentleman who had been riding alongside of him in the bent attitude of a note of interrogation, is seen to plough into its mother earth the instant the muzzle of his horse impinges upon it.

For exactly the same reasons, in every description of fall (and no volume would be large enough to contain them all), similar results occur; and yet there is no predicament in which 'Toady' appears to greater disadvantage, and so keenly feels it, than when, in following the hounds, he has to descend a very precipitous and rather slippery grass hill.

If a horse be but properly dealt with, he can gallop down a turf hill with exactly as much rapidity as along a racecourse

A tea-table would stand ill at ease on the declivity, because its limbs are immovable; but a quadruped, by throwing all his legs forwards and his body backwards, has the power to adjust himself, with mathematical precision, to almost any descent.

To insure his safety, however, it is essential that he should be encouraged, by a loose rein, to carry his head as low as possible, to enable him to take care of his feet, and in case of treading on a rolling-stone to recover his balance by throwing it up. Now, when in this position, if the rider, following the instinct and the example of the horse, throws his weight backwards—in fact, if from the saddle the backs of the two animals are separated from each other by only a very small angle, both can descend the hill together at considerable speed without the smallest danger. The only embarrassment the rider has to contend against is an over-caution on the part of the horse, amounting to fear, which induces him to try to take the slope diagonally, which would almost inevitably result in the poor animal slipping up on his side. In keeping his head straight, however, care must be taken not to induce him to raise it *up*; and when this little difficulty is overcome, no other of any sort or kind remains to impede a safe and rapid descent.

Seated on his saddle, in the attitude we have described, that admirable rider Jack Shirley, whipper-in to the Tedworth hunt, was one day observed fixing a piece of whipcord to his lash, while following his hounds at a slapping pace, down hill, with a large open claspknife in his mouth, his reins lying nearly loose on old 'Gadsby's' neck.

But when a gentleman, however fearless he may be, sitting at an angle of 45° , like a 13-inch mortar on its bed, attempts to ride down the steep declivity described, the afflictions that befall him are really piteous, for the instant his horse's fore legs sink considerably lower than the hind ones, he feels that unless he holds on very tightly, he must inevitably pitch over the bows of the vessel that is carrying him. To maintain his equilibrium he therefore pulls a little at his bridle, which not only raises his horse's head till it nearly touches his nose, but throws the animal and the weight he carries into such a false position, that it becomes difficult and dangerous to advance. The good quadruped, impatient to follow the horses before him, yet altogether out of gear, on every little twitch at his bridle keeps chucking up his head, until the rider, who a moment ago expected to fall over his head, now feels that he is going to glide backwards over his tail, which is nearly touching the hill. In short, the poor horse is resting on his hocks instead of his hoofs, with his fore feet barely touching the ground.

When

When a lot of riders find themselves in this hopeless attitude, they generally, according to their amount of activity, crawl, jump, or vault from their saddles to descend on foot, which they soon find very little improves their case, for the heels of their boots not being like horse-shoes, concave, take insufficient hold of the turf; and while they are slipping, sliding, and tottering in the descent, each linked to a quadruped that is bothering him to death, if, feeling a little alarmed, they resolve to stop for a moment or two, their impatient horses, unable to advance and unwilling to stand still, often compromise the matter by running round their masters, with the chance of rolling them, like nine-pins, down the hill.

In galloping for many hours, and especially for many days, as soon as the muscles of the rider lose their obstinacy by getting tired, it becomes impossible for him, if he sits upright, to prevent his body undulating, to the infinite relief of both parties, with every movement of the horse; whereas, if, like an English jockey, he rides like a frog on a shovel, he inflicts upon his whole frame, as well as upon the poor animal that carries him, an amount of unnecessary fatigue which prematurely tires both.

Now if gentlemen sportsmen who occupy on the road and the hunting-field this false position, would but allow Mr. Calcraft, in his peculiar way, to lift them about half a dozen times a few inches into the air, and then, as a tallow-chandler dips his candles, lower them gently, easily, and perpendicularly to their saddles, they would find themselves promoted in the world to a seat on horseback which they would never wish to abandon.

II. As, however, our readers, we fear, must have become very tired of the saddle, we will now relieve them from hogskin, to submit to them a very few practical observations on the management of the bridle, the ordinary uses of which, as everybody knows, are twofold, namely, first to guide a horse, and secondly to restrain, or, when requisite, to stop him.

As it is the disposition of a horse, when mounted, to go fast, and as it is the disposition of a man to pull at anything in this world as little as possible, curb-bits and curb-chains (as their names truly denote) have been invented, by which the animal in all his movements on parade or on the road is slightly thrown on his haunches, with his head raised more or less above its natural level. In this position his eyes are of course proportionally elevated, and as there exists no obstruction on the macadamized roads, &c., on which he travels, he soon ceases to look downwards; and although, if he then happens to pass over a little hole, he may put a foot into it, or may slightly blunder over half a shovelfull of loose stones which had escaped his observa-

tion, yet, if he has good action, and a tolerable rider, he earns the character of being 'a capital hack.'

Now to metamorphose 'a hack' into 'a hunter' is principally effected by the bridle, and yet, the great difficulty of the art is to learn not how much, but how little to use it; in short, a considerable portion of what the bridle has done has to be undone. Accordingly, instead of being encouraged to travel on his haunches with his fore legs lightly touching the ground, the latter must be required to bear the greater portion of the burden, which it is the duty of the hind legs to propel. The head has to be brought down to its proper level, and to induce or rather to oblige the horse to make his eyes the lantern of his feet, to study geology instead of astronomy, he should be slowly ridden, with a loose rein, over every little hole, grip, or heap that would be likely to throw a hack down. Whenever he can be made to stumble (if the rider feels that he will not actually fall), the reins should instantly be dropped. In like manner he should be walked for several days over the roughest ground that can be found, particularly land that has been excavated to obtain the substratum and left in holes. With a perfectly loose rein he should be gently trotted, gently cantered, and gently galloped over a surface of this description, the rider always dropping the rein when he blunders.

Under this treatment, the strength, activity, intelligence, and eyesight of the animal will, as in a wild state, cordially be combined by him to protect himself from the degradation as well as punishment of falling; and so ample and sufficient are these powers, that the rider will soon find, that instead of having to hold his horse up, it has become out of his power to throw him down. In fact, under the guidance of nature, rather than of man, 'the hack' in a very short period, and without going over a fence of any sort or kind, may thus be made competent to follow hounds across any country in the United Kingdom; while, on the other hand, the nag that had only been taught in a riding-school or in a dealer's yard to jump neatly over bars, gates, and hurdles, would, most particularly to the neck of his rider, prove to be infinitely worse than useless.

Of course a horse is not a perfect hunter, until he has had a small amount (for he does not require much) of experience in leaping; but as, with the exception of water, every horse is able, willing, and eager to jump, generally speaking, more than is desired, his rider has merely to teach the noble animal beneath him to add just enough discretion to his valour to induce him to look, not *before*, but *while* he leaps.

A hunter when following hounds is so excited, that if, in addition

tion to his own eagerness, he is hurried at his fences, he rushes more and more recklessly at them, until he gets into needless trouble. On the other hand, just as he approaches every fence, if he be always patted on the neck, and gently restrained, he feels satisfied that he is to be allowed to do the job; and accordingly, curtail his stride as he approaches, he does it not only cleverly, but without any waste of exertion, which, to use a common hunting-field expression, 'he may want before the day's over.'

When a horse is enabled, like a soldier whose stiff stock has just been unbuckled, to drop his head to its natural position, he not only goes safely, but, without risk of cutting his fetlocks, he can gallop over ground deeply covered with loose impediments of any description; and, accordingly, in Surrey it has long been a hunting axiom that it is the curb bridles which by throwing hunters on their haunches in a false position cause them to cut their back sinews with those sharp flints which, in a snaffle bit, they can clatter over without injury. A good rider, in lately taking a fence, jumped over it into a stone quarry. Now, if he had been in the bent attitude we have described, he must inevitably have pitched on, and have fractured his skull. From, however, sitting correctly on his saddle, his ankles, and not his head, suffered.

The following extraordinary narration by a General officer of high character, who has kindly permitted us to publish it, briefly describes a fall on horseback to a depth equal to 40 feet more than the height of the weather-cock on the steeple of St. Martin's church, in London, or to double the height of the Duke of York's monument at the bottom of Regent Street:—

United Service Club, 18th March, 1860.

'In June, 1848, at the island of Dominica, in the West Indies, I fell over a precipice of 237 feet perpendicular height, upon the rocks by the sea-side. This occurred about a quarter past 7 o'clock p.m., then quite dark, as no twilight exists in the tropics. Every bone of my horse was broken, and I conceive my escape from instant death the most miraculous that ever occurred. Three men, at various periods, had previously been dashed to atoms at the same spot, and one man twelve months after me, when the Legislative Assembly passed a resolution to secure the road; but if twenty thousand men were to fall there, I think nothing short of a miracle could save one of them. My recovery from the shock I sustained was also as miraculous as my escape with life. I sent out an artist to take a drawing on the spot, and also had the place surveyed by an engineer. I have often thought of putting down all the circumstances of that extraordinary accident, but the dread of being taken for a Baron Munchausen has restrained me. I do not expect that any one will believe it, although

although there are many living witnesses. Nor do I expect any sympathy, for, as soon as I could hold a pen, I detailed the catastrophe to my mother to account for my long silence. I received, in reply, in due course, a long letter detailing family news, without any allusion to my unfortunate case, except in a postscript, in which she merely said, "*Oh! William, I wish you would give up riding after dinner.*"*

WM. YORKE MOORE, Major-Gen.^l

P.S. During the fall I stuck to my horse.

In getting rapidly across a difficult country there are two sorts of fences, each of which has to be jumped in a manner the very opposite of that required by the other. A young hunter will leap almost any ordinary fence, particularly if it be broad, as well, and, from his impetuosity, often better than an old one. But there is one description of barrier, called by hunting men 'timber' (that is to say stiles, gates, and rails, that cannot be broken), which requires, in both rider and horse, a great deal more discretion than valour: indeed of 'timber' it may truly be said that it is the most dangerous and, on the other hand, the safest fence a man can ride at.

III. If a young horse, highly excited, be ridden fast for the first time in his life at a gate, it is very likely he will clear it; on the other hand, it is quite certain that if, despising bars through which he can see daylight, he resolves to break the top one, the penalty attached to his mistake will be a very heavy one: indeed nothing can be more disagreeable to a rider and frightful to look at than the result. Now, of course, the obvious way of preventing this catastrophe is simply to teach a horse—firstly, that he cannot break timber,—and secondly, that he will have to suffer acute pain if he attempts to do so. Accordingly, away from hounds and under no excitement, he should be slowly ridden over two or three low rails that will not break, with an unexpected little twitch at his rein sufficient to make them severely strike his hind-legs. The moment this is effected the rider should jump off, to allay anything like excitement, and to allow the animal, who will probably stand lifting up the injured leg, to feel, appreciate, and reflect on the whole amount of the pain he has incurred. As soon as it has subsided, he should be again quietly ridden two or three times over the offending rails, which, it will then be found, nothing can induce him to touch; and having thus, at a small cost, purchased for himself very valuable experience, he may afterwards in the hunting-field be carefully made to jump any ordinary amount of timber.

A sportsman can hardly ride too slowly at high timber, for as

* The accident occurred *before* dinner.

height and width (that is to say to jump upwards or forwards) require different efforts, it is a waste of the poor animal's powers to make him do both when one only is required. In slowly trotting up to timber of any height or description, the rider should carefully abstain from attempting, by the bridle, to give his horse the smallest assistance. On the contrary, the moment the animal begins to rise, his reins should be loosened, to be drawn up and tightened only as he descends. With the single exception we shall soon notice, this principle of self-management applies to jumps of all sorts and sizes; for although by a firm management of his bridle, a hunter ought to be made to feel as he approaches a fence that it is utterly impossible for him to swerve from it, yet the instant he is on the brink of taking it, his reins, as if by paralysis, should suddenly cease to afford him the smallest help, or to interfere with the mode in which (with only half a second to think) he may determine to deal with it. If he expects assistance, it may come a little sooner or a little later than his patience or impatience approves of, and thus between two stools (his own will and that of his rider) both come to the ground; whereas, if he knows that he has nothing to rely on but himself, he rises at his timber in the best and safest possible manner—namely, *in his own way*.

If we should have succeeded in satisfying our readers that they cannot ride too slowly at timber, we trust they will pardon us if we now endeavour to enforce upon them as an equally immutable axiom, that it is impossible for them to ride too fast at water.

IV. Throughout England, and especially in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, there are two descriptions of brooks. In one the water is about a foot or two below the level of the green fields through which it peacefully meanders. In the other, though deep enough to drown a man, it flows and occasionally rushes ten or twelve feet below the surface, between two loamy banks as perpendicular as the wall of a house. If a red, brown, or black coat, attended by a pair of leather, kersey, or corduroy breeches, ending in boots, plunge together into the first, they simply go in dry and come out wet. But, if a horse fails to clear the chasm, he is liable not only to fall backwards upon these articles of apparel, but afterwards, quite unintentionally, to strike their owner during the awkward struggles of both animals to swim.

Now, although to some of our readers it may possibly appear that the act of riding over 'a bit of water' of the latter description has no legal claim to be included in the schedule headed 'the pleasures and amusements of man,' yet it may most truly be said that in a good run, or even in a bad one, there exists
nothing

nothing that gives an ordinary rider more intense pleasure than the sight, say a quarter of a mile before him, of those well-known willows that indicate to him the line of beauty of the brook he is shortly to have the enjoyment of encountering—provided always that he knows his horse to be, what is justly called, '*good at water*.' On the other hand, it would be quite impossible to describe into how very small a compass the same man's heart would gradually collapse, as it approached the very same brook, on what is just as truly termed '*a brute at water*.' In any other description of fence the rider, if he has not ruined his horse's courage by vacillation of hand or heart, may confidently rely that he will accomplish it for him if he can, and if it cannot be accomplished, that he will try to jump through or over it, or, generally speaking, a good deal more than humanity dares to ride at.

If the bull-finch be too strong, the hunter may stick in it, or forcing through it into the ditch on the other side, may leave his owner hanging like a bird's-nest in its branches. An ox-fence—composed of two ditches, a bank, a pair of hedges, and a stiff, low, oak rail—may altogether prove too broad to be cleared. Timber also may be too high to be topped; yet, in all these cases, if the rider be but willing, the noble horse is always ready, ay, eager, to do his very best, and many a broken back and prostrate carcase, divested of its saddle and bridle, has been the melancholy result; and yet, with all this superabundance of high courage, almost every horse instinctively dislikes to jump water, an element which (until by a good rider it has been unbewitched) he appears to conceive to be forbidden to him to cross. For this reason, before a sportsman can ride with confidence at a brook, he requires not only a stout horse, but to know what sort of a heart lived beneath the waistcoat of the man by whom the animal was last hunted, for however badly bred he may be, he may have been made bold at water; while, on the other hand, however high-bred and handsome he may appear, however splendidly and cleverly he may throughout the run have been crossing single and double fences of every variety, yet, by an irresolute pair of hands, he may have been spoiled at water. Accordingly, when a gallant fox, followed after a short interval by a pack of hounds and a large scattered body of men and horses, passing like the shadows of summer clouds over the beautiful green sward of Northamptonshire, glide rapidly towards a brook, there occasionally appears among several of them a sudden transmigration of hearts and bodies, which to a foreigner, who did not understand the reason, would appear to be utterly inexplicable.

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Although ten or twelve horses, gallantly taking it in their stride, have proved the jump to be an easy one, two or three of the foremost riders are seen to pull up, apparently afraid. In like manner, as horses and horsemen who had been riding boldly approach, it becomes evident to the meanest capacity, that the peg that holds in their steam is getting—sometimes in the biped, sometimes in the quadruped, and sometimes in both—looser and looser as they advance. The gallop is observed gradually to faint into a canter, which, as they approach the water, gets slower and slower, until *souse! souse! souse!* they one after the other blunder into it.

While a horse here is swimming, and there is struggling, and while a human head with handsome features and black lank hair, looking like that of Don Quixote when drenched with curds and whey, is seen rising in agony from below, two little thick-set, short-thighed men in scarlet, who throughout the run had been shirking many a small fence, cross the brook with terrific courage. That thoroughbred-mare, which has been clearing everything, swerves, while the ugly brute in her wake bucks over what she had refused as if he enjoyed the fun, which he really does. See! at what a tremendous pace this splendid-looking bay horse is galloping towards his doom. Both spurs are in his sides; the slight waving movement of the arms and shoulders of his fearless rider, and the firm grip of his hands, as he draws upon first one side of the bit and then the other, appear altogether to insure success. As soon, however, as the well-known rogue gets sight of the glare of the water, though his head is in such a vice that it is out of his power to swerve, and though his pace is such that it is utterly impossible for him to stop, yet, as if all his four legs were suddenly paralysed by fear, the high-bred sinner, all of a sudden, refuses to lift them, and accordingly, for thirty or forty feet, leaving behind a track like that of a railway, they slide along the wet, rich, loamy turf, until horse, and gallant, glorious Charlie dive together, head-foremost, into the brook! In a few minutes, men in coats of all colours, trotting up one after another, walk their horses cautiously to the edge of the chasm, crane over as if to gaze at the frightened frogs that inhabit it, and after thus losing more or less of time they can never live to recover, canter or gallop in different directions in quest either of a bridge or a ford.

Now, while this serio-comic picture is before the eyes of our readers, that very small portion of them who have never been actors in such a scene will no doubt be not a little astonished to learn that of all fences on the surface of the globe there is no one that is so easy for a horse to jump as water.

If

If the footmarks of a good horse that has galloped over turf be measured, it will be found that in every stride his four feet have covered a space of twenty-two feet. If, in cool blood, he be very gently cantered at a common sheep-hurdle, without any ditch on one side of it or the other, it will be found that he has cleared, or rather has not been able to help clearing, from ten to twelve feet. Almost any horse, particularly a young one, if cantered at a small prickly furze-hedge, would probably with a little skip rather than a jump clear at least fourteen feet, which in water would form a 'brook' that would stop more than half of the large field of riders who in Northamptonshire and Leicestershire follow the Pytchley and Quorn hounds. Indeed, it not unfrequently happens that a ditch of glittering water, not seven feet broad, over which every hound has hopped hardly looking at it, will not only stop a number of horses and riders, but in a few minutes will, to the utter disgust and astonishment of the latter, contain several of them.

To prevent, however, this unnecessary and apparently discreditable botheration, all that is necessary is for the rider to overcome and overrule the instinctive aversion which his horse, and possibly he himself, have to jump water.

If, during a run with hounds, a young horse, that has never seen a brook, going a good pace, without receiving from the hands of his rider any tremulous check, arrives at, say a low hedge, on the other side of which he suddenly sees a wide expanse of water, he is quite sure to clear it; and having thus broken the spell, if he be afterwards only fairly ridden, he will probably require no other instruction. If, however, as but too often is the case, on arriving at water that can be jumped favourably at a particular place, a young horse is obliged to wait for his turn, and during that awful pause sees some hunters refuse, and others splash in and flounder, he naturally combines together theory and practice, and accordingly, when called upon, refuses to do what he has always instinctively considered to be wrong; and as, generally speaking, it is impossible at that moment to force him, the run is lost.

Under this state of the case, the master of the culprit on some fine non-hunting day, armed with spurs and a cut-whip, should conduct him to any ugly-looking little ditch, not above half a dozen feet broad (for it is the quality and not the quantity of the shining element that creates his fear), and then, carefully abstaining to excite his courage, ride him at it very slowly and timidly, on purpose to ensure his refusing it, which, of course, he is quite certain to do. After once again leading him into this trap, a duel, perfectly harmless to the biped, must be fought. It may last

ten minutes, a quarter, half an hour, or possibly two hours; but, sooner or later, the little misunderstanding is certain to end in the rebel all of a sudden doing willingly, and then repeating five or six times, what, after all, was nothing at all for him to do; and from that moment, if he be only fairly 'handled,' he will remember, whenever he sees water, the lesson which taught him that it was made on purpose to be crossed.

To maintain and encourage this doctrine, on coming in sight of a brook, his courage, by very gentle touches of the spur, should be excited, while, by pulling harder and harder at the bridle, his speed inversely should be slightly diminished, until he arrives within about eighty yards, when, gradually relaxing the reins, and yet grasping them so firmly that it is impossible for him to swerve, his pace should *always* be made to freshen as he proceeds, until on arriving at the brink it has attained its maximum. In short, in riding at a brook, a horse should be taught to feel that no choice will be given to him to go in or over, but that over he *must* go, for want of time to jump in.

By this simple management a horse will very soon learn not only to rush at water, but to enjoy the very sight of it; and as his rider can then trust implicitly to his honour, we end as we almost began, by stating that, although there exists no obstruction in a run that creates so many sorrows as water, there is no fence that is so easy for a horse to jump, if he will but try; in fact, on coming to it at the top of his speed, if he will only hop upwards a few feet, his momentum cannot fail to carry him across; whereas, if in approaching it he slackens his speed, nine times out of ten he may safely be booked to be in.

V. In England, a hunting man, in deference to the thermometer and for the love of his clothes, usually avoids forcing his horse to swim. In a warm climate, however, the operation is attended with no danger or inconvenience whatever. In riding gradually into deep water the animal, just before he floats, appears to step rather uneasily, as if on legs of different lengths; but the instant his feet take leave of the ground, or if at once he plunges out of his depth from a bank, as soon as his head comes up he proceeds as free from jolts of any sort as a balloon in the air, grunting and groaning, nevertheless, heavily, at the injustice of having a man's weight superadded to his own, the specific gravity of which but little exceeds that of the element into which he is striving not to sink. Instinctively, however, adjusting himself to the most favourable level, which throws the whole of his body a few inches under water, he makes the best of a bad bargain, and then all the rider has to do is not to destroy the poor animal's equilibrium by pulling even an ounce at his bridle. Indeed, in
crossing

crossing a broad stream, the most effectual way to prevent overbalancing him, and also to save him from grunting, is to slip sideways from his back, and then, half-swimming, to be towed alongside him by a lock of his mane firmly entwined among the fingers of the right hand. By this plan, of course, the water, instead of the horse, sustains the weight of the man.

VI. In a closely-enclosed country, with slow hounds, a cold scent, and a fat huntsman, a good jumping nag is what is mainly required. But to follow fleet hounds across large grass fields, however excellent may be a horse's jumping, however clever at doubles, safe at timber, bold at water; and though to all of these accomplishments be added every qualification of hand, heel, head, and heart, which an experienced rider can possibly possess, 'the tottle of the whole' must inevitably amount to 'disappointment,' unless the animal be able to maintain the requisite pace. And yet in a run it does not at all follow that the leading horse is the fastest, that the hindmost is the slowest, that a heaving flank is an indication of impaired lungs, or a still one of good wind. On the contrary, it is often but too true that the first ought to have been the last, and the last the first; so much depends on the manner in which the different horses have been ridden.

When a man, pursued by a detachment of cavalry, is riding to save his own life, or when, at the risk of his life, he is trying to take away that of a poor little fox, success in either case depends of course on the pace at which he can proceed. Now it is a very common mistake in both the instances we have named to endeavour to attain the desired object by maintaining, like the seconds-hand of a clock, an equable rate, whereas, just as a ship spreads out and unreefs all her canvas when the wind is light, and before a hurricane scuds away under bare poles, so should the pace which a rider exacts from his horse depend on the state or character of the ground he has to traverse; that is to say, he should hold him together and save him through deep-ploughed land,—race him across light, dry turf,—grasping the mane, go slowly up the last half of any ordinary hill,—spin him very fast indeed down every declivity,—and in jumping fences endeavour, by tranquillizing rather than exciting, to induce him to take as little out of himself at each, as is possible.

With considerate treatment of this sort, a warrior or a sportsman may go from a given point to another in a given time without distressing his horse, while the hot-faced man who, in attempting to follow him, has been straining through heavy ground, rushing up steep acclivities, restraining in going down hills, and galloping at every fence, large or small, has not only blown his

his poor horse, but as he sits astride his panting body and bleeding sides, fancies he has done so *by going fast*; and accordingly, when he sees afar off the fellow who, on an inferior animal, has outstripped him, he contemptuously wonders to himself how such a tortoise could possibly have beaten such a hare!

VII. In horsemanship there is no subject so worthy of consideration, most especially by any one wearing the name of a gentleman, as the use and the abuse of spurs. In riding horses that since their birth have been roaming in a state of nature, that have never tasted corn, and that have never been excited by men to race against each other, it would be impossible to induce them to exhaust in man's service the *whole* of their strength except by punishment; for, as they have never obeyed any other will than their own, so soon as they become tired, they attempt not only to diminish their speed, but to stop altogether, and as their bodies have no value whatever, and as their riders have spurs with rowels an inch long, and no mercy, it might be supposed that, under such circumstances, an uncivilized human being would be very apt to inflict unnecessary punishment on the poor subdued animal beneath him. But it is mercifully ordained that it is the interest as well as the duty of man to husband the powers of the animals that serve him, and accordingly the wild rider, when carefully observed, is found to be infinitely more lenient in the use of his spurs than the comrade who calls himself civilized, simply because the former by his own and his hereditary experience has learned that the spur should be the *last*, and not the *first* resource of any rider who desires to be carried a given distance in the smallest possible amount of time. Accordingly, to attain this object, the animal on starting, without any punishment, is restrained by his bridle, and encouraged, so long as it is possible to do so, in his zeal to advance: when that begins to flag, by working the bit in his mouth he is induced to proceed; when this fails, a very slight touch of one spur becomes necessary, to be increased only as required. When excitation on that side is found to have lost its effect, it is tried very gently on the other; and thus does the wild rider proceed, until he ends the distance by coming in violently spurring with both heels at every step of a gallop, that, from sheer faintness, has dwindled down to a rate of hardly six miles an hour.

Now a civilized traveller almost invariably commits not only the unnecessary cruelty but the error of using his spurs the moment his horse, as he fancies, *requires* them; by which means he for a very short time encourages, and then so completely discourages his poor weak animal that he often fails altogether to get to the end of the distance which his wild comrade, without

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the slightest desire to be merciful, has rapidly and scientifically accomplished.

In the management, however, of horses in England, the conditions of the case are totally different. Tied to mangers, in which they feast on dry oats, beans, and hay, no sooner do they leave their stables than the very sight of creation animates them; every carriage that trots by, and every rider that passes, excites them. When brought into condition, their physical strength, though artificially raised to the maximum, remains far behind their instinctive courage and disposition to go till they die, in almost any service in which they may be employed.

Under these circumstances, the *use* of the spur is to enable man to maintain his supremacy, and, whenever necessary, promptly and efficiently to suppress mutiny in whatever form it may break out. If a restiff horse objects to pass a particular post, he must be forced to do so. If he refuses to jump water, he must, as we have described, be conquered. But in every case of this nature a combination of cool determination, plenty of time, and a little punishment, invariably form a more permanent cure than a prescription composed only of the last ingredient; for as anger, in a horse as in a man, is a short madness, an animal under its influence is not in so good a state to learn and remember the lesson of obedience which man is entitled to impart, as when he has time given to him to observe that the just sentence to which he is sternly required to submit, is tempered with mercy.

But if the *uses* of the spur are few, its abuses are many. On the race-course, the eagerness and impetuosity of thorough-bred horses to contend against each other are so great, that for a considerable time it is difficult to prevent them, especially young ones, from starting before the signal is given. As soon as they are 'off,' it becomes all that the best riders in the world can do merely to guide them: to stop them would be impossible. Occasionally their very limbs 'break down' in their endeavours to win; and yet, while they are exerting their utmost powers and strength,—to the shame of their owners and to the disgrace of the nation, the riders are allowed, as a sort of show off, to end the contest by whipping and spurring, which, nine times out of ten, has the effect of making the noblest quadruped in creation do what is technically called 'SHUT UP,' which means that the ungenerous and ungrateful punishment and degradation that have been unjustly inflicted upon him have cowed his gallant spirit, and have broken an honest heart!

But the ignorance as well as the brutality of unnecessarily spurring a hunter is even worse than that just portrayed.

When

When a young horse that has never seen a hound, is ridden up, for the first time in his life, *not* to a meet, at which the whole pack are to be seen, but merely to the side of a covert, which, hidden from view, they are drawing, it might reasonably be conceived that under such circumstances he could not have an idea of their past, present, or future proceedings—we mean, where they had come from, what they were doing, or what they were going to do. However, no sooner does a hound, from laziness, or possibly from feeling that he had been sufficiently pricked by thorns, briars, and gorse, creep out for a few seconds before him, than—‘Angels and ministers of grace defend us!’—the young horse pricks up his ears, stares intently at him, holds his breath, and, with a heart beating so hard that it may be not only heard but felt by the rider, he breaks out into a perspiration, which, on the appearance of a few more hounds, turns into foam as white as soap-suds. On an old hound—by a single deep tone, instantaneously certified by the sharp, shrill, resolute voice of the huntsman—announcing to creation that the one little animal which so many bigger ones have been so good as to visit, is ‘at home,’ the young horse paws the ground; if restrained, evinces a slight disposition to rear; until, by the time the whole pack—encouraged by the cheery cry, ‘*Have at him!*’—in full chorus have struck up their band of music, he appears to have become almost ungovernable, and is evidently outrageously anxious to do—he knows not what; and accordingly, when a sudden shriek, scream, or, as the Irish term it, ‘screetch,’ rather than a holla, from the opposite side of the covert, briefly announces, as by a telegram, the joyous little word ‘AWAY!’ suiting his action to it, ‘away’ the young horse often bolts with his rider, just as likely ‘away’ from the hounds as with them. If he follows them, infuriated by ardour, which neither he nor his rider have power to control, he looks at nothing, thinks of nothing, until at full speed coming to say a stiff fence he disdains to rise at, a lesson is offered to him, which, however, he is a great deal too much excited to learn by heart; and so, before his rider has had time enough to uncoil himself from his roll, the ‘young’un,’ without a thought or disposition to wait for the old gentleman, leaves him on the ground to think about the hounds; while with dangling stirrups, reins hanging loose on his neck, and outstretched neck and tail, he is once again ‘up and at ’em!’

Although, however, a horse, when his blood is hot, does not appear to notice a fall, he thinks a good deal about it in the stable; and, accordingly, the next time he comes out, instead of being infuriated, he only evinces a superabundance of eagerness and excitement to follow the hounds, which his rider can gradually
and

and often rapidly succeed in allaying, until the animal may be honestly warranted as 'steady with hounds,' which means that, although he will follow them over anything till he drops, he has lived to learn that to enable him to do so he had better not unnecessarily maim his legs or tumble himself head over heels. With this mixture of high courage and discretion he does his best; and, as affecting evidence of this truth, although, after having been ten or twelve hours out of his stable, with apparent cheerfulness, he brings his rider home, yet it is the latter only that then proves to be 'as hungry as a hunter,' while the exhausted stomach of the '*vrai Amphitryon*'—the real hunter, remains for many hours, and sometimes days, without the smallest appetite for corn or beans.

If this plain statement be correct, leaving humanity entirely out of the question, how ignorant and contemptible is that man who is seen during a run not only to be spurring his horse with both heels whenever he comes to deep ploughed ground or to the bottom of a steep hill, but who, just as if he were singing to himself a little song, or whistling to himself a favourite tune, throughout the run, continues, as a sort of idle amusement, to dangle more or less severely the rowel of one spur into the side of a singed hunter, who all the time is a great deal more anxious to live with the hounds than he is! But, as dishonesty is always the worst policy, so does this discreditable conduct produce results opposite to those expected to be attained; for instead of spurring a poor horse throughout a run hastening his speed, it has very often put a fatal end to it.

In riding to hounds it occasionally happens that a resolute, experienced hunter, knowing what he can break through, what he must clear, and who has learned to be cunning enough never to jump farther than is necessary, approaches a fence on the other side of which a horse and rider have been just observed to disappear in a brook that has received them. Now, if throughout the run the rider has never once touched his faithful horse with spurs, and if on reaching this fence both rowels suddenly are made to prick him, in an instant he understands the friendly hint, and accordingly, by exerting much greater powers than he had intended, he saves himself and his benefactor from a bad fall. In a few cases of this nature the use of spurs to a sportsman is not only excusable, but invaluable. On no account, however, should they ever be used to propel a hunter to the end of a run, but, on the contrary, whenever the noble animal tells his rider honestly that he is distressed, he should gratefully be patted on the neck, pulled up, and walked carefully to the nearest habitation, where he can rest and obtain a few gulps of warm gruel.

Humanity

Humanity will not disapprove of this course; but we also recommend young sportsmen to adopt it, to maintain their pleasures and to save their own purses. To ride a distressed horse at a strong fence, is very likely to break a collar-bone, that will require a surgeon and half the hunting season to mend. To ride him to death, entails extortion from the breeches-pocket of a sum of money—usually of three figures—to replace him.

VIII. Among hunting men there is nothing so unpopular as what is called by the rest of the world a most beautiful, clear, bright day. The gaudy thing is disagreeable to eyes because it is dangerous to the bodies to which they respectively belong; for when every twig glitters in the sunshine, and every drop of dew that hangs upon them looks like a diamond, the fences so dazzle the eyes of riders, and especially of horses, that a number of extra falls are very commonly the result. Soft ground, dull weather, an easterly wind, and a cloudy sky, form the compound that is most approved of. On such a day, and under such circumstances, we beg leave to invite our readers to sit with us patiently for a very few minutes in a balloon, as, like a hawk hovering above a partridge, it hangs over the quiet little village of Arthingworth, in Northamptonshire. Those hounds, headed by that whipper-in riding so lightly and neatly on his horse, and surrounding their huntsman Charles Payne, jogging along, seated in his saddle as if he had grown there, are on that portion of the Queen's highway which connects Northampton with Market Harborough. They are the Pytchley hounds, the hereditary property, not of the present master, but of the hunt. They are on their way from their kennel at Brixworth to a park at Arthingworth to draw 'Waterloo Gorse,' which means that every man who intends to come (and their name is legion) will send there, not his best-looking, but, what is infinitely better, that which he knows to be 'his best horse,' simply because the covert of Waterloo not only usually holds a good fox, but because it is encircled by very large grass-fields, enlivened in every direction by the severest fences in Northamptonshire. See how quietly along every high-road, bye-road, and footpath, horses and riders, of various sizes and sorts, walking, jogging, or gently trotting, are converging towards a central point! Schoolboys are coming to see the start on ponies; farmers on clever nags; others on young horses of great price; neatly-dressed grooms, some heavy and some light, are riding, or riding and leading, horses magnificent in shape and breeding, in the most beautiful condition, all as clean and well-appointed as if they had been prepared to do miserable penance in Rotten Row. And are all these noble and ignoble animals beneath us going to

the hunt? Yes, and many more that we cannot see. Look at those straight streams of white steam that through green fields are concentrating from north, south, east, and west upon Market Harborough, from Leicester, from Northampton, from Stamford, and from Rugby—denoting trains that, at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, are hurrying boxes all containing hunters for the meet.

On the huntsman and hounds slowly entering and taking up their positions in the small park at Arthingworth, excepting two or three farmers, no one is there to receive or notice them. However, in a few minutes, through large gates and through smaller ones, grooms on and with their horses walk steadily in; while Charles Payne, occasionally chucking from his coat-pocket a few crumbs of bread to his hounds, most of whom are looking upwards at him, leaning over his horse, is holding confidential conversation with a keeper. '*It's too bad!*' whispers an old farmer, who had just been entrusted with the secret that another fox had last night been shot by poachers; and, *what's more, it's been a-going on IN MANY WAYS a long time.*' '*Yes!*' replies Charles Payne, looking as calmly and philosophically as Hamlet when he was moralising over Yorick's skull; '*you may rely upon it that, what with greyhounds,—and poachers,—and traps,—and poison,—there are very few foxes now-a-days that die a natural death*'—meaning that they were not eaten up alive by the Pytchley hounds.

But during all this precious time where are all the scarlet coats? Oh! here they come, trotting, riding, and galloping to the meet from every point of the compass, and apparently from every region of the habitable globe, some of the young ones—diverging as usual from their path of rectitude—to lark over a fence or two. Along the turnpike and country roads, drags with four horses, light dog-carts with two, post-chaises, and gigs, each laden with men muffled up in heavy clothing, showing no pink, save a little bit peeping out at the collar, are all hurrying onwards to the same goal; and as these living bundles, with cigars in their mouths, are rapidly landing in the park, it will be advisable that we also should descend there to observe them.

By about a quarter before eleven the grass in front of the hospitable hunting-box of one of the late masters of the Pytchley—who, take him all in all, is one of the very best riders in the hunt—becomes as crowded as a fair with sportsmen of all classes, from the highest rank in the peerage down to—not exactly those who rent a 6*l.* house,—but who can afford money and time enough to '*hoont*,' as they call it. While two or three well-appointed servants in livery are very quietly, from a large barrel, handing
glasses

glasses of bright-looking ale to any farmer or groom who, after his long ride, may happen to feel a little thirsty, and while others from white wicker-baskets are distributing bits of bread and lumps of cheese to any man who may feel that beneath his waistcoat there is house-room to receive it, the honourable and gallant proprietor of the brown barrel and white baskets, lounging in his red coat, &c., on his exalted lawn, with sundry small scratches (from bull-finches) on his face, with something now and then smoking a little from his mouth, and with that placid and easy manner which in every situation of life distinguishes him, says to any friend in pink that happens to pass him, '*Won't ye go in for a moment?*' But, without invitation, most of the aristocrats, leaving their horses with their grooms, to ascend a flight of steps which raises them to the lawn, walk slowly and majestically across it, adjusting their hair, 'just to make their bow.' When that compliment has been paid, they pause for a second or two in the hall, and then recross the lawn, indolently munching, and with perfumed handkerchiefs carefully wiping lips or mustachios (as the case may be), which, if they were very closely approached, might possibly smell *partly* of cherries, to proceed to their respective grooms, and mount their horses.

'*Move-on, -Sir?*' says Charles Payne, in his sharp, quick tone, touching his cap to the master, who slightly nods to him. '*Now-then, -gentlemen!*' he adds, '*ware HOUNDS, if you please!*' and accordingly, surrounded by them, onwards he, his two whips, and about two hundred horsemen, proceed at a walk to cross for nearly half a mile magnificent fields of grass of from eighty to a hundred acres. As the Pytchley and Quorn men are, for the reasons we have explained, each mounted on the very best of their stud, it need hardly be stated that the lot of horses before us are an accumulation of the finest specimens in the world; and yet with the highest breeding, courage, and condition, with magnificent figures, and with bone and substance sufficient to carry, through deep ground, from twelve to eighteen stone, there is a calm, unassuming demeanour in their walk, which it seems almost impossible sufficiently to admire. In like manner, among the riders, nobody appears to have the smallest disposition to talk about what he is going to do, or apparently even to think of where he is proceeding. A man from Warwickshire will perhaps describe the run he had there on Thursday; while another will fashionably say to a Leicestershire friend—'*Did you do anything on Friday?*'—but most of the field are conversing as they ride along, not at all about foxes, but about Lords Palmerston, Derby, Italy, the Pope, &c.

On arriving close to Waterloo Gorse, Charles Payne pulls up
2 H 2 to

to remain stationary for a couple of minutes, surrounded by his hounds, who, instead of gazing at his face, are all looking most eagerly at the covert, until the two whips, getting round it, have each taken up a position on the other side. 'NOW-THEN-little-bitches!' says Charles, as with a twitch corresponding with his voice, he waves forwards his right hand, in which is grasped the silver horn presented to him by the farmers. Without taking the smallest offence at the appellation (which after all is a just one, for, as they are the fastest of his two packs, Charles does not object to bringing them to 'Waterloo'), in they dash; and in a second Charles and his horse are over the low flight of rails, to gallop along a briary path which conducts them to a small open space in the centre of the covert. The greater portion of the field, in coats of many colours, congregate on its right.

But 'quanto sono insensibili questi Inglesi!' Instead of evincing the smallest degree of anxiety, the conversations we have described are renewed; and though certainly nobody seems to care the hundred-thousandth part of a farthing about what his lips are saying, and though the countenance of every man appears to acknowledge that, on the whole, he is well enough satisfied with this world, yet men and horses remain perfectly cool, and occasionally cold, until it might be fancied by any old soldier standing a mile off that a shell had suddenly burst in the middle of them. 'PRAY, don't holla!' exclaims an old sportsman in a loud whisper. 'BY JOVE, HE'S AWAY!' screams a very young one in pink, pointing to a shepherd who, grasping a struggling dog with one hand, is holding up his hat with the other. Half a dozen loud, slow, decisive, monotonous blasts from Charles Payne's horn are instantly heard, while his hounds, tumbling over each other, jump almost together over a small hedge and ditch out of the covert, with their beautiful heads all pointing towards Leicestershire. As they and reynard take the opposite side of the large grass field in which the riders had assembled, the start of the latter is very nearly as sudden as that of the former. Packed together almost as closely as the wild young creatures that on Epsom course run for the Derby, the best men and the best horses belonging to the Pytchley, Quorn, Cottesmore, and Warwickshire hounds start together over turf down a gentle declivity, at the bottom of which runs an insignificant stream. Steady horsemanship in every rider is necessary to prevent treading on those immediately before, or jostling those on each side. Many a horse, by shaking his head, clearly enough shows how unwelcome to him is the restraint. From this conglomeration nearly a dozen men extricate themselves by the superior speed and management

management of their horses. Before them * is a well-known broad and strong fence, which, without competing against each other, they most gallantly charge, '*magnâ comitante catervâ*,' followed by the great ruck. One,—two,—three,—four,—five,—and six men and horses take it almost together in their stride, and, to the astonishment of the remainder, all disappear! Every horse had well cleared the broad ditch on the other side, but all nearly simultaneously had landed in an artificial bog beyond it, made for draining purposes only a few days before, and in which the six men and the six horses, each perfectly unhurt, now lie as prostrate and as 'comfortable' as if they had, to use the old nurse's expression, 'just been put to bed.' The field of riders, unable to comprehend what has happened, and moreover unable as well as unwilling to stop their horses, as it were by word of command, all gracefully swerve together in a curve to the right to take two stiff fences instead of one. About half a dozen, on perfect timber-jumpers, cross a ditch overhung by a stout ash rail, firmly fixed between two trees; the remainder break their way through a bull-finch, and then, throwing their right shoulders forward, at a very honest pace, all make every proper effort to catch Charles Payne and a few others who with him had followed the line of the hounds.

We should certainly tire and jolt our readers very grievously were we to presume to hustle them through the well-known and splendid run that ensued. Not only, however, do our limits forbid us to do so, but as we shall shortly have to quote hunting-anecdotes from a very superior pen, we willingly pull up to make, in cool blood instead of in hot, a very few remarks.

IX. A description of a fox-hunt is not very agreeable either to read or to write—firstly, because it records a series of events of no very great importance when they are over; and secondly, because the picture generally bears the appearance of exaggeration; the reason being, that it is composed of two parts, one of which it is almost impossible accurately to delineate. The danger or difficulty which a man and horse incur in taking any particular leap depends on the one hand upon the size of the fence, and on the other upon the combined amount of weight, strength, and activity which the horse can bring up to it. In trade, if a given weight, whether small or great, be put into one scale it can be at once overbalanced by putting a still greater weight into the other scale. But while the dimensions of a fence can accurately be measured, it would be not only very difficult to determine the physical powers of a hunter, but, even if the statement could be made, ninety-nine people out of every

* This actually occurred.

hundred would most certainly disbelieve it; for, as the old proverb says, 'seeing is believing;' so when a man has ridden a horse across his farm for many years, he is fully persuaded that,—to use another common expression,—'he knows what he is made of.' But the truth is, he only knows what he has done, and what he can do under the maximum of excitement he hitherto has ever experienced; what he does *not* know, and indeed what without trial he can have no idea of, is the enormous amount of latent physical power in his horse which even the sight of hounds will develop.

For instance, in riding a hack along the road, the confidence or, as it may be termed, the courage of the rider depends not on himself, but on the strength and action of the animal he is bestriding. If the nag picks up his feet quickly, and pops them down firmly—if he goes stout in his canter and strong in his gallop, his owner rides *boldly*. If, however, the very same hero crosses a poor, weak, weedy animal, with strait action, tripping in all his paces, and with his toes sending almost every loose stone rolling on before him, he declares the instant he dismounts that he has been *frightened*; which, in truth, only means that, on trial, he has satisfactorily and unsatisfactorily ascertained the physical powers of the first horse to be amply sufficient, and those of the last totally insufficient to perform the given amount of work he requires. Now it is really no exaggeration to say, that the excitement to a horse caused by the presence of hounds creates in his physical powers as wide a difference as exists between those of the two nags just described. The old, jaded, worn-out, 'groggy' hunter, who came hobbling out of his stable, and who has been fumbling and blundering under his groom along the road, no sooner reaches the covert-side than, like a lion 'shaking the dew-drops from his shaggy mane,' he in a moment casts away the ills which flesh is heir to—in short, his prostrate powers suddenly revive; and accordingly it is on record, that in one of the severest runs with staghounds ever known in Essex, the leading horse was aged, twenty-two. Again, on the road, when a horse has travelled thirty or forty miles, he usually becomes more or less tired; whereas, during the ten or twelve hours that a hunter is out of his stable, he will, with the utmost cheerfulness, besides trotting more than that distance on the road, follow the hounds for many hours across a heavy country and large fences; and as it is well known that, in harness, a horse is less fatigued by trotting before a carriage on a hard macadamized road for forty miles than in dragging it through an earth road for ten, it would appear almost fabulous to state how many miles on the road, or especially on dry turf, could be performed
by

by the amount of excitement, activity, and strength expended by a hunter during a long and severe day's work.

For the foregoing reasons, if a man during summer rides his hunters, he will see a variety of fences which, as he quietly ruminates, he will pronounce to himself to be impracticable, simply because he can both see and feel that they are greater than the powers he is bestriding; and yet, when the trees are leafless and the hounds running, if he happens on the same horse to come to these very fences, he crosses them without the smallest thought or difficulty—not because *he* is excited (for the cooler he rides the better he will go), but because, while the height and breadth of each fence have not since he last saw them increased, the physical powers of his horse, developed by hunting, have been, to say the least, doubled. The scales which in summer had turned against him now preponderate in his favour; and accordingly Prudence, who but a few months before, with uplifted hand, had sternly warned him to '*beware!*' with smiling face and joyous aspect now beckons to him to '*Come on!*'

The feats which the mere skin and bones of a horse can perform during hunting are surprising. The comparatively small shin-bone of his hind legs will, without receiving the smallest blemish, smash any ordinary description of dry oak or elm-rail, and occasionally shiver the top of a five-barred gate, and yet, strange to say, though the frail bone so often fractures the timber, the timber is never able to fracture the frail bone, which, generally speaking, receives not the smallest injury from the conflict. Again, when even a singed horse at great speed has forced his way through a high, strong, spiteful-looking thorn-hedge, frightening almost into hysterics the poor little '*bullfinch*' that is sitting there, he almost invariably passes through the ordeal with his skin perfectly uncut, and often not even scratched!—nay, a horse going at great speed may be thrown head over heels by a wire-fence without receiving from it the smallest blemish!

The trifling facts we have just stated will, we believe, not only explain the courage and physical powers of a hunter, but the difficulty of describing to non-hunting readers, without an appearance of exaggeration, the feats which, during a run, he can without danger or difficulty perform; for, instead of boasting about a large fence, it is an indisputable fact that it is infinitely safer for the horse, and consequently for his rider, than a little one, at which almost all their worst accidents occur; indeed when a liberal landlord, for the benefit of his tenants, cuts through their fields a series of narrow deep drains, to be loosely filled up with earth, it is good-humouredly said by hunting men, that he is '*collar-boning*' them!

X. And

X. And now it is an extraordinary truth that the excitement which the horse feels in simply witnessing the chase of one set of animals after another, seems to pervade every living creature on the surface of the globe. In savage life, the whole object, occupation, and enjoyment of man, whenever he is not engaged in war, consists in catching and killing almost any of the creatures that inhabit the wilderness through which he roams. In a drop of putrid water a microscope informs us that animalcules of all shapes and sizes, with the same malice prepense, are hunting and slaying each other. The 600 boys at Eton, if collected together, would resolve readily among themselves to receive with decorum, and no doubt with youthful dignity, any great personages about to honour them with a visit; and yet, while the grand procession was approaching them, or even just after it had arrived, if a rat were to run about among them, all their good intentions in one moment would be destroyed.

During the grand reviews in France of the Allied armies under the command of Wellington, although the British troops had behaved steadily enough at Waterloo, it was found that the presence and authority of 'the Iron Duke' were utterly unable to keep them immovable as soon as the hares began to jump up among them. Nay, at Inkerman, while the battle was raging, several men of the Guards were observed by their officers suddenly to cease firing at the Russians, who were close to them, in order to 'prog' with their bayonets a poor little scared hare that was running among their feet!

In like manner, although the Anglo-Saxon race are proverbially phlegmatic (a word described by Johnson to mean 'dull; cold; frigid'), yet no sooner do they hear, in the language of Shakspeare,

'The musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction,'

than the windows of manufactories are crowded with pale eager faces, the lanes, paths, and fields become dotted with the feet and ankles of people of various classes and ages, whose eyes are all straining to get a glimpse of the run. If Dolly be among them, her cow, wherever she may be, is quite as curious as herself.

As the fox, who has distanced his pursuers, lightly canters along the hedge-side of a large field, the sheep instantly not only congregate to stare at him, but for a considerable time remain spell-bound, gazing in the direction of his course. Herds of bullocks with noses almost touching the ground, and with long straight tails slanting upwards, jump sometimes into the air, and sometimes
sideways

sideways with joy. As soon as the hounds appear, the timid sheep instantly follow them, and accordingly, almost before the leading rider can make for and get through perhaps the only gap in an impracticable fence, eighty or a hundred of these 'muttons,' with fat, throbbing, jolting sides, rush to and block up the little passage, in and around which they stand, forming a dense mass of panting wool, on which no blow from a hunting-whip or from a hedge-stake produces the slightest effect; and thus the whole field of gentlemen sportsmen, to their utter disgust, are completely stopped. '*I had no idea,*' lisps a very young hard-riding dandy, in as feminine and drawling a voice as he can concoct, '*I really hadn't the SLIGHTEST idea, before, that sheep were such — fools!*' But their offspring are, in their generation, no wiser. A poor little lamb, almost just born, the instant it sees the hounds, will not only leave its mother to follow them, but, under the legs of a crowd of horses—that if they can possibly avoid it will never tread upon it—canters along, until, its weak knees and lungs failing, it reels, and is left, lying on its side, apparently dead.

Over the closed eyes, panting flank, and exhausted frame of this tiny, innocent, and yet seduced orphan, who had never known its father, and has just lost its mother, we will venture to offer to our readers a very few remarks on the strange dissolving view that has just vanished, or rather galloped, from their sight.

'It's just,' said Andrew Fairservice to Frank Osbaldistone, 'amaist as silly as our auld daft laird here and his gomerils o' sons, wi' his huntsmen and his hounds, and his hunting cattle and horns, riding hail days after a bit beast that winna weigh sax puns when they hae caught it.'

To the foregoing observation it might also have been added, that in the extraordinary exertions we have described the pleasures enjoyed by the 'bit beast' in being hunted, when compared with those of the two or three hundred animals, human, equine, and canine, that are hunting him, are as disproportionate as is his weight when compared to the sum total of theirs.

'No!' said the haughty Countess of — to an aged huntsman, who, cap in hand, had humbly invited her ladyship to do him the honour to come and see his hounds, '*No! I dislike everything belonging to hunting—it is so cruel.*'

'CRUEL!!' replied the old man, with apparent astonishment, '*why, my lady, it can't possibly be CRUEL, for,*' logically holding up three fingers in succession,

'*We all knows that the GENTLEMEN like it,*

'*And we all knows that the HOSSES like it,*

'*And*

'And we all knows that the HOUNDS like it,

'And,' after a long pause, 'none on us, you know, my Lady, can know for certain, that the FOXES don't like it.'

It may strongly be suspected, however, that they do not enjoy being hunted to death, and consequently that the operation, whenever and wherever it is performed, is, to a certain degree, an act of cruelty; which it is only hypocritical to vindicate by pretending to argue that Puggy has been sentenced to death to expiate his sins; for if, instead of robbing a hen roost, he had come in all weathers secretly to sit on its nests to help and hatch the chickens, '*The Times*' newspaper would have advertised 'hunting appointments' which would have been as numerous attended, the hounds would have thrown off with the same punctuality, and men and horses would have ridden just as eagerly and as gallantly to be in at the death of the saint as of a sinner, whose destruction all barn-door fowls, geese, turkeys, pheasants, and rabbits in his neighbourhood would certainly not be disposed to regret.

As regards, however, the hunted animal, as well as the creatures that hunt him, we will observe that the sufferings of a fox that is eaten up by hounds are probably not much greater and possibly a little less than those of the poor worm that on our hook catches the fish, of the fish that catches the worm, of the live eels that we skin, or of the sheep and bullocks that are every day in thousands driven footsore to our slaughter-houses.

If our Arthingworth fox had taken in '*The Times*,' the Waterloo covert, after all the preparations we have described, would most certainly have been drawn 'blank.' But while undertakers in scarlet, in black, and in brown coats, were expending many thousand pounds in preparations for his funeral, he, totally unconscious of them, was creeping within it, in the rude health and perfect happiness he had enjoyed in Leicestershire, his native county.

All of a sudden he hears disagreeable sounds, and encounters unpleasant smells, that sentence him without delay 'to return to the place from whence he came.' With elastic limbs, and a stout heart to propel them, 'away' he starts. Everything he does evinces extraordinary resolution, determination, and courage. While the high-bred hounds that are following him over-top every hedge, he dashes through their boughs, thorns, and briars, as straight as an arrow from a bow. When, on reaching the 'earth' he has been making for, he finds that it is stopped, instead of weakly dwelling there, '*away*' he again starts for some other cunning hiding-place. As he proceeds, his wind, but not his courage, fails him, until, on the pack approaching him,
though

though any one of them would have yelped piteously had but one of his toes been caught in a trap, yet, so soon as the leading hound comes up, he pitches into him, and when the infuriated pack rush in upon him, he invariably dies in the midst of them, without the utterance of the smallest moan, sigh, or sound. In fact, within the breasts of all who have pursued him there does not exist a braver heart than that over which the huntsman, cracking his whip to keep the hounds at bay from it, is triumphantly crying 'WHOO-OOP!'

But the plot of our drama thickens. For on the green carpet of our little theatre, on which so many actors have been performing, there now lie tragically before us, as it were side by side, the body of a swooned lamb, and the carcase of a dead fox. Let us therefore for a moment place each into one of the scales of Justice, to weigh the relative specific gravities of these two tiny emblems—the one of innocence, the other of guilt—as regards their utility to man.

XI. When a lamb has been nursed, reared, fattened, and killed, its quarters afford say four good dinners, or possibly one dish only at four great dinners, and as soon as, either above stairs or below, his bones have been cleanly picked, the history of his usefulness is at an end. But the benefits which a fox confers upon his country would, though stewed down for hours, require very many more dishes to contain them.

If an individual migrates in search of happiness, he not only may travel many a weary mile without attaining it, but sooner or later, foot-sore, leg-wearied, and dejected, he will be sure to discover that a very small proportion of the trouble, time, and money he has expended would have procured for him at home contentment or peace of mind, the greatest of all earthly blessings. For truly may it be said, that there exists nothing in a garden or in a field more easy to cultivate than domestic happiness, composed, as we all know, of innumerable small fibres, which, by the laws of Nature, taking root in every direction, attach a man, like Gulliver in the island of Lilliput, to the ground on which he has happened to take rest.

A cynic may sneer at the rich man who, with his own hands, and with bent back, sows flowers to deck his path, and who plants trees to grace shrubberies to harbour the birds that are to sing to him. He may despise him for delving and digging, for carpentering, lathe-turning, and for other labour which a paid workman could infinitely better perform. But if this labour sweetens the cup of human existence, by giving that health to the body, which invigorates the mind for its studies—

studies—in short, if this mixture of physical and mental exertion results in producing contentment, the labourer, however high his rank, without deigning to revile the philosopher, may justly return thanks to that Almighty Power which, by such simple means, has enabled him, by dulcifying his ‘domum,’ to produce for himself domestic happiness.

As, however, what is good for the parts must also be beneficial for the whole, it must be evident that, in spite of the sneers of the cynic, it is equally wise for a people to foster and encourage among themselves any description of healthy recreation or amusement that may have the effect of creating among the community not only a friendly acquaintance with each other, but an indissoluble attachment to ‘the land they live in.’ Indeed, if this salutary precaution were to be neglected, lamentable consequences must ensue; for, like two merchants dealing in the same article, so do Virtue and Vice strenuously compete against one another, by each, at the same moment, offering to mankind, pleasures for sale.

The great cities of the continent, especially Paris, in this respect possess powerful attractions, which, unless they were to be neutralised or rather resisted by national attachments of still greater power, would inevitably drain from the United Kingdom, especially from the country, a large proportion of those wealthy classes whose presence, expenditure, and charity have proved so beneficial to their respective neighbourhoods. In like manner, as Nature abhors a vacuum, so, if the affluent among the middle and lower classes, with a little money and leisure on hand, were to find themselves without some wholesome recreation, it is proverbial that a certain sable personage, who delights in idleness, would very soon, in his own service and in his own peculiar way, ‘set them to work.’

But however wise it may be for an individual within his own precincts to create recreation to suit his particular palate, it is not so very easy to concoct any amusement that shall be pleasing to the taste of many ranks of the community as well as be generally beneficial to the whole.

A public racket-court or fives-court can only contain a very small party.

The far-famed national game of cricket (the stock in trade of which consists of a ball, some bats, half-a-dozen stumps, and eleven players) is adapted only to that bright, joyous, sunshiny half of the year, which, with its flowers and fruits, hardly requires to be enlivened, leaving the dreary months of winter totally unprovided with amusement.

What, therefore, *pro bono publico*, we require is to invent, if possible,

possible, some description of national recreation which, in all weathers, shall concentrate in groups over the whole superficies of the kingdom, people of all conditions, from the highest ranks down to the lowest, to join together in a healthy, manly, harmless sport, requiring coolness, good temper, science, and resolution: and lastly, which shall manure, or top-dress, the entire surface of the country by broad-casting over it, annually, a large amount of gold, silver, and copper.

Now the invention of hunting produces all these beneficial results. At the appointed meet, classes in ordinary life as distinctly separated from each other as the various castes in India, first assemble together, and then, during a good run, are jostled together in lumps, and by bumps, which, by collision, produce many a spark of generous feeling that, under ordinary circumstances, could not possibly have been elicited.* Unfettered by prescriptive rights or privileges, the head and heart of man rise or sink to that level, whatever it may be, that intrinsically is their due. In short, irrespective of parentage, education, or income, any rider may assume whatever position he can take, and, so long as he leads, no one can prevent his wearing the honours, whatever they may be, of the day.

Hunting is generally accused of being a very dangerous amusement, and yet by medical returns it might easily be demonstrated that it is not so injurious to a man's health or so fatal to his life as going to a succession of balls, or especially of good dinners; in fact, there can be no doubt that a London season blanches, per cent. per annum, more cheeks, and requires more physic and more coffins, than a hunting season.

How little danger, instead of how much, belongs to hunting, is daily proved by, comparatively speaking, the impunity with which inexperienced people join in the chase. If a crowd of 150 or 200 persons of all ages and shapes, none of whom had ever before been in a boat, were all of a sudden, say during Christmas holidays, to dress themselves like tars, and then compete with sailors in every sort of weather, the chances, or rather the certainty, would be, that, without any disparagement to the art of boating, at least half of them would be drowned

* * Not very long ago, during a run in Leicestershire, a well-dressed, good-looking young stranger was seen to pull up, dismount, and run to the assistance of a man lying under a horse that was struggling violently above him. In extricating the prisoner the liberator was repeatedly kicked. However, although his flesh and coat were cut, and a silver flask flattened in his breast-pocket, he resolutely effected his object and then cantered away. 'Who's that?' said a gentleman to a farmer who had gallantly assisted in the extrication. 'I don't know his name,' was the reply, 'but, whoever he is, he stuck to him like a right good 'un!' About a month afterwards it transpired that the 'right good 'un,' who had risked his life to help one he never before saw, and whom probably he will never see again, was Lord C., now Marquis of H., and heir to the dukedom of D.

from sheer ignorance and inexperience. Again, if an eccentric gentleman in London, making his coachman stand up behind his carriage, were to require his footman to drive it, the vehicle, before it could reach the Opera-house, would probably be either smashed or upset; and yet, its fate would not be admitted as proving that it is dangerous to drive. In fact, it is a common proverb, that, in order to be proficient in any trade, it is necessary to be first duly apprenticed to it. But in the hunting-field no education at all is deemed requisite. And, accordingly, so soon as a young man, 'gentle or simple' (though oftener simple than gentle), can get hold of money, he buys a stud of horses and hacks, hires grooms, orders three or four scarlet coats with the appurtenances thereto, goes to Melton, makes his formal appearance at a crack meet, and his informal disappearance into the first brook, or on the other side of the first fence he comes to, and yet, '*Oh! PRAY catch that horse if you please!*' is usually the only result, repeated over and over again without injury to anybody. Now, if people who really have never learned to ride, mounted on young horses who have never learned to hunt, can thus attempt to follow hounds without damaging much more than their clothes, it *ought* to follow that an experienced rider on a clever hunter has, at all events, not more danger to apprehend than other people are liable to, who ride solely on hard roads, on which a horse is very apt to travel carelessly, and always falls heavily. Will Williamson, now upwards of eighty years of age, who has been huntsman to the Duke of Buccleugh for more than fifty years, and whose worst accident was lately caused by being overturned in a dog-cart, still follows his hounds, and, in like manner, in every part of the kingdom are to be found old men who, with very little to complain about, have been hunting from their boyhood, and occasionally from their childhood.

Charles Payne, the huntsman of the Pytchley, was severely injured by being thrown out of a gig; while, a short time ago, his head whip, who had fearlessly crossed almost every fence in Northamptonshire, dislocated his shoulder, by slipping off a little deal table. The gallant master of the Tedworth hounds was severely injured in his conservatory. Lastly, it may truly be asserted, that, in hunting, more accidents occur from over caution in riders, than from a combination of boldness and judgment; indeed, if hunters could but speak, they would often whisper to their riders, '*If you keep taking such affectionate care of MY HEAD, you'll throw me DOWN.*'

The encouragement given to farmers to breed horses of the best description, the high prices paid to them for hay, oats, beans, and straw; the sums of money expended for the purchase

or

or rent of hunting-boxes, lodgings, stables, carriage-houses, &c., added to a variety of other incidental expenses, large and small, amount to a grand total which it would be less easy to underrate than exaggerate.

But besides the sums which hunting-men, by maintaining from eight to fourteen hunters, with grooms and strappers in proportion, distribute in their various localities, in almost every county men of rank and fortune step forward to support, more or less at their own private cost, a huntsman, one or two whips, hounds, and a stable full of horses, for the recreation and amusement of the community.

With this generous object in view, the late Sir Richard Sutton, for many years, spent about 10,000*l.* a-year in maintaining two packs of hounds and a stud of about fifty horses, for which he readily paid enormous prices.*

Before his death, Lord Alford, Lord Hopetoun, Lord Southampton, and, since his decease, Lord Stamford, who keeps seventy horses, have come forward to bestow upon the hunting counties around them the same noble and munificent assistance which, on a smaller scale, is as liberally given in many other localities; and yet, without one minute item, the sum total of the enjoyment, the recreation, the health, the good fellowship, the hard riding, the enormous sums of money distributed over the United Kingdom to maintain that ancient, royal, loyal, noble, and national sport which seriatim we have endeavoured to describe would suddenly be annihilated, were we but to lose that tiny unclean beast, that dishonest little miscreant that everybody abuses—THE FOX.

Ille Jacet.

But the scene suddenly shifts—a small cracked bell in a violent hurry rings—the slight shuffling of a few running-away feet is heard—the green curtain which scarcely half a minute ago had dropped slowly rises—and in the centre of the little stage there now appears, reposing by itself, a white wicker cradle containing a new-born baby, who will rapidly grow before our readers into a character intimately connected with the sayings

* In any portion of the globe, except the United Kingdom, the price of dog-flesh in England would appear utterly incomprehensible. In 1812 Lord Middleton gave 1200 guineas for the pack he purchased. When Mr. Warde gave up the Craven country Mr. Horlock paid him 2000 guineas for his hounds; while Lord Suffield coolly handed over to Mr. Lambton 3000 guineas for his pack without seeing them. To Mr. Conyers the master of the Tedworth hounds offered for 'Bashful' 100 guineas; and for another bitch, called 'Careful,' 400 guineas, or 10,080 francs; a sum which, in any village in France, would be considered for a peasant girl—though neither bashful nor careful—a splendid marriage portion.

and

and doings, the scenes and incidents we are endeavouring to describe.

Thomas Assheton Smith, born in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, London, on the 2nd of August, 1776, was the grandson of Thomas Assheton, Esq., of Ashley Hall, near Bowden, in Cheshire, who assumed the name of Smith on the death of his uncle, Captain William Smith, son of the Right Honourable John Smith, Speaker of the House of Commons in the first two Parliaments of Queen Anne, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the preceding reign.

As Shakspeare, in his immortal history of the Seven Ages of Man, briefly described the first as 'the infant, mewling, &c., in its nurse's arms,' so of the childhood of Tom Smith the only occurrence we are enabled to record is that his mother, one day, found him lying on his nurse's lap, gasping like a tench just landed from a pond.

'What's the matter with the child?' she eagerly inquired.

'Nothin,' replied the calm nurse; 'he's doing nicely.'

As regarded the present tense, this answer was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Had, however, the question been 'What *has been* the matter with him?' with the same grammatical accuracy the reply would have been, 'If you please, Ma'am, he has just thrown up a large pin,' which, unperceived, he had managed to swallow.

On his reaching the second age of man—that is to say, when he was but seven years old—he was sent 'with his satchel and shining morning face' to Eton, where, on his arrival, he found himself the youngest boy in the school.

The busy hive of the United Kingdom, we all know, is divided into cells, in each of which, at this moment, a raw material is being converted by labour into some particular description of manufactured goods. In one cell, a Minister of State is concocting, from crude evidence, a speech, a budget, or a despatch. In another cell, a young woman, with a protuberant cushion on her lap, covered by an intricate pattern, marked by pins with heads of various colours, is as indefatigably labouring for the welfare of her country by twirling, twisting, and twiddling innumerable bobbins of fine thread into Honiton lace. In other cells, workpeople are converting broadcloth into clothes, leather into shoes, horsehair into wigs, medicine into pills, lead into bullets, brass and tin into cannon, iron into rifles, alkali and grease into soap. Within what is called a 'scrap-mill,' by the power of steam, controlled by a single man, broken bolts, bars, nuts, nails, screw-pins, &c., are made to revolve, until by rumb-ling

ling, tumbling, rubbing, scrubbing, bruising, beating, hustling, and jostling each other, all are turned out clean and bright, fit to be welded together for any purpose that may be required.

At Eton, by a similar process, about 600 boys of all sizes and shapes—red-haired, white-haired, black-haired; long-legged, short-legged, bandy-legged; splay-footed, pigeon-toed; proud, humble, noisy, silent, good-humoured, spiteful, brave, timid, pale-faced, sallow-faced, freckled and rosy-cheeked, weak and strong, clever and stupid, pliable and pigheaded—yet all controlled by that unwritten, immutable, imperishable code of *honour* which, like a halo, has always illuminated their playground and their school, are hustled together on water, in water, under water, and out of water, until, when the door of their scrap-mill is opened—although their minds and bodies are as dissimilar as ever—they all turn out polished *gentlemen*, prepared to encounter those hardships, dangers, vicissitudes, difficulties, and, above all, base temptations in life, which high-bred principles are so especially well adapted to resist.

For eleven years Tom Smith remained at this school, where he acquired a taste for classical literature, which characterised him through life. Pope, Shakspeare, and Horace, from which he used to quote long passages, were his favourite authors; he could also, without pressure, spout out the whole of the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard. But what reigned at the back of his head and in the citadel of his heart was an ardent love for athletic exercises of any description, especially for cricket and boating. He was also, throughout his whole life, affectionately attached to fighting; and Etonians, old and young, to this day, record, as one of the severest contests in the history of youthful pugilism, the desperate battle he fought with Jack Musters, a kindred spirit, of whom it has been said that he could do seven things—namely, ride, fence, fight, swim, shoot, play at cricket and at tennis—as well as any man in Europe. His pugilistic propensity, which appeared so early, was conspicuous throughout his life. While hunting in Leicestershire he was prevailed upon to stand for the borough of Nottingham. On proceeding to the poll, he found not only the town placarded with ‘No foxhunting M.P.’, but a guy in a red coat, tailed by a fox’s brush, burning in effigy of him before the hustings. His appearance there elicited tremendous yells and hootings, which apparently no authority could subdue, until, with a stentorian voice, heard above the uproar, Tom Smith exclaimed, ‘Gentlemen! as you refuse to hear my political principles, be so kind as to listen to these few words: *I’ll fight any man among ye, little or big*, and will have a round with him now for love!’ In an instant, as if by magic, yells and groans

were converted into symbols of shame, denouncing the strange stuff, be it good, bad, or indifferent, that Englishmen are made of.

On another occasion, while riding down the Gallowtree Gate, in Leicester, he struck the horse of a coal-heaver, who, in return, cut him sharply across the face. Smith jumped immediately from his horse, and the bigger from his cart, the latter doffing his smock-frock, the former buttoning his coat and turning up his sleeves. The conflict was desperate: and from a fellow weighing fourteen stone, and standing six feet high, he was receiving severe punishment, when, by constables and a crowd of people, the combatants were separated. 'You shall hear from me again!' said Smith to his gallant smutty antagonist. True to his word, the next morning the squire's groom was seen inquiring where the coal-heaver lived. On finding the man, whose face, like his master's, had received some heavy bruises, he said to him, 'Mr. Smith has sent me to give you this sovereign, and to tell you you're the best man that ever stood before him.' 'God bless his honour!' replied the man, 'and thank him a thousand times.'

When Tom Smith was at Eton, fighting had not cropped to the surface of a schoolfellow and friend who in after life, known by the name of WELLINGTON, greatly distinguished himself in this world by seeking and by gaining pitched battles. 'I suppose, Smith,' said the old Duke to him, one day, in London, 'you've done now with *fighting*?' 'Oh, yes,' replied Smith, then in his sixtieth year, 'I've quite given that up; but——' suddenly correcting himself, he added, 'I'll fight yet any man of *my* age.'

At Chapmansford, when upwards of seventy, a rough country fellow, before a large field of sportsmen, threw a stone at one of the hounds of the old squire, who instantly struck him with his hunting whip. 'You daren't do that if you were off your legs!' said the man. The words were hardly out of the cloddy's mouth when (in the seventh age of man) Smith stood before him, with a pair of fists clenched in his face, in so pugilistic an attitude that the fellow took to his heels, and, as the words of his comrades, ran away.

When Tom Smith quitted Eton to become a gentleman, he went to Christ Church, Oxford, where, with great diligence, he studied regularly in Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire. He became a voracious swimmer,—learned to pull a sturdy oar, was a good shot and billiard-player,—and excelled as a horse-fancier on Cowley Marsh and Bullingdon. He was also a member of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and a regular attendant at Lord's during the summer; he

he was also a member of the Royal Yacht Club.* In autumn, winter, and spring, he instinctively 'went to the dogs,' or, as in sporting phraseology it is termed, 'took to hunting,' so eagerly, that in 1800, when only twenty-four years old, he was signalized in song as a 'daring rider in that celebrated run from Billesdon Coplow, in which but four gentlemen, with Jack Raven the Whip, were able to live with the hounds.

In 1806 he succeeded Lord Foley at Quorn, and for ten years hunted Leicestershire with first-rate hounds, for a portion of which he had paid to Mr. Musters 1000 guineas, until, in 1816, he took the place of Mr. Osbaldiston in Lincolnshire, where he hunted the Burton country for eight years. He then, ceasing for two years to be a master of hounds, hunted with the Duke of Rutland and in the neighbouring counties until 1826, when, taking up his residence at Penton Lodge, he created for himself a new country between Andover and Salisbury. In 1830—two years after the death of his father, from whom he inherited a very large fortune—he removed to Tedworth, which he had lately rebuilt with magnificent kennels, and stables in which every hunter had a loose box. In these stables he had often as many as fifty horses, all in first-rate condition. For thirty-two years he hunted the Tedworth country without ever asking for subscriptions of any sort or kind. All he begged of the landowners and of those who hunted with him was to *preserve* foxes to enable him to kill them. At his meets his friend and guest the late Duke of Wellington often attended. In stature he was about 5 feet 10 inches high, athletic, well-proportioned, muscular, but slight. His weight was between ten and eleven stone. With a highly-intelligent but resolute countenance, containing (as was observed of it) 'a dash of the bulldog,' he had plain features. '*That fellow Jack Musters,*' Tom Smith used to say, '*spoilt my beauty.*' For several years, though his name was seldom found in the debates, he represented in Parliament Carnarvonshire and Andover; and in 1832, in consequence of the riots which took place in that year, he raised, at his own expense, a corps of yeomanry cavalry, reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, the troopers of which were chiefly his own tenants or farmers of the neighbourhood. For upwards of fifty seasons he continued to be the master of hounds, until, after having been in his saddle for seventy years, the boy who in 1783 went to Eton when he was

* Mr. Smith's love for science and shipbuilding induced him to build several sailing and steam yachts. He considered himself to be the practical originator of the wave line, and, by the advice of the Duke of Wellington, he submitted to the First Lord of the Admiralty some important hints for improving the construction of gunboats.

seven years old, died at Vaenol on the 9th of September, 1858, aged eighty-two.

At the earnest request of his widow, Sir John E. Eardley-Wilmot (assisted by the editor of the 'Field' newspaper), with considerable spirit and ability, has just compiled a series of graphic incidents and sketches, forming altogether, a memoir—or, as he terms them, 'Reminiscences'—of the life of one whom Napoleon I. addressed as '*le premier chasseur d'Angleterre*,' and who was also called by the Parisians '*le grand chasseur Smit*.' From this volume we shall now submit to our readers a few extracts.

'Lord Foley,' wrote "Nimrod," 'was succeeded in the possession of the Quorn hounds by that most conspicuous sportsman of modern times, Thomas Assheton Smith. As combining the character of a skilful sportsman with that of a desperate horseman, perhaps his parallel is not to be found; and his name will be handed down to posterity as a specimen of enthusiastic zeal in one individual pursuit, very rarely equalled. From the first day of the season to the last he was always the same man, the same desperate fellow over a country, and unquestionably possessing, *on every occasion and at every hour of the day*, the most bulldog nerve ever exhibited in the saddle. His motto was, "I'll be with my hounds;" and all those who have seen him in the field must acknowledge he made no vain boast of his prowess. His falls were countless; and no wonder, for he rode at places which *he knew* no horse could leap over; but his object was to get, one way or the other, into the field with his hounds. As a horseman, however, he has ever been superexcellent. He sits in his saddle as if he were part of his horse, and his seat displays vast power over his frame. In addition to his power his hand is equal to Chifney's, and the advantage he experiences from it may be gleaned from the following expression. Being seen one day hunting his hounds on Radical, always a difficult, but at that time a more than commonly difficult, horse to ride, he was asked by a friend why he did not put a martingale on him, to give him more power over his mouth. "Thank ye," he replied, "but my left hand shall be *my martingale*."

His fame and success in Lincolnshire were as great as at Quorn. The Melton men followed him, knowing they were sure of good sport wherever he went, although scarcely one of them was quite prepared for the formidable drains or dykes in the Burton Hunt. Shortly after their arrival there, they found a fox near the kennels that crossed a dyke called the Tilla. Tom Smith, the only one who rode at it, got in, but over, leaving behind him fourteen of the Meltonians floundering in the water at the same time, which so cooled their ardour that, excepting Sir H. Goodricke, gallant David Baird, and one or two others, they soon returned to Melton.

Mr.

Mr. Delmé Ratcliffe, in his work on the 'Noble Science of Fox-hunting,' describes Tom Smith as follows:—

'I could nowhere find a more fitting model for the rising generation of sportsmen. . . . He was an instance of the very rare union of coolness and consummate skill as a huntsman, combined with the impetuosity of a most desperate rider; and not only was he the most determined of all riders, but equally remarkable as a horseman.

'Now I am not going to give merely my own opinion of Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, as a horseman and rider to hounds, but shall lay before my readers that of all the sporting world, at least all who have seen him in the field; which is, that, taking him from the first day's hunting of the season to the last, place him on the best horse in his stable or on the worst, he is sure to be with his hounds, and *close to them too*. In fact, he has undoubtedly proved himself the best and hardest rider England ever saw, and it would be vain in any man to dispute his title to that character.'

Again, says Mr. Apperley—

'Let us look at him in his saddle. Does he not look like a workman? Observe how lightly he sits! No one could suppose him to be a twelve-stone man. And what a firm hand he has on his horses! How well he puts them at their fences, and what chances he gives them to extricate themselves from any scrape they may have gotten into. He never hurries them then; no man ever saw Tom Smith ride fast at his fences, at least at large ones (brooks excepted), let the pace be what it may; and what a treat it is to see him jump water! His falls, to be sure, have been innumerable; but what very hard-riding man does not get falls? Hundreds of Mr. Smith's falls may be accounted for: he has measured his horses' pluck by his own, and ridden at hundreds of non-feasible places, with the chance of getting over them somehow.'

Again: 'No man,' says Dick Christian, 'that ever came into Leicestershire could beat Mr. Smith, I do not care what any of them say;' while 'The Druid,' in 'Silk and Scarlet,' after giving some very interesting anecdotes of Tom Smith, says of him, 'However hasty in temper and action he might be in the field or on the flags, he was the mightiest hunter that ever "rode across Belvoir's sweet vale" or wore a horn at his saddle-bow.'

'His wonderful influence,' he adds, 'over his hunters was strongly exemplified at another time, but in rather a different manner. He had mounted a friend, who complained of having nothing to ride, on his celebrated horse Cicero. The hounds were running breast-high across the big pasture lands of Leicestershire, and Cicero was carrying his rider like a bird, when a strong flight of rails had almost too ugly an aspect of height, strength, and newness, for the liking of our friend on his "mount." The keen eye of Assheton Smith, as he rode beside him, at once discerned that he had no relish for the timber, and seeing
that

that he was likely to make the horse refuse, he cried out, "*Come up Cicero!*" His well-known voice had at once the desired effect, but Cicero's rider, by whom the performance was not intended, left his "seat" vacant, fortunately without any other result than a roll upon the grass.'

'I have said,' remarks Nimrod, 'that Mr. Smith's make and shape, together with a fine bridle-hand, have assisted him in rising to perfection as a horseman.'

'I once saw,' relates a friend, 'a fine specimen of Mr. Smith's hand and nerve in the going off of a frost, when the *bone* was not quite out of the ground. We were running a fox hard over Salisbury Plain, when all at once his horse came on a treacherous flat, greasy at top, as sportsmen say, but hard and slippery underneath. The horse he rode was a hard puller, and very violent, named Piccadilly; and the least check from the bridle, when the animal began to blunder, would have to a certainty made him slip up. Here the fine riding of the squire shone conspicuously. He left his horse entirely alone, as if he were swimming; and after floundering about and swerving for at least a hundred yards, Piccadilly recovered himself, and went on as if nothing had happened.'

'At the end of a desperate run, he once charged the river Welland, which divides the counties of Leicester, Northampton, and Rutland, and is said to be altogether impracticable. The knack he had of getting across water is to be attributed to his resolute way of riding to hounds, by which his horses knew that it was in vain to refuse whatever he might put them at.'

One day when Smith was drawing for a fox on his famous horse Fire-King, he came to a precipitous bank at the end of a meadow, with a formidable drop into a hard road. '*You can't get out there, sir,*' said a civil farmer. '*I should like very much to see the place where we*' (patting Fire-King) '*cannot go,*' was the reply, as down he rode, to the astonishment of the field.

'In falling,' says Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, 'he always contrived to fall clear of his horse. The bridle-rein, which fell as lightly as breeze of zephyr on his horse's neck, was then held as in a vice. In some instances, with horses whom he knew well, he would ride for a fall, where he knew it was not possible for him to clear a fence. With Jack-o'-Lantern he was often known to venture on this experiment, and he frequently said there was not a field in Leicestershire in which he had not had a fall. "I never see you in the Harborough country," he observed to a gentleman who occasionally hunted with the Quorn. "I don't much like your Harborough country," replied the other, "the fences are so large." "Oh!" observed Mr. Smith, "there is no place you cannot get over with a fall." To a young supporter of his pack, who was constantly falling and *hurting* himself, he said, "All who profess to ride should know *how to fall.*"

Nimrod says:—

'It was a great speech of Mr. Smith's, if ever he saw a horse refuse with his Whips, "*Throw your HEART over, and your horse will follow.*" He never rode fast at his fences. I have heard him say scores of times, "When a man rides at fences a hundred miles an hour, *depend upon it he funks.*"'

Sir William Miles confirms this statement:—

'Mr. Smith,' he remarks, always said, "*Go slow at all fences, except water.* It makes a horse know the use of his legs, and by so riding he can put down a leg wherever it is wanted."

Long Wellesley had a horse which he declared no man could see a run on. 'He only requires a rider,' said the squire. 'Will you ride him, then, at Glen Gorse?' 'Willingly!' replied Smith, who, after several falls, killing his fox, was presented with the animal, which he accordingly named 'Gift.'

The history of the education of Smith's favourite horse, Jack-o'-Lantern, is described as follows:—

'We were riding,' said Tom Edge, 'to covert through a line of bridle-gates, when we came to a new double oaken post and rail fence. "This is just the place to make my colt a good timber jumper," said the squire, "so you shut the gate, and ride away fast." This was no sooner done than the squire rode at the rails, which Jack taking with his breast, gave both himself and his rider such a fall, that their respective heads were looking towards the fence they had ridden at. Up rose both at the same time, as if nothing very particular had happened. "Now," said Tom Smith, "this will be the *making* of the horse; just do as you did before, and ride away." Edge did so, and Jack flew the rails without touching, and from that day was a first-rate timber fencer.'

Only on two occasions, while hunting, did Tom Smith succeed in breaking a bone. Once at Melton, when he consoled himself by learning arithmetic from the pretty damsel at the post-office; and afterwards, when one of his ribs was fractured, owing, as he said, to his having a knife in his breast-pocket:—

'And yet,' says Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, 'notwithstanding the gallant manner in which he always rode, never turning from any fence that intervened between him and his hounds, he never had a horse drop dead under him, or die from the effects of a severe day's riding. It is also a fact well recorded that he was never known to strike a horse unfairly. "How is it," asked a friend, that horses and hounds seem never to provoke you?" "*They are brutes, and know no better, but men do,*" was the reply.'

The most extraordinary hunter in his stable, 'Ayston,' was pigeon-toed, and so bad a hack, that he had to be led to covert; and yet at no time would his master have taken a thousand guineas for him.

After

After the famous Billesden Coplow run, in which Tom Smith maintained so prominent a place, he sold the horse he that day rode, called Furze-cutter, for which he had given 26*l.*, to Lord Clonbrock for 400*l.*

The Rev. Francis Dyson, now rector of Creeklade, after being ordained, in order to obtain a title to orders, was appointed to assist his father, the clergyman at Tedworth:—

‘Mr. Smith,’ says Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, ‘was so pleased with his first sermon, that, on coming out of church, he slapped the young curate on the back, and said, “Well done, Frank! you shall have a mount on Rory O’More next Thursday.” Young Dyson had many a run afterwards out of the squire’s stables, for his performances in the field pleased as much as those in the pulpit.

‘Once, when the hounds were running short with a sinking fox, a person clad in a long black coat, with a very missionary look about him, and evidently thinking scorn of the fun, inquired of the Whip what the *dogs were then doing*. “Why, sir,” said Dick Burton, throwing a keen glance down the inquirer’s person, “they are preaching his funeral sermon.”’

In 1840 Tom Smith proposed to pay a visit to his old friend Sir Richard Sutton, whose hunting had been stopped by a severe accident. On hearing of this movement, Mr. Greene of Rolleston, who had been one of his best pupils in his Leicestershire days, requested him, in his way to Lincolnshire, to bring his hounds once more into his old country, Mr. Hodgson, who then hunted Leicestershire, having handsomely placed the best meet at his disposal. The veteran, for he was then sixty-four, accepted the challenge, bringing with him eighteen couples of his finest hounds, of great substance, open-chested, and in splendid condition.

‘It would be vain,’ writes Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, ‘to endeavour to commemorate the scene which took place when Tom Smith, surrounded by his hounds, met the field at Shankton Holt on Friday, the 20th of March. More than two thousand horsemen, one-third of whom appeared in pink, were assembled. Men of the highest birth and station, men who had served their country with deeds of most daring gallantry by sea and land, men who in political or social life were the most brilliant in repute, thronged to do honour to the first fox-hunter of the day. They had come from remote counties, and more were pouring in along the grassy slopes and vales, or skirting the well-known gorse covers. As Dick Christian remarked, “the first lot were at Shankton Holt when the tail end wern’t out of Rolleston gates.” Cold must have been the heart of him who could behold without joyous emotion the crowds of grey-headed horsemen hurrying forward to shake hands with their old friend and fellow-sportsman, each calling vividly to memory some scene where he had acted the
most

most conspicuous part. More than twenty years had rolled away since he had resigned the lead in that magnificent country. There had been splendid riders since his day; and while time had thinned the ranks of the veterans, younger men had either achieved or were achieving fame—Frank Holyoake, now Sir Francis Goodricke, well known for his splendid feats on Brilliant, Colonel Lowther, Lord Wilton, Lord Archibald Seymour, George Payne, Little Gilmour,* Lord Gardner, George Anson, and a host of sportsmen, well deserving the reputation they had won, yet all strangers to the doings of this hero of the Quorn, except through anecdotes familiar to them as “household words.” In addition to these were a very goodly display of carriages-and-four filled with ladies, and pedestrians without number. The hounds with Dick Burton were drawn up on the lawn, while the vast group of horsemen formed a circle, with the carriages and assembled crowd outside. After the friendly salutations were over, and their enthusiastic character astonished no one but the Illustrious Stranger † present, Mr. Smith took his hounds to Shankton Holt, where he drew only the bottom of the covert; thence to Norton Gorse, Stanton Wood, Glooston Wood, and Fallow Close, all blank. It was an unfavourable day for scent,—a bright sun with north-easterly wind, not a cloud to be seen, and the cold intense. A fox having been found by Mr. Hodgson, in Vowes Covert, as already stated, away went the hounds towards Horringhold, leaving Blaston to the right. Here Mr. Smith took a strong flight of rails into a road, quite like a “young m.” The fox soon afterwards crossed the Welland, and went away for Rockingham Park, where, it being late, they whipped off.’

From 1830 to 1856—that is to say, until Tom Smith had reached the age of eighty—with his indomitable energy and undaunted courage he continued to hunt his hounds at Tedworth, spending his summers at Vaenol on board his yacht. His head was as clear and his hand as firm as they had been twenty years ago. If he felt not quite well in a morning, plunging his head into cold water, he used to hold it there as long as he could, which he said always put him to rights. It is true he had curtailed his meets to four only a week, but on these days the farmers were delighted to see ‘the old Squire’ vault on horseback, as usual, blow his horn while his horse was carrying him over a five-barred gate, and, with a loose rein, gallop down the sheep-fenced hill-sides with all the alacrity of a boy. But although the hourglass of his existence appeared to be still as bright and clear as ever, the sand within the upper portion of the crystal was now running to its end. In September, 1856, while at his summer residence in North Wales, he was suddenly seized with an alarming attack of asthma, which, by the use of stimulants and by the assiduous attention of Mrs. Smith,—at this period herself in a

* Like William of Deloraine, ‘good at need.’

† Prince Ernest, brother to Prince Albert.

very weak state of health,—was so far subdued that on one of his horses saddled appearing at the door—although five minutes before he had been gasping for breath on the sofa—he mounted the animal, and broke away, as if instinctively, to seek for himself a stronger stimulant than his physician could prescribe—the sight once again of his hounds.

‘Although,’ writes Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, very feelingly, ‘he rallied from this attack in an astonishing manner, he was no longer the same man. The erect gait was bent, and the eagle eye had lost its lustre.’

The able writer of ‘*Silk and Scarlet*’ gives the following graphic and affecting description of Tom Smith the last time he appeared at the meet with his hounds:—

‘The covert side knew him no more after October, 1857, when he just cantered up to Willbury on his chestnut hack Blemish, to see his hounds draw. Carter had had orders to bring the choicest of the 1858 entry, and he and Will Bryce arrived at the usual rendezvous with five couple of bitches by the Fitzwilliam Hardwicke and Hermit. He looked at them for a short time, and exclaimed, “WELL, THEY ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEY CAN BE.” He then bade both his men good-bye, and they saw him in the field no more.’

He returned to Tedworth as usual—

‘But,’ writes Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, ‘at the annual meet on the 1st of November, 1857, the hounds met without the accustomed centre-figure of their master, who slowly rode up to them without his scarlet. He remarked, quite seriously, that if he had worn his hunting gear, and his pack should observe that he could not follow them, they would show their sorrow by refusing to hunt the fox. A universal gloom pervaded the field; he looked wistfully and lovingly at his old favourites, the heroes of many a well-fought field; and, as he quickly went back into the hall, shrinking almost from the outer air, while the horsemen and pack turned away slowly towards the shrubberies, every one felt with a heavy heart that the glory of the old foxhunter had at length departed.’

The state of Mrs. Smith’s health having for many years caused her husband great anxiety, in 1845, in order, as he said, ‘to bring Madeira to England,’ he constructed for her at Tedworth a magnificent conservatory or crystal palace, 315 feet in length and 40 in width, in which, enjoying the temperature of a warm climate, she might take walking exercise during the winter months. A Wiltshire farmer, on first seeing this building, observed, he supposed it was for the ‘Squire to hunt there whenever a frost stopped him in the field.’

‘It was a melancholy spectacle,’ writes Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, ‘to see the squire the winter before his death, when he could no longer join his hounds, mount one of his favourite hunters—Euxine, Paul Potter, or Blemish—with the assistance of a chair, and take his exercise

cise for an hour at a foot's pace up and down this conservatory, often with some friend at his side to cheer him up and while away the time until he re-entered the house, for he was not allowed at that period to go out of doors. Even in this feeble condition, "*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*," once on horseback, he appeared to revive; and the dexterity and ease with which he managed, like a plaything, the spirited animal under him, which had scarcely left its stable for months, was most surprising.

During the last days of his existence he rested rather than took exercise on that noble animal the horse, which for seventy years he had so resolutely and yet so considerately governed. His mind, in its declining hours, had also its support. Throughout his life, without ostentation and often in secret, he had been charitable to people of various conditions. Of the two thousand workmen in his quarries, scarcely one of them had ever been taken before a magistrate for dishonesty. Never was he known, if properly requested, to refuse to give a site for a church or even for a Dissenting chapel. Both he and Mrs. Smith invariably went to church on foot, it being a rule with them never, except in case of illness, to have either carriage or horse out on Sundays.

A few weeks after he had completed his eighty-second year he had a sudden attack of the same symptoms which had shaken him so severely in 1856. In a moment of consciousness, evidently aware of his approaching end, pointing to his faithful valet, he said to his devoted wife, '*Take care of that man!*' and when Mrs. Smith left the room, he said to her maid, '*Watch over your mistress; take care of HER.*' A few hours afterwards—

‘Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history’—

on the 9th of September, 1858, while Mrs. Smith's sister was watching by his bedside, a slight change came over his countenance, but before the doctors or even his valet could be summoned,—with a gentle sigh expired Thomas Assheton Smith, bequeathing, on half a sheet of writing-paper, the whole of his vast possessions, producing from 50,000*l.* to 55,000*l.* a year, to his widow (who survived him only a few months); and moreover leaving behind him a name that will long be remembered not only by the farmers and riding men of the counties he hunted, but by all who are disposed fairly and justly to appreciate the lights and shadows which constitute the character of ‘The English Country Gentleman,’ one only of whose recreations we have endeavoured to delineate to our readers in the foregoing slight sketches of those three gallant animals—the HORSE, the FOX,

and last, though not least, the FOXHUNTER.

ART. VII.—*Autobiographical Recollections of Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. : with an Introductory Memoir, containing Extracts from his Correspondence.* By Tom Taylor. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1860.

THE paintings of Mr. Leslie are conspicuous for refined and truthful expression—for the nicest perception of character, and the delicate mastery with which the mind is depicted in the countenance. His ‘Autobiographical Recollections’ bear the marks of the same discerning eye and gentle hand. He had the art of discriminating the precise traits which gave individuality to the eminent persons whose friendship he enjoyed, and, by a single anecdote or observation, often trifling in itself, he conveys the justest idea of the original. He acknowledges that he has dwelt chiefly upon the better qualities of his associates, but it is surprising how little this benevolence has interfered with the fidelity of his portraits. Although the likenesses are favourable, they are strong. He relates that a lady was told by Mr. Murray that most of the scandal which was expected in connexion with the career of Lord Byron would appear in the second volume of his Life. ‘And will the second volume,’ she inquired, ‘be sold separately?’ People of this temperament might think that Mr. Leslie’s ‘Recollections’ would have been more valuable if he had shown less good feeling and good taste; but, to competent judges, the very delicacy of the representation enhances the merit and the charm. The more quiet and refined are the strokes by which the impression is made, the more we are struck by the perfection of the art which can effect so much by such simple means. Those who only see in the book a light and amusing personal narrative will resemble the numerous spectators who look at the pictures of Mr. Leslie in ignorance of the works of fiction from which his subjects are mostly derived, and who, judging the scene by its intrinsic piquancy, miss the highest excellence of all—the exact embodiment of the characters which Addison, Sterne, and Cervantes conceived. It is not solely or mainly for their liveliness that he has recorded the anecdotes which fill his pages, but as touches of portraiture which might preserve to posterity the characteristics of many of the most celebrated personages of the time.

It was impossible for the ‘Autobiographical Recollections’ to have been intrusted to a more congenial editor than Mr. Tom Taylor. Few men have displayed such bright and varied talents. His first distinction was earned at the University of Cambridge as a finished classical scholar. He next showed that he was as
much

much a master of English as of Greek and Latin literature. He quickly became not only the most successful but the most prolific dramatist of the day, and his pieces have owed their principal popularity to the highest of all merits in a work of fiction—the natural delineation of character. He is the reputed author of some of the happiest sallies in ‘Punch,’ and of numerous ballads in a style of mingled humour and pathos. What is still more to our immediate purpose, he is among the best living critics of art, and in the capacity of editor of Haydon’s *Autobiography* showed a tact and a taste which could not be surpassed. He had not in the present instance to discharge the difficult task of excluding a mass of material, however tempting, which was unfit for the public eye, for the good and gentle Leslie left not a line which dying he could wish to blot, but his invincible modesty led him to speak less of himself and his pictures than was desirable, and Mr. Tom Taylor has filled up the blank in an introductory memoir, which wants nothing that his materials enabled him to supply.

Mr. Leslie was of a mixed race. His mother’s ancestors were Scotch, his father’s English, and the ancestors of both settled in Maryland about the beginning of the last century. The son of American parents, he himself was born in London, where he remained during his infancy, while his boyhood was spent in Philadelphia, and his manhood again was chiefly passed in England. These various influences may have contributed to produce that balance in his character which was a particular feature in it. He never seemed to have too much of one quality or too little of another.

His father was a clock and watch maker of great mechanical ingenuity. When his trade became extensive he took a partner to conduct his business in Philadelphia, and removed to London that he might make his own purchases for the American market. This migration occurred in 1793, and on the 19th of October, 1794, the future artist was born in Portman Place, Edgeware Road. He was five years old when the death of his father’s partner caused the family to return to the United States. There was then war between America and France, and the merchant-vessel—the ‘Washington’—in which they sailed from Gravesend on the 18th of September, 1799, carried 24 guns and a crew of 62 men and boys. To this armament they owed their safety. On the morning of the 24th of October they were chased by a French privateer of 30 guns, with a complement of 240 men. Northcote, the painter, relates that the captain of an English frigate, on coming in sight of a ship which did not answer his signals, addressed his men in the following terms:—‘You — dirty

dirty ill-looking blackguards! do you suppose I can agree to deliver up such a set of scarecrows as you as prisoners to that smart frippery Frenchman? I can't think of such a thing. No! you must fight till not a man of you is left, for I should be ashamed of owning such a ragamuffin crew.' The sailors, comprehending the humour, and sympathising with the valour, answered by shouts of applause, and saw in the determination of their commander an assurance of victory. The captain of the 'Washington,' a Scotchman, named Williamson, did not make a speech; but he was a hero of the same stamp, and had no other notion of a fight than to conquer or die. The action commenced at a quarter to ten. The American guns were mounted upon new patent carriages, which were nearly all tumbled over by the recoil at the first discharge. In spite of this unexpected disaster, a spirited fire was kept up, and at eleven the privateer withdrew from the contest. The prediction of the captain that she had only retired to repair some of the damage she had sustained proved to be correct; and a second engagement ensued, which lasted till two o'clock. The enemy then made off, and returned no more. The comparative effects of the French and English mode of fighting were strikingly displayed on this occasion. The former, according to their usual practice in those days, aimed chiefly at the rigging, which they completely destroyed, but only one man was killed. Captain Williamson, on the contrary, directed his fire against the hull. The result was that 37 men were killed, and 58 wounded, or nearly 100 put *hors de combat*, and when the privateer reached Corunna to refit she had four feet and a half of water in the hold. If the 'Washington' had been treated in the same fashion she must evidently have succumbed.

The particulars, which are given by Mr. Leslie from his own recollections, from the journal of his father, and from that of another passenger, Mr. Greatrakes, afford a curious picture of the different impressions made by an engagement upon persons of various ages and temperaments. Valour was common to the entire crew. In the captain it was mixed with indignation. He rushed forward with eagerness to try and jump upon one of the enemy's wads that had rebounded from the place it first struck and was spinning round with great velocity. When he had secured it he tore it in pieces, fired it back to the privateer, and all the while swore bitterly at the French. A boy who was carrying a 21-lb. cartridge had it knocked out of his hands by a ball. He, too, was provoked into launching an oath against the authors of the mischief, adding, 'Now I must go for another.' Two more lads, from thirteen to fifteen years of age, gave

gave vent to their delight during the height of the action by dancing a hornpipe on the main-deck, and received a blow from one of the officers to quiet them. The steward and the third mate scrambled for the privilege of nailing to the mast the colours which had been torn away by the enemy's shot. The mate came off victor, and accomplished his task, amid a volley of musketry which killed two geese in the coop on which he stood, and riddled the colours without touching himself. Such acts may be useless, but the sentiment which prompts them is one of the symptoms of the spirit which wins battles.

The passengers, on hearing that a privateer was bearing down upon them, bemoaned their fate in being compelled to traverse the seas in time of war. Their concern, nevertheless, seems to have been much more for their property and liberty than for their lives, which were not only, it might be conjectured, their most important possession, but were first to be exposed to the hazard of the die. As the provident landmen hastily tumbled their goods down below they anxiously inquired whether the French would appropriate them, whether the unfortunate owners would be put into prison, whether they should ever get home, and whether it was likely to be a hard fight. At the commencement of the engagement the vessels were near enough to use their muskets, and the balls from the privateer sounded like the pelting of hail against a window. The whole of the regular crew on the American side were required to work the big guns, and the small-arms part of the action was exclusively carried on by the passengers. When distance put a stop to this department of the battle, many of them made wads and handed cartridges. But the gallantry was not universal. A Newfoundland dog fell down a hatchway and broke his leg. That his howls might not distress the women and children, the elder Leslie put a rope round his collar, and led him to the farthest part of the hold. While groping about for something to which to tie him, he stumbled upon a passenger who had crouched into a corner in the dark. He asked him to take charge of the dog, and, receiving no answer, put the rope into his hand, but it was cold, trembling, and nerveless, and the grasping power was gone from it. What little consciousness may have previously remained to him was probably annihilated by the appearance of a man with a rope.

The conduct of the children contrasted strangely with the energetic bravery of the majority, and the skulking cowardice of the few. Unconscious of danger they played at hide-and-seek among the water-casks, and feasted upon the gingerbread,
oranges,

oranges, and wine, with which they were furnished by the steward. Little Leslie had often heard his sister play the 'Battle of Prague,' in which the various incidents of a fight are imitated. His ideas of an action were framed upon his musical associations, and when the carpenter, whose leg was broken by the upsetting of a gun-carriage, was brought down groaning, the child exclaimed, 'There are the cries of the wounded.'

It was necessary for the Captain of the 'Washington' to put into a port to repair his vessel. The wind was unfavourable for England, and he resolved to go to Lisbon, which was 500 miles distant. He reached it on the 30th of October, and was detained there for five months and two days while his ship was refitted at a cost of 10,000*l*. There is a graphic account from the pen of Miss Leslie of the comforts they enjoyed during the winter in the capital of Portugal, in the year of civilization 1799. The family occupied half a floor in a four-storied house. The rain descended in torrents, with little interruption, for weeks together, and was driven in through the crevices of the ill-fitting window-frames. So excessive was the damp that the shoes they took off over night were often covered with blue mould in the morning. The clothes in the bureau, the books on the table, nay, the table itself, all got mouldy. As the rooms were without fire-places, the women were compelled by the cold to sit the whole of the day in their pelisses, fur-tippets, and bonnets, and the men in their hats and greatcoats. Often the family went back to bed immediately after breakfast, and only got up for their meals. In every country the houses are adapted to the prevailing climate, and little provision is made in the sweet south against inclemencies of weather.

The demand for cleanliness was resented by a Portuguese as an insult. A dirty old man, with a girdle of tin measures round his waist, drove a cow, a couple of she-asses, and some goats through the streets, and milked them at the doors of his customers. He was an inveterate snuff-taker, and upon a remonstrance against his milking with snuffy fingers, he stopped short in his work, and went off haughtily with his beasts. He passed by the next day with the majesty of offended dignity, and it was not without many apologies and much coaxing that he was persuaded to go on serving people who had presumed to think his snuff a defilement. The streets were for general uses as well as for traffic. It was common to see a man draw out his knife when his pig proved unruly, and convert the animal into pork on the spot. He would then buy some furze at a neighbouring shop, kindle a fire in the midst of the street, and in the
middle

middle of the street 'singe, scrape, and embowel the carcase. It was simply a question of whether it was easier to get the pig home dead or alive.

Portuguese pride, conjoined with poverty, was prolific of false pretences. On the same floor with the Leslies lived an *hidalgo* and his family, and the young English people, considering foreigners fair game, used to peep at them through the key-hole. Every day the dinner-table was laid in the parlour with damask cloth, napkins, and silver plate. But this elaborate preparation was solely for show, in case anybody called. The meal was invariably served in the room where it was cooked, and consisted of a stew in a large earthen pan, from which everybody ate with pewter spoons as they sat round it on the floor. The lady of the house wore an old dirty calico dress at home, but when she went out she covered her shabby clothes with a blue satin cloak, trimmed with ermine. Though she kept no servant for domestic purposes, she hired a couple of maids by the hour to follow her through the streets, not permitting private penury to abate anything from her public state.

On the last day of March, 1800, the passengers of the 'Washington' got free from the damp and dirt of Lisbon. A gale carried away a couple of topmasts, and the ship was still encumbered with the wreck, when, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 3rd of April, a vessel of war came in sight. The intrepid Captain at once resolved upon fighting. At seven o'clock the frigate shot swiftly across the bows of the 'Washington,' and wearing round in the most beautiful style, laid herself alongside at a distance of only 20 yards. There were lanterns on every gun in both vessels, the matches were lighted, and the passengers hardly breathed, expecting the crushing fire of the enemy, when a voice hailed them in English, and the frigate proved to be British. The remainder of the voyage was prosperous, and Philadelphia was reached at last on the 11th of May. To be detained eight months in discomfort on the passage must have been sufficiently trying to the elder Leslie, and vexations of another and more enduring description awaited his arrival in America. The business had been mismanaged in his absence, and he was obliged to go to law with the executors of his partner. His health, which had never been good, was rendered worse by a long and costly suit, and he died in 1804, while the cause was yet pending. He was a kind and accomplished man, read the best English authors, and was intimate with the physicians and philosophers of Philadelphia. No class of people have a keener relish for literature, or a juster appreciation of it,

than those who have recourse to it in the hours snatched from trade for the serious purpose of self-improvement.

Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Leslie opened a boarding-house, and her eldest daughter gave lessons in drawing. She contrived to continue sending her sons to school at the University of Pennsylvania till Charles was fourteen years of age. He was then, in 1808, bound apprentice to a bookselling firm in Philadelphia. His wish was to have been an artist, but a painter's education was not within his reach. The destiny of men is often determined by incidents of a very remote and unpromising nature; and little could Leslie expect that the immediate cause of the fulfilment of his cherished desire would be the arrival in America of the celebrated actor George Frederick Cooke. The sensation he excited was immense. He was to perform *Richard III.* on Monday evening, and on Sunday afternoon a number of people assembled and passed the night on the steps of the theatre that they might be ready to rush in and secure places the instant the box-office was opened in the morning. At the critical moment one man in the rear of the crowd raised himself up by a lamp-post, and ran in upon the densely-packed heads of the eager competitors for tickets. Young Leslie was among the persons who were fortunate enough to obtain admission. He had even more than a boy's delight in the stage, and the occasion was one to carry his enthusiasm to its highest pitch. He had been fond of drawing from his infancy. He had aided his own imperfect efforts by the careful study of all the pictures within his reach and of the prints exhibited in the shop-windows. He now applied his lessons to making a likeness from recollection of the great actor who had so vividly impressed him. His master, Mr. Bradford, who had hitherto discouraged his artistic tendencies, from the apprehension that they would interfere with his proper business, thought the sketch wonderful. It was handed about among the principal persons in Philadelphia, and everywhere it was considered a surprising effort. The bookseller determined that such talent should no longer be kept down for want of encouragement. He raised a fund to enable his apprentice to study painting for two years in Europe, and in November, 1811, sent him to London under the charge of his partner.

The youth had a dreamy remembrance of the splendours of the great metropolis. His conceptions had swelled in the interval. It was the centre of all that was most imposing in art, acting, and literature, and he panted to be a spectator of the wonders of which he daily heard. While the novelty lasted he

was

was not disappointed, but, when the scene became familiar and the excitement had subsided, he felt himself alone. In his desolate lodgings he sighed for the social sympathies of his happy home-circle, and he would gladly have returned to his place behind Mr. Bradford's counter if he had not thought it due to the gentlemen who had furnished him with funds to fulfil his part of the compact. In the meanwhile he made some valuable acquaintances, and among the number was Allston. This artist carried one of his juvenile works to Sir William Beechey to ask his opinion of it. 'Sir,' said the blunt Academician, 'that is not flesh but mud; it is as much mud as if you had taken it out of the kennel and painted the picture.' He afterwards came to excel in colour, and it was he who initiated his young friend into its principles. 'He directed my attention,' says Mr. Leslie, 'to the Venetian school, particularly to the works of Paul Veronese, and taught me to see through the accumulated dirt of ages the exquisite charm that lay beneath. Yet for a long time I took the merit of the Venetians on trust, and, if left to myself, should have preferred works which I now feel to be comparatively worthless. I remember when the picture of "The Ages," by Titian, was first pointed out to me by Allston as an exquisite work. I thought he was laughing at me.' No one can read this passage and not be reminded of the description given by Sir Joshua Reynolds of his disappointment when he first saw the works of Raphael in the Vatican. In literature, just as much as in painting, the best taste is always an educated taste. The untutored eye and understanding can only perceive gross and glaring effects. The more refined and exquisite beauties are imperceptible until training has taught us to distinguish them. The humour of Addison charms by its subtlety, but the very subtlety which is its merit prevents many who would relish a farce from perceiving that it is humour at all; and Milton would sound less sublime to the audience of a minor theatre than the rant of their favourite melo-dramatic heroes.

The second or third year that Leslie was in London, Allston fell ill, and went for change of air to Clifton, where his uncle, Mr. Vanderhorst, resided. This gentleman entertained a rabid antipathy to the faculty, and exhorted his nephew 'not to let one of those rascals enter his door.' Allston, nervous, and in awe of his uncle, kept secret that he was visited twice a day by an eminent surgeon, Mr. King. The poor patient lived in constant apprehension of detection, but recovered through the skill of his medical attendant without his imperious relative suspecting that 'one of the rascals' had crossed the threshold. The elated Mr.

Vanderhorst consequently took to himself the entire credit of the cure—duped, as always happens to despots, by others, and, like all vain men, the dupe of his own conceit.

Leslie accompanied Allston to Clifton, and the journey brought him acquainted with one of the celebrities of the age. At Salt Hill the invalid became too ill to proceed. There was an affectionate friendship between him and Coleridge, and it was determined to send for the poet. He immediately obeyed the summons, and took with him a physician. Mr. Leslie appeals to this incident as an answer to the sweeping sentence pronounced upon him, that 'he was a good man, but that whenever anything presented itself to him in the shape of a moral duty he was utterly incapable of performing it.' To persons, indeed, who had family ties or pressing business it would have been some sacrifice to have been suddenly summoned from home to spend several days at an inn in attendance upon a sick friend. But there was nothing in the world that Coleridge loved better than a jaunt, with good cheer at the end of it. His foible was that he could only yield to duty in so far as it was pleasant. The moment he was called upon to thwart his inclinations he declined the task, and appeared one of the most helpless and reckless of mortals. There could be no stronger illustration of it than the circumstance which immediately followed his trip to Salt Hill. He was engaged to lecture upon Shakspeare at Bristol. His admirers had made great efforts to obtain him subscribers, the day was settled, and he was hourly expected, when a gentleman announced that he had travelled part of the way with him from London, and that he had gone on to North Wales. The sole cause of this strange proceeding was his discovery that a lady in the coach was the sister of a friend, and he at once resolved to accompany her to her home. His engagement to the public, his responsibility to his supporters, his pecuniary interests were all flung aside in an instant, and, without one word of notice to his expecting audience, he gave himself up to the passing whim. His principal patrons, having accidentally learned the truth, hurried round to the ticket-holders, and informed them that the lectures were postponed until further notice. When the truant at last appeared a fresh day was fixed. The hour and the subscribers arrived, but Coleridge was not there. A hue-and-cry was raised for him, and he was discovered sitting unabashed over a bottle of wine. He was led off to his impatient audience, and his apology to them was that he had 'met with an *unavoidable* interruption.' The unavoidable interruption, in the first instance, had been the desire to prolong a stage-coach flirtation,
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and, in the second, to prolong the pleasures of the table. With the excuse of a sick friend, he would only have been too happy to repeat the experiment of making a second journey into Wales.

Incidents like these prove that Mr. Leslie is mistaken in his notion that 'Coleridge's want of success in all worldly matters may be attributed to the mastery possessed over him by his own wonderful mind.' It was not the wonderful part of his mind which mastered him, but the inferior part of his self-indulgent nature. It was not his genius but his subjection to his appetites and amusements which led him to sport with the most solemn obligations, enthralled by a bottle of wine, or by a female passenger in a coach. There is truth, however, in the observation which Mr. Leslie subjoins, 'that common men as often succeed by the qualities they want, as great men fail by those they have.' He reports a remark which he heard made by Sir Walter Scott, which points to one of the causes why the ablest persons are not always the best adapted to get on in life. 'I never,' he said, 'knew a man of genius, and I have known many, who could be regular in all his habits, but I have known many a blockhead who could.' The reason is obvious. If the understanding is occupied by high thoughts, and is steadily working out a subject with earnestness, it has not the leisure to attend to numberless matters which are the main employment of the majority of mankind. 'Whoever,' wrote Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment he rises till he goes to bed.' Such concentration of purpose, and the excellence which is the consequence of it, implies neglect of other things, and this neglect is often manifested in the exact particulars which are necessary to secure worldly advantages. People in general instinctively take themselves as their standard in their judgments of character, instead of attempting to penetrate into the individualities of natures different from their own, or we should less often hear wonder expressed that a man of letters is not as methodical as a clerk, and that he falls short in a variety of particulars which are duly performed by those who make them their business. Malone commits the common mistake in speaking of Gibbon. 'He is so exceedingly indolent,' he says, 'that he never even pares his nails. His servant, while he is reading, takes up one of his hands, and when he has performed the operation lays it down, and then manages the other—the patient in the meanwhile scarcely knowing what is going on, and quietly pursuing his studies.*' To assert broadly

that Gibbon was 'exceedingly indolent' was absurd. His History alone would prove that his industry must have been prodigious. The very statement of Malone shows that Gibbon was not indolent, but pre-occupied, and if he was insensible to the paring of his nails, it was because he was absorbed in his book. The individual instance of negligence appears ridiculous, and would indeed have been foolish if it had been isolated, but it was part of a general inattention to ordinary affairs that he might devote himself exclusively to the gigantic labours, without which we could never have possessed the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' The apology is inapplicable to the case of Coleridge, who, instead of neglecting little things for great, neglected great things for little. 'He could not,' pleads his amiable advocate, 'direct his extraordinary powers to the immediately useful occupations of life, unless he was perpetually urged on by some kind friend.' As an example Mr. Leslie instances the tragedy of 'Remorse,' which, he says, would never have been completed except for the importunity of the Morgans in whose house the poet then resided. In other words he could not direct his extraordinary powers to literary composition, which was his proper pursuit—a pursuit which he did not eschew for any higher calling, but for sauntering, talking, and the pleasures of sense. If he was to be excused it must have been from some constitutional infirmity which may often press heavily, though the symptoms are not apparent in the general health. His example was not one that was ever likely to mislead, and happily at present it is not the fashion for silly people to attempt to pass for geniuses by copying their defects. 'Affectation,' it was well said by Fuseli, 'is the action of a lie. It is generally a composition of conceit and deceit—an effort to gain a superiority by false pretences.'

The lectures on Shakspeare were given at Bristol in the year 1814, during the fortnight that Leslie was staying at Clifton, and he was present at three of them. He subsequently attended the course which Coleridge delivered on the Great Dramatist at the Royal Institution in 1817. The artist, in addition, enjoyed his friendship, heard his talk when his intellect was in its prime, and bears the same testimony as Wordsworth and Southey to its surprising affluence. But he also testifies that the specimens which were published by Coleridge's nephew are an exact representation of it, and this enables us to ascertain with certainty, what other circumstances would lead us to suspect, that its intrinsic value was extremely disproportioned to the impression which it left upon his hearers. Much of the fascination was due to his delivery, for Mr. Leslie confesses that he was held a willing listener by the mere melody of the magician's voice and the impressiveness

pressiveness of his manner, even when he got past all comprehension, lost in the clouds of metaphysics. To the charms of voice and manner he added an unbroken fluency, and these three qualities have again and again procured the praise of 'unrivalled eloquence' for speeches, of which the eloquence could not be perceived apart from the speaker. Extemporaneous harangues, like the words of a song in an opera, depend upon other circumstances for their effect than their sterling excellence. Gerard Hamilton exaggerated when he characterised the oratory of Pitt as 'languid elegance,' and that of Fox as 'spirited vulgarity,' but neither Pitt nor Fox, we believe, has left a single sentence which has become incorporated into the literature of the country, and which is quoted for its peculiar felicity or power.

The fragments preserved by Mr. Leslie, of Coleridge's conversation, are of the same stamp with those in the 'Table-Talk' on kindred subjects, and might easily have proceeded from any well-read, thoughtful man. He stated that his object in his disquisitions on Shakspeare was to efface the impression that, because his genius was great, he must *necessarily* have great faults. Whoever may have maintained that his faults were necessary, there were at least many who maintained that they existed. The tribe of critics and rhapsodists, who almost asserted his infallibility, did considerable service, for the confiding and patient study of the effusions of genius always reveals beauties which are hidden from less reverent and careful readers. This idolising school, however, often allowed their judgment to be lost in their admiration, and, like the elder Scriblerus, they extolled the very rust upon the shield. Coleridge was never hurried into the indiscriminate panegyric which was adopted by some of his followers, but we do not think, on the other hand, that he has thrown much new light upon Shakspeare. His opinions are often fanciful subtleties which are not borne out by his text. 'Othello,' Mr. Leslie heard him say, and it was one of his favourite observations, 'is anything but jealous in his nature, and is made so only by the machinations of Iago, while Leontes, in the "Winter's Tale," requires no prompter but his own suspicious mind.' There are grades of jealousy as of temper, and Leontes may have been more prone to the passion than Othello, but he who imbibes a base insinuation is jealous in his degree, as well as the man whose suspicions originate with himself. The Moor has hardly any faith in his experience of the lofty, noble disposition of Desdemona. He sucks in the first drop of poison which Iago pours into his mind, where a person with a fiftieth part of the spirit which he shows on other occasions, would have instantly knocked down the officious defamer. He says, to be sure, of himself, 'that he

he is not easily jealous,' which is what is said by all jealous people, but Iago calls him 'a credulous fool,' and adds, that it 'is thus that many worthy dames, all guiltless, meet reproach.' 'As to any reports concerning your conduct and behaviour,' Burke wrote to Barry, 'you may be very sure they could have no kind of influence here, for none of us are of such a make as to trust to any one's report for the character of a person whom we ourselves know.' Such is the language and feeling of all generous minds; and if those who accept 'trifles light as air, for confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ,' when the constancy and purity of the good are in question, be not jealous, they are, at any rate, persons of an unsafe distempered nature, with whom no one could be bound up without the perpetual risk of becoming the object of degrading suspicions and miserable injustice. There are many similar examples in the criticism of Coleridge, of what appear to us to be mistaken refinements. His remark, reported by Mr. Leslie, on the scene where Falstaff brags of his feats at Gadshill, is in a better vein, and seems both good and sound. 'The old knight,' he said, 'begins with the intention of imposing on the Prince and Poins, but, quickly perceiving that they do not believe him, he goes on buffooning, and adds to the "buckram men," until they amount to eleven, merely to make the Prince laugh.' This explains why Falstaff indulges in such transparent fables, and is confirmed by the fact that immediately before he commences his multiplication of the original 'two rogues in buckram suits,' he breaks out with, 'I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie spit in my face, and call me horse'—a protestation which gains additional force by the supposition that it is drawn forth by a gesture of incredulity in the Prince.

Of the miscellaneous remarks of Coleridge reported by Mr. Leslie, there is none equal to his rejoinder to the lady who asked him if he believed in ghosts. 'No, madam, I have seen too many to believe in them.' He made an admirable reply again of another kind when Allston, whose system had been disordered by grief at the death of his wife, was distressed by the 'diabolical imprecations' which crowded unbidden into his mind. Leslie went at his request to consult their common friend, and found him walking in the garden with his hat in his hand, where he usually preferred to carry it, in consequence of the habit he had contracted of going bare-headed when a blue-coat boy. He was ready with his answer. 'Allston should say to himself, *Nothing is me but my will!* these thoughts therefore that force themselves upon me are no part of me, and there can be no guilt in them.' The saintly Baxter was once troubled by the same cause, till it occurred

occurred to him that ideas which he loathed and turned from with disgust could not be laid to his charge. Coleridge, who was familiar with this narrative, may probably have remembered the passage, when he sent the wholesome advice to Allston which chased away the black shadows that flitted over his brain.

From Coleridge to Lamb is a natural transition. The traits which Mr. Leslie records of him are characteristic of the quaint and frolicsome whim in which he habitually indulged. He was returning to town in a stage-coach with some fellow-guests, after a dinner at Highgate, when a woman inquired of the coachman if he was full inside. Lamb took the reply on himself, and leaning out of the window, exclaimed, 'Yes, I am quite full inside: that last piece of pudding at Gillman's did the business for me.' A friend carried a dignified clergyman to see him, and he invited them to stay and share his beef-steak. Lifting off the cover from the dish he clapped it upon the bald head of the episcopal-looking stranger, and with all possible gravity said, 'I crown thee.' These sallies appeared so natural in him that nobody would have dreamt of resenting them. In his convivial moments, which were many, he was much less guarded. Haydon has sketched him to perfection, as he appeared after dinner when the bottle had been circulating freely. Ritchie, the traveller, came in, and was introduced as 'a gentleman going to Africa.' Lamb, who was lapsing into oblivion, took some time to realise the idea, and then suddenly roared out, 'Which is the gentleman we are going to lose?' A comptroller of stamps arrived to tea, and addressing Wordsworth, said, 'Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?' 'Pray, sir,' inquired Lamb, waking up from his doze before the fire, 'did you say Milton was a great genius?' 'No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not?' 'Oh then,' replied Lamb, 'you are a silly fellow.' 'Charles, my dear Charles!' remonstrated Wordsworth, and there was an awful pause, which was only broken by the further question from the comptroller, 'Don't you, sir, think Newton a great genius?' Again Lamb was roused from the doze into which he had relapsed, and seizing a candle exclaimed, 'Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?' The undaunted comptroller kept the field and told Wordsworth he had had the honour of some correspondence with him. 'With me, sir?' said the poet, 'not that I remember.' The correspondence had been common official forms in Wordsworth's capacity as distributor of stamps for the county of Westmoreland, and, before the poet could reply to the explanation, Lamb sung forth by way of comment, 'Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle.' 'My dear Charles!' said Wordsworth. 'Diddle, diddle, dumpling; my son

son John!' said Lamb, and then rising added, 'Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs.' Here he was hurried out of the room, and as he was carried off struggling was heard repeating from an adjoining apartment, 'Who is that fellow? allow me to see his organs once more.' 'His fun,' says Haydon, 'in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory, was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear's passion.'

The acquaintance of Lamb was a later acquisition, and we left the young artist newly settled in London. He was admitted a student in the Antique Academy while the sarcastic Fuseli was keeper. An engraving from his 'Hamlet and the Ghost' had scared Leslie from the window of a print-shop in Philadelphia, and 'I still,' he adds, 'contemplate that matchless spectre with something of the awe it then inspired.' Allan Cunningham says of it, 'that it is indeed strangely wild and supernatural, and that if ever a spirit visited earth it must have appeared to Fuseli.' His pictures were a mixture of power and extravagance, and in general the extravagance predominated. The same incongruity appeared in his character. He was a combination of learning and profanity, of agreeable manners and brutal violence. Archbishop Howley, one of the meekest of men, and who possessed that best of all wisdom, the wisdom which proceeds from absolute rectitude of purpose conjoined to perfect benevolence, had once been intimate with him, and was compelled to withdraw from his society in consequence of the virulence of his temper, which vented itself in insult upon his companions. His knowledge of art was extensive, but he read at the Academy while his pupils drew, and seldom opened his lips. 'I believe,' says Mr. Leslie, 'he was right. For those students who are born with powers that will make them eminent, it is sufficient to place fine works before them. They do not want instruction, and those that do are not worth it. Art may be learnt, but cannot be taught.' He once told Chantrey that he had a young friend who would be glad to study with him. 'I can teach him nothing,' answered Chantrey, 'let him come to the Academy.' 'He does, but how is he to learn the use of the chisel?' 'Any stonemason can teach him that better than I can. He must become a workman before he can be a sculptor. One great fault of our sculptors is that few of them are workmen.' What Leslie affirmed of painting and Chantrey of sculpture is true of every pursuit under the sun. 'The great art of education,' it has been justly and admirably said, 'is to teach others to teach themselves.' Nor did Constable intend to contradict the maxim when he asserted 'that a self-taught man had a very ignorant fellow

fellow for his master,' for by self-taught he meant a person who should have no opportunity of seeing what his predecessors had accomplished, and who would therefore be reduced to the results of his own discoveries.

Landseer was among the fellow-pupils of Leslie, and was a great favourite with Fuseli, who looking round would call out, 'Where is my little dog boy?' The name of the little dog boy occurs in another part of the 'Recollections,' not as the greatest of animal painters, but as 'the best of mimics.' He was placed by Chantrey after dinner in his chair at the head of the table, while the sculptor stood before the fire. 'Come, young man,' said Landseer, turning to his host and copying his voice and manner, 'you think yourself ornamental; now make yourself useful and ring the bell.' The butler on entering was bewildered at hearing his master's voice ordering more claret from the head of the table, and seeing his master's outward form in another part of the room. No matter who may be the object of the versatile painter's skill in this department, the illusion is perfect, and combines the nicest perception of character with the exactest mechanical imitation.

In the autumn of 1813, during the early days of his artist-life, Leslie made the acquaintance of Jackson. They were both engaged at the British Institution in copying Reynolds' portrait of John Hunter. Jackson was dressed in knee-breeches and brown silk stockings, which led Leslie to suppose that he was an affected, conceited man, and he smeared asphaltum and lake over his canvas in what appeared to be a random fashion, which equally led Leslie to think meanly of him as a painter. In both respects he was mistaken in his estimate. The man was simple, natural, and amiable, and the painter's copies from Reynolds were done to such perfection that even Northcote, familiar as he was with every mark of his master's brush, was sometimes deceived by them. Years afterwards Leslie saw the very picture which was the subject of the seemingly daubing process he had witnessed at the British Institution, and says that unless he had known its source he might have mistaken it for a genuine Sir Joshua. The once fine original has faded away; the admirable fac-simile is in the National Portrait Gallery, and forms a triple tribute to Hunter, Reynolds, and Jackson. One aphorism of the latter, excellent for its terseness and wisdom, shows that he had a mind for other things than art. 'Whatever,' he said, 'is worth doing for the sake of example, *must* be worth doing for its own sake.' Mr. Leslie illustrates and sets off the maxim by contrasting it with the sophistical reasoning of Horace Walpole:—'I go to church sometimes in order to induce my servants to go to church. A good moral sermon may instruct and benefit them.

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I only set them an example of listening, not of believing.' It is curious that a man should be impressed with the benefit to be derived from sermons, and yet should make it his boast that,—

'Whoe'er was edified, himself was not.'

He certainly did not consider that he was too vile to be capable of amendment, and he must therefore have thought either that he was too perfect to need exhortation, or that faults were venial in the master which he found extremely inconvenient in those who served him.

The remark of Jackson suggests the importance of preserving stray observations, which are otherwise 'like water spilt upon the ground that cannot be gathered up again.' The world would be greatly enriched if intelligent persons would not think it useless to note down the striking truths they may have heard, merely because they are few, and insufficient of themselves to fill a volume. An invaluable book might be made by merely picking out the scraps of wisdom which lie scattered among matter of less durable interest. Mr. Leslie, for example, in his 'Life of Constable' has printed several letters from Archdeacon Fisher, which, though they do not contain much of permanent interest, furnish one weighty passage instructive to multitudes who might never take up the Memoirs of a landscape painter. Southey had advanced the plausible theory that the Methodist preacher should be admitted into the church as an inferior assistant. 'This,' replies the sagacious Archdeacon, 'was the cause of the corruptions and downfall of the Roman Catholic establishment. For the sake of peace and unity they adopted enthusiasts, received their errors into the creeds of the church, and then had to *defend* them. You cannot make use of the *men* without receiving their opinions.' Lord Macaulay has elaborately commended the Church of Rome for this very conduct, has declared that she alone has known how to manage enthusiasts, and that she has united in herself all the strength of establishment and all the strength of dissent. Many people, oblivious of human nature and of history and shutting their eyes to the fatal effects of the policy both to doctrines and morals, have re-echoed his views and lamented that the Church of England did not throw open her doors to zeal without knowledge. In a couple of lines, Archdeacon Fisher has exposed the complete fallacy of the scheme. 'That short sentence of yours,' Constable wrote to him in reply, 'marks you master of your own profession; and every hour's experience proves to me that no man not educated to a calling from his early youth can fully and justly enter into it.'

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Mr. Leslie obtained two silver medals in the Academy—one for a drawing from the Laocoon, the other for a drawing from the life. In 1814 he painted his first large picture—‘Saul and the Witch of Endor.’ He says he was greatly assisted in the composition by West, then President of the Royal Academy. This benevolent man when struggling with pecuniary difficulties went to see the ‘Solomon’ of Haydon, and was affected to tears at the mother. ‘But,’ said he, to the painter whose face betrayed that he was worn out with anxiety and toil, ‘get into better air. Have you any resources?’ ‘They are exhausted.’ ‘D’ye want money?’ ‘Indeed I do.’ ‘So do I,’ rejoined the President, ‘but Fauntleroy is arranging an advance, and if I succeed you shall hear. Don’t be cast down! such a work must not be forgotten.’ The same afternoon came a cheque from West for 15*l*. He was not less liberal of counsel to his younger brethren, and stooping down from his own eminence held out his hand to pull them up the steep. He spared neither time nor pains in his lessons, and kept back nothing. Having contributed by his advice to the improvement of Leslie’s ‘Saul,’ he next assisted to sell it. He had it hung in his own room, and through his influence it was purchased by Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley, for a hundred guineas. Ten years later Mr. Leslie was engaged in finishing his well-known ‘Sancho and the Duchess,’ when Wilkie called. ‘I think,’ said Wilkie, after complimenting him upon his performance, ‘you may improve your picture very much by giving it more depth and richness of tone. The practice of our artists is running too much into a light and vapid style, which will in the end ruin the art. I am trying to avoid this as much as possible, and I should be glad to talk you over.’ As the Exhibition was at hand, and there was no time to be lost, he invited Leslie to visit him that same afternoon and inspect an Isaac Ostade, which had the precise qualities that were required. The visit was paid, and he enforced his lessons with an earnestness and animation which convinced his auditor how eagerly he desired to render him assistance and promote his success. These are honourable examples, and it would seem that they are by no means peculiar. Mr. Leslie bears testimony that the jealousies which are supposed to be rife among artists prevail most with a comparatively inferior and obscure class of persons. He once went with Constable to pacify an amateur who was clamouring in the hall of the Academy, because he had heard that his picture was ill hung. ‘I cannot but feel as I do,’ said he after accusing several of the members of envy, ‘for painting is a passion with me.’ ‘Yes,’ replied Constable, ‘and a bad passion.’ The rich in fame, like the rich in

in money, can best afford to be generous; but though a man may lament his own failure, he is inexcusable if he repines at the success of others, and least of all should he impute to them those evil sentiments which are in reality the offspring of his own diseased mind. Haydon was an instance. He confessed that he was uneasy even at a funeral unless he was first in the procession, and this inordinate craving for supremacy by leading him to be jealous of others induced him to suppose that others were jealous of him. He soon got to fancy that all advice from his superiors was insidious and intended to keep him down. His friend Wilkie, who entirely changed his own style from the influence of the great works he saw in Italy, adjured him to go there and take his family with him. In his conceit he suspected that the object was to get him out of the way because he had made 'a hit in satire'—a department which he asserts his monitor 'could not touch without being considered an imitator.' The modest painter of the 'Village Politicians' must have been a miracle of humility as well as a monster of jealousy, if in depicting familiar scenes he could have dreaded competition with the painter of the 'Mock Election in the King's Bench Prison.' In a kindred spirit Haydon inferred that the motive of Lawrence in suggesting an alteration in the 'Solomon' was to mar the picture, and he quotes with glee the reply of Northcote to the same counsellor on his pointing out to him some particular in which one of his works might be improved. 'So it might,' said the cynic, his ferret eyes glistening with spite, 'but I waan't do a bit of it.' Northcote spoke with more wisdom and charity when Leslie told him that he was perplexed by the contradictory recommendations he received from authorities equally high. 'Everybody will advise you to do what he himself would do; but you are to consider and judge for yourself whether you are likely to do it as he would, and if not you may spoil your picture.'

Mr. Leslie has devoted several pages to Benjamin West and his family. The father of the President was a Quaker who married in England, and removed to America. His wife, unable to make the voyage at the time, was left behind, gave birth to a son, and died. The boy was brought up by some relations in this country, and settled at Reading as a watchmaker. The widower remained on the other side of the Atlantic, and marrying again, had ten children, of whom the painter was the youngest. Benjamin was engaged to Miss Shewell before he visited Europe, and in 1765 she came to England under the escort of his father. Then it was that the patriarch first set eyes upon his eldest son, who was now fifty years of age. The old man was astonished at the changes that had taken place during the half century he had been away. 'Can
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thee tell me,' he said, 'what has become of all the Englishmen? When I left England the men were a portly, comely race, with broad skirts and large flowing wigs—rather slow in their movements, and grave and dignified in their deportment; but now they are docked and cropped, and skipping about in scanty clothes like so many monkeys.' These flowing wigs had been such an invariable concomitant of fashion, that a relic of the past generation, who was maintaining in the early part of the reign of George III. that O'Brian, the actor, was not successful in characters of high life, assigned as a reason that no one could personate a fine gentleman unless he had a fifty guinea wig on his head. The mania for French dress and manners which followed, and which astonished old Mr. West, was stopped by the Revolution; 'but there can be no doubt,' says Mr. Leslie, 'that, though often interrupted by political events, it dates among the aristocracy of England from the time of William of Normandy, and was the natural result of the Conquest.'

Benjamin West had the good fortune to please George III., who gave him both a pension and employment. When the King became insane the pension was stopped, and the pictures he was painting for him countermanded. This was the cause of his embarrassments when he made over a part of his borrowings to Haydon. The last year of his life he was too feeble to go to the Exhibition on a public day, and he wished to see it the day after it closed; but said if the Regent went he must stay away, or as President he should be compelled to attend upon him, and he was unequal to the fatigue. Mr. Leslie suggested that ill as he was his Royal Highness would excuse him. 'No,' the old man replied, 'it is now many years since I have had cause to know the wisdom of David's advice, "Put not your trust in Princes."' The answer showed that he was smarting under the illiberal treatment he had received, and had too much pride or too much dignity to prefer a request which was not likely to have been refused, though it would certainly have had the air of a studied slight if he had stayed away while the Regent was in the rooms, and had yet been present at another hour of the day. He died in 1820, and his reputation as a painter in great part died with him. The 'Annunciation,' for which he had received 800*l.* in 1817, was sold by auction in 1840 for ten guineas. He had considerable skill in much of the mechanism of the art; but his pictures were formal, tame, and insipid, and wanted the expression and sentiment which appeal to the mind and heart. Mr. Leslie says that the most pleasing and original of his works is a family piece, in which he has represented his father and eldest brother paying a visit to his wife on the birth of her second child. 'Everything is individual
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and characteristic. The hats worn by John West and his son in the presence of a lady mark the sect who never uncover their heads in token of respect but when they kneel to God. They are sitting, as is the custom of Quakers, for a few minutes in silent meditation, which will soon be ended by the old man taking off his hat and offering up a prayer for the mother and infant. Wilkie greatly admired the composition before he knew the entire meaning of the subject. He was struck with its extreme simplicity and the unostentatious breadth of its masses of light and dark. West repeated it with great variations, substituting loose draperies for the modern dresses, and it immediately became commonplace—an additional proof to those furnished by the histories of most artists of the danger of endeavouring to improve on the incidents taken from real life.' This portrait-picture, Mr. Leslie adds, when compared with the President's more ambitious productions, proves the truth of Dr. Johnson's aphorism, 'That which is *greatest* is not always best.'

That the appearance of a picture depends much upon the colours at which we have been previously gazing, is a familiar truth; but the illustration with which West accompanied the remark is particularly interesting. He invited Reynolds to go and see a favourite Vandyke which had been taken down from the place where it hung in the Royal collection at Buckingham House, and was standing upon the floor. Sir Joshua ran up to it eagerly, and having looked at it closely, exclaimed with an air of disappointment, 'After all, it is a copy.' When he had examined the other pictures he returned to the Vandyke. 'I don't know what to think,' he said, 'it is much more beautiful than it appeared to me at first: it can hardly be a copy.' 'I have no doubt of its originality,' West replied, 'and I can explain the cause of your disappointment. When I called on you, you were engaged on one of your own dashing backgrounds, preparing it with the brightest colours for glazing. Your eye had perhaps been for an hour on your own work, and anything would look tame and dull after it. The Vandyke appeared to you, at first sight, to want brightness, and to be weak and timid in execution; but when you had looked at the other pictures in the room, the taste, truth, and delicacy with which it is painted, became apparent to you.' The masterpieces of Rubens in the Netherlands seemed to Reynolds colder in tone in 1783 than when he saw them two years before; and he could not account for the circumstance till he remembered that he had made notes on his former visit, and that as he glanced from the paper to the canvas the colours derived increased warmth from the contrast. The longer the eye is fixed upon glowing hues, the more its sensibility to lower tones

is diminished; but that the process is in a considerable degree instantaneous is evident from the fact that the mere neighbourhood of a rich picture kills a sober one. Mr. Leslie relates an amusing instance of it. In the Exhibition of 1832, Constable's 'Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' which 'seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver,' was hung next to a sea-piece by Turner, 'a grey picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive colour in any part of it.' Constable went on heightening the gay flags of his city barges, and Turner kept looking in to see the effect upon his own bleak waves. At last, unable to bear the spectacle, he dashed on to his painting a round daub of red lead, like a wafer. 'The intensity of the red lead,' Mr. Leslie proceeds, 'made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. I came into the room just as Turner left it. "He has been here," said Constable, "and fired a gun." On the opposite wall was a picture by Jones, of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. "A coal," said Cooper, "has bounced across the room from Jones's picture and set fire to Turner's sea!"' Satisfied that his red wafer was safe from competition, Turner returned no more till the last moment allowed for retouching, and then he converted it into a buoy.

In November, 1821, Mr. Leslie was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. His diploma was carried to him by Strowger, the porter of the Institution. 'I hope,' said he, 'I shall soon bring you another (that of R. A.); but all in good time; we must not be in too great a hurry to get rid of old masters, and get new ones.' Then, lest he should have unduly damped the young Associate's hopes of a speedy vacancy, he added, sinking his voice to a tone to suit so solemn a subject as the death of an Academician, 'but there are some of them, sir, can't last long.' Strowger earned his first reputation as 'a beautiful ploughman' in Suffolk, had next been a life guardsman, and in every capacity was a favourite for his humour, his intelligence, and his steadiness. Wilkie and Haydon drank tea with him one Sunday, and were delighted with the neatness of his house and family, and diverted with the raciness of his conversation. 'I don't know,' says Haydon in his journal, 'when I have spent a more innocent, amusing evening.' This fine fellow took a particular interest in Constable, both because he could appreciate the accuracy with which rural scenes were represented in his pictures, and because they were natives of the same county and neighbourhood. The arranging Committee had rejected one of the landscape painter's early and no doubt inferior works, in which he had depicted reapers in a corn-field, 'the lord,' as the best hand is called, leading the way. The porter conveyed what he considered the erroneous verdict of the

Committee to his friend, and excused them on the score of their *ignorance*. 'Our gentlemen are all great artists, sir, but they none of them know anything about the *lord*.' Even the magnates of the Academy indulged in an easy sociality with Strowger. 'Sam,' said Fuseli to him, 'I am invited to dine out: have you any objection to my going?' 'That's according where it is, Mr. Fuseli.' 'At Mr. Smirke's, Sam.' 'Oh no, sir. Mr. Smirke is a very nice gentleman, and I only wish I was qualified to go with you, Sir.'

It is the custom for the successful candidate to call upon his electors, and Mr. Leslie paid his respects to Northcote among the rest. His sketch of this shrewd, caustic, entertaining personage, is so vivid a piece of word-painting, that the pencil itself could not reproduce the scene with more lively reality:—

'I was shown up stairs into a front room filled with pictures, many of the larger ones resting against each other, and all of them dim with dust. I had not waited long, when a door opened which communicated with his painting-room, and the old gentleman appeared, but did not advance beyond it. His diminutive figure was enveloped in a chintz dressing-gown, below which his trowsers, which seemed as if made for a much taller man, hung in loose folds over an immense pair of shoes, into which his legs seemed to have shrunk down. His head was covered with a blue silk nightcap, and his sharp black eyes peered at me with a whimsical expression of inquiry from under his projecting brows. There he stood, with his palette and brushes in one hand, and a mahl-stick, twice as long as himself, in the other; his attitude and look saying, for he did not speak, "What do you want?" On telling him that I had been elected an Associate of the Academy, he said quickly, "And who's the other?" "Mr. Clint," I replied. "And so Clint's got it at last. You are an *architect*, I believe."

This last stroke is an amusing specimen of Northcote's ingenuity in inflicting stabs upon all who approached him. The mild courtesy of Mr. Leslie's explanation must have completely disarmed him, for he answered, 'Well, sir, you owe nothing to me,' and invited him into his painting-room. A large equestrian picture of George IV. was upon the old man's easel, and he descanted upon the original in his usual biting vein. 'He is by far the best king of the family we have had. It has been remarked that this country is best governed by a woman, for then the government is carried on by able men; and George IV. is like a woman, for he minds only his own amusements and leaves public affairs to his ministers. He is just what a King of England should be—something to look grand, and to hang the robes on.' Northcote was at all times adroit in venting a sarcasm under the guise of a compliment. Congratulating Shee, who spoke well and
painted

painted indifferently, upon one of his displays, he said, 'You should have been in Parliament instead of the Academy.' The pain he had inflicted during the day frequently troubled him at night and kept him from sleeping; but his native disposition was stronger than his repentance, and the first mark which presented itself to his view he shot his bolt. He had better qualities. He was a sagacious observer and an original thinker. His mode of putting the commonest truths was peculiar to himself, and he had the art of conveying a world of meaning by two or three arch words. When Haydon called upon him with a letter of introduction and informed him that his intention was to renounce portraits and paint in the Michael Angelo style, Northcote replied, in his broad Devonshire dialect, 'Why, your vather isn't a moneyed man, is he?'

Not long after Mr. Leslie attained his academical honours he became known to Lord Egremont. This nobleman was engaged at eight-and-twenty to Lady Maria Waldegrave, who, according to her uncle, Horace Walpole, broke off the match because her lover did not show her sufficient attention. For this he is called by Walpole 'a most worthless fellow, and as weak and irresolute as he is worthless.' In another letter he is designated as 'a pitiful object,' and four years afterwards he figures as 'that wretch.' This is hard language to bestow upon a man because he was not ardent in love-making. Mr. Leslie says that his nature was to be shy and taciturn, and that the lady probably rejected him from not understanding his character. It is more likely, from the lasting rage of her relatives when he took her at her word, that the whole proceeding was a piece of finesse to gain an object, and that she never intended to reject him at all. Walpole, in fact, accuses him later of having *abandoned* Lady Maria, though he blamed him at the time for proclaiming the rupture without explaining that it was Lady Maria who had abandoned him. The freedom with which Lord Egremont spoke of the transaction, shows at least, as Mr. Leslie remarks, that he did not consider that the ill-behaviour had been on his side. The chief importance of the incident now is as a specimen of the danger of accepting the character of anybody from the prejudiced, petulant pen of Walpole. If we had only known Lord Egremont, as we only know many other persons, from the account of this self-sufficient chronicler, we should never dream that he was the exact reverse of all he is described—not 'weak and irresolute,' but a person of firm will and independent opinions; not 'a worthless fellow' and 'a wretch,' but one of the most liberal, benevolent, considerate men that ever adorned the British aristocracy. 'He is literally like the sun,' writes Haydon when on a visit to him: 'the very flies at Petworth seem to

know that the windows are theirs. Dogs, horses, cows, deer and pigs, peasantry and servants, guests and family, children and parents, all share alike his bounty, and opulence, and luxuries. After breakfast he walks away, leaving everybody to take care of themselves, with all that generosity can place at their disposal entirely within their reach. There is plenty, but not absurd profusion—everything solid, liberal, rich, and English. I never saw such a character, nor were there ever many.’ On one occasion, when Leslie went to Petworth, he found the house full of poor relations and poor friends. A few days before, 4000 people had been feasted in the park. The porter and his wife were dying of old age in the lodge of the principal entrance, and Lord Egremont had the gates closed while they lived, for fear they should be disturbed by the traffic. His good temper kept pace with his benevolence. Sir William Beechey said of him that ‘he had more put-up-ability than almost any man,’ and Mr. Leslie adds that people were sometimes encouraged by his forbearance to behave with an easy assurance which drove him to order the offender to leave the house. In the midst of his princely hospitality he avoided all ostentation. His liveries were plain, and he himself was sometimes mistaken for one of his own domestics. The lady’s maid of a guest met him crossing the hall as the bell was ringing for the servants’ dinner. ‘Come, old gentleman,’ she exclaimed, ‘you and I will go together, for I can’t find my way in this great house.’ He gave her his arm and led her to the dinner-table, very much, no doubt, to the astonishment of the assembled servants. ‘*You,*’ he said to her, ‘dine here; *I* don’t dine till seven.’ Such was the ‘worthless wretch’ of Horace Walpole: and to what advantage does he appear with his large heart, his liberal hand, and his English simplicity, by the side of his finical, supercilious detractor.

A beautiful little grandchild of Lord Egremont died, and Phillips was sent for to paint her portrait. He was unable to go, and asked Mr. Leslie to undertake the office. This was the origin of his acquaintance with the most magnificent patron which modern art could boast in the last generation. The picture finished, Lord Egremont paid him double what he asked, and shortly afterwards gave him another commission. He left the size and the subject to the painter, and Mr. Leslie rewarded his confidence by the well-known ‘Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess.’ The owner of Petworth not only desired to adorn his walls with the best productions of living artists; he wished to benefit the artists themselves, and he made his patronage subservient to their interests. He inquired of Mr. Leslie, while ‘Sancho and the Duchess’ was at the Exhibition, whether he had received

received any order for a similar work. On being told 'No,' he answered, 'Then paint me a companion to it, and if anybody should wish to have it, let them, and paint me another. I wish to keep you employed on such subjects instead of portraits.' This was the spirit in which he always acted. He subsequently wrote a note to explain that he did not mean to confine Mr. Leslie in the companion picture to the story of Don Quixote. 'On the contrary,' he said, 'I have never seen any representation of the Don that satisfied me; and I believe that it is impossible to represent all the absurdity and ridicule of his character, and at the same time the dignity of his mind and the grandeur of his sentiments, by painting only, without the addition of language.' This single observation is evidence of the critical discrimination with which he read.

To Lord Egremont, Mr. Leslie appears to have owed his introduction to Lord Holland. In 1829 he painted his portrait and that of his singularly lovely daughter, now Lady Lilford. The charge for the two was sixty guineas, and Lord Holland sent one hundred. 'The price,' he wrote, 'even in its amended shape, bears no proportion whatever to the value I annex to the works; but it unfortunately does bear a more correct one to the sum that I can with any prudence devote to such objects.' Such graceful liberality speaks for itself; and Mr. Leslie adds to it the tribute 'that he was, without any exception, the best-tempered man he had ever known.' Lord Brougham has borne the very same testimony. 'In my whole experience,' he says, 'of our race I never saw such a temper, nor anything that at all resembled it.' He could hardly have received a greater compliment; for though good-temper is often ranked among commonplace qualities, it ought to be classed among the highest, both on account of the happy effects it produces and the amount of moral self-control which it implies. Of the talent for repartee which enlivened Lord Holland's conversation, Mr. Leslie gives this pleasant specimen:—

'When Stuart, the painter, died, an eulogium on his character appeared in one of the American papers, in which it was said that he left the brightest prospects in England, and returned to his own country, from his admiration of her new institutions, and a desire to paint the portrait of Washington. On hearing this, Sir Thomas Lawrence said, "I knew Stuart well, and I believe the real cause of his leaving England was his having become tired of the inside of some of our prisons." "Well, then," said Lord Holland, "after all, it was his love of freedom that took him to America."'

Mr. Leslie states that Lord Holland was fond of repeating the *bon mots* of his uncle, Charles Fox. None of them are recorded

recorded in the 'Recollections;' but we have instead a *bon mot*, of which Fox was the subject. He rarely opened his lips in the presence of Dr. Johnson, for fear of provoking one of his murderous retorts; and on somebody remarking, in allusion, we presume, to the inequality of the great debater's speeches, that he was 'Aut Cæsar, aut nihil,' Johnson replied, 'Whenever I have met him he has been *nihil*.' Lady Holland appears as a wit in company with her lord. When Moore's 'Lalla Rookh' came out she is reported to have said to him: 'Mr. Moore, I don't intend to read your *Larry O'Rourke*; I don't like Irish stories.' She had not read it two years after it was published, and then she assigned as a reason that it was Eastern, and in quarto. The last objection, Moore told her, had been long removed; and he adds the reflection in his Diary, 'That a poet afflicted with a plethora of vanity would find an occasional dose of Lady Holland an excellent cure.'

The Author of 'Waverley' obeyed an invitation to call and see the 'May Day' of Mr. Leslie in 1820,—an honour which so delighted the artist that in the exuberance of his emotion he could not touch his brush again that day. In 1824 he had the satisfaction of being selected by Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, to paint a portrait of the novelist himself, and he was invited to Abbotsford for the purpose. His account of the great man in his home agrees with every other representation we have of him. In one slight incident, however, he appears to less than his usual advantage. Mrs. Coutts was on her road to pay him a visit, and was expected to arrive in time for dinner. She travelled to Edinburgh with seven carriages, and though she only took on three to Abbotsford, she required four horses to each, and was stopped because some wayside inn could not furnish the round dozen. In the meanwhile Sir Walter kept the assembled company fasting from seven till nine, and might have kept them much longer if a messenger had not brought word that the procession would not arrive that night. Several of the guests were ladies, and two of them ladies of rank. They were not pleased to have been so little considered, and it would not diminish their irritation at the deference with which a single person had been treated at the expense of the rest when she made her appearance in almost royal state, attended, as Mr. Leslie says, 'by a lady, a doctor, a secretary, and I don't know how many servants.' The company resolved to resist her supremacy, and to mortify her by their haughtiness. Scott privately remonstrated with Lady Compton, who was one of the offended and offenders, and she at once exerted herself to restore good humour. She sat down to the piano to play while Mrs. Coutts sang; but the concession came too late. Mrs. Coutts

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was almost choking with vexation at the slights she had already received, and could not utter a note. She cut short her visit, and when Stuart Newton, who was present, met her a year later and reminded her that he had made her acquaintance at Abbotsford, she answered, 'Oh! I remember it was when those horrible women were there. Sir Walter was very kind and did all in his power; but I could not stay in the house with them.' Mr. Leslie recounts the broil for the purpose of correcting one or two inaccuracies in the description of the scene in the '*Life of Scott*.' Mr. Lockhart supposed that Mrs. Coutts had been conciliated and had stayed out her time, instead of leaving prematurely in disgust. Nor does he seem to have been aware that the first seeds of discontent had been sown by Sir Walter himself, when he departed from his ordinary sense and tact in putting the patience of his guests to a test beyond what susceptible and hungry human nature could cheerfully endure. Boileau, the French poet, said that he always made a point of being punctual at dinner, for he had observed that the company spent the interval of waiting in discussing the faults of the delinquent; and it is surprising it should not have occurred to the sagacious novelist that in sacrificing everybody else to Mrs. Coutts he was doing her more wrong than honour, and was rendering her generally obnoxious. Blameless as she was in the business, it was not unnatural that the incident, coupled with her pretentious retinue, should have provoked the mistaken retaliation which 'displaced the mirth, and broke the good meeting.'

In relating anything he had heard, Scott, says Mr. Leslie, added touches of his own that were always charming. 'Why, Sir Walter,' once interposed John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldin, 'that's a story of mine you've been telling; but you have so decorated it that I scarcely knew it again.' 'Do you think,' replied Scott, 'I'd tell one of your stories, or of anybody's, and not put a laced coat and cocked hat upon it?' The laced coats and cocked hats in which he dressed his inexhaustible store of anecdotes made him a favourite in society long before he was known to fame. Speaking of his lameness, he said, 'When I was of the age at which lads like to shine in the eyes of girls, I have felt some envy in a ball-room of the young fellows who had the use of their legs; but I generally found when I was beside the lasses I had the advantage with my tongue.' His face, as is well known, had a heavy look when not animated, and, except in the capacious forehead, gave no indication of his genius, but there was more benevolence, Mr. Leslie states, in his countenance than is embodied in any portrait which was ever made of him. In other particulars Chantry's bust did justice to him,

him, and conveys his most characteristic expression. 'The gentle turn of the head,' we are told, 'and the lurking humour in the eye and about the mouth were Scott's own.' In his walks he frequently pointed out the precise effect which would strike a painter; but, with an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, he had little or none for the same effects when transferred to canvas. 'To him,' says Mr. Leslie, 'pictures were interesting merely as representing some particular scene, person, or event, and very moderate merit in their execution contented him. There were things hanging on the walls of his dining-room which no eye possessing sensibility to what is excellent in art could have endured. I am inclined to think that in music, also, his enjoyment arose chiefly from the associations called up by the air or words of a song.' A strong proof of the correctness of this opinion is, that he maintained that the bagpipe was a fine instrument. Little, however, as he estimated music by its intrinsic qualities, he had a keen relish for Highland melodies and military marches. His face was lighted up by the inward delight, and his whole body swayed slightly in unison with the tune.

On going one day into the studio of his friend Newton, Mr. Leslie found Sidney Smith sitting for his portrait, his portly figure and convivial countenance looking very like the 'Abbot Boniface' of the artist who was painting him. Several sallies of this jovial and witty ecclesiastic are related in the 'Recollections,' and, as a whole, give a juster idea than any examples which have hitherto been published of the ordinary nature of his humour, which consisted less in repartee than in a grotesque fancy, pouring forth a succession of farcical ideas.

'Newton told me that at a dinner-party at Lord Lyndhurst's, at which he was present, the conversation turned on the custom in India of widows burning themselves. Smith began to defend the practice, asserting that no wife who truly loved her husband could wish to survive him. "But, if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry that Lady Lyndhurst should burn herself?" "Lady Lyndhurst," he replied, "would, no doubt, as an affectionate wife, consider it her duty to burn herself, but it would be our duty to put her out; and, as the wife of the Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst should not be put out like an ordinary widow. It should be a state affair. First, a procession of the judges, and then of the lawyers." "But where, Mr. Smith, are the clergy?" "All gone to congratulate the new Chancellor."'

The aversion entertained towards the clergy by Mr. John Allen, the factotum of Lord Holland, gives the point to the next extract:—

'At

'At the back of Holland House, a window is distinguished from all the rest by an iron grating over it. This window communicates with Lady Holland's bed-room, and she had it grated when she heard of a gentleman and his wife being murdered in their bed by a servant, who entered their room through a back-window.' Sidney Smith gave another account of this window. "Allen," he said, "keeps a clergyman in confinement there, upon bread and water."

'Mr. Luttrell mentioned an Irish clergyman who was much offended at being called a "*pluralist*," and said, "if you don't take care, you will find me a *duellist*." Smith took this up, and said, "I suppose there is scarcely a clergyman in Ireland who has not *been out*. I am told they settle these matters when the afternoon's service is over. I have seen a parson's challenge:—Sir, meet me on the first Sunday after the Epiphany."

This ludicrous piece of extravagance was not, perhaps, at the time it was uttered, entirely fanciful. Lord Byron mentions that in the capacity of second he had prevented many duels, but that the person whom he found the hardest to conciliate, and the most unwilling to forego the privilege of fighting, was a clergyman of the Church of England. The specimens which follow are all good.

'Sidney Smith, after travelling for some hours in a stage-coach with one other passenger only, a lady, said, as he was about to leave the coach, "We have been some time together, and I dare say you think me a very odd fellow, and would like to know who I am?" "Indeed, sir, I should." "Well then, madam," he said, as the coach stopped, and he was getting out, "I must inform you that I am the stout gentleman who was seen by Mr. Washington Irving's nervous friend."

'Mr. Rogers told me that Smith received invitations to dine with Whitbread and with some peer at the same time. He accepted Whitbread's, and wrote to the peer that he "was engaged to dine with the great fermentator in Chiswell Street." But, putting his answers into the wrong covers, his excuse to the peer went to the brewer, and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread replied, "The *great fermentator* is much obliged to Mr. Smith for giving him the preference." He answered, "I have received your ladyship's note, and kill myself on the spot."

'Edwin Landseer said to him, "With your love of humour, it must be a great self-denial to abstain from the theatres." "The managers," he replied, "are very polite; they send me free admissions, which I can't use; and, in return, I send them free admissions to St. Paul's."

George IV. was accustomed to comment upon the dress of Sir Robert Peel, whose clothes never fitted him:—

'Smith accordingly represented the minister, when on a visit at the Brighton Pavilion, as being called out of bed in the middle of the night to attend his Majesty in what the King supposed to be his
last

last moments,—his dinner having disagreed with him in a very alarming manner. Peel was much affected, and the King, after a few words, which he could scarcely utter, said, "Go, my dear Peel,—God bless you! I shall never see you again:" and, as Peel turned to leave the room, he added faintly, "Who made that dressing-gown, my dear Peel? It sits very badly behind. God bless you, my dear fellow! Never employ that tailor again."

A friend of Mr. Leslie said of Sidney Smith that he was 'the greatest disperser of humbug that ever lived.' This must be accepted with the qualification that he treated some things as 'humbug' which deserved and have received the profoundest homage of mankind. Mr. Leslie thought him the best preacher of his time, and knew no better sermons than those he published. When the worthy and accomplished artist pronounced this opinion, he must, we think, have been a stranger to the works of the principal English divines.

Among the intimates of Leslie was Rogers, the poet, who told him that when he first grew into repute an officious gentleman, vain of knowing everybody, came up to him and said, 'Lady——is dying to be introduced to the author of the "*Pleasures of Memory!*"' 'Pray let her live,' he replied, and they made their way to his alleged admirer. 'Mr. Rogers, Madam, author of the "*Pleasures of Memory.*"' '*Pleasures of what?*' said she. 'I felt for my friend,' added Rogers. The poem which procured him his fame will not sustain it. Nearly every verse is a direct imitation, and sometimes almost a parody, of an admired line in the writings of his predecessors. He especially copied Goldsmith, of whom he is only a faint and rapid echo. What little beauty his pieces display was the result of a degree of labour which would have enabled him to produce immortal passages if he had possessed any genuine native power. His chief talent was his taste. Though he could not originate, he had a refined appreciation of all that was admirable in the works of others. 'He was the only man,' says Mr. Leslie, 'I have ever known who felt the beauties of art like an artist. He employed and always upheld Flaxman, Stothard, and Turner, when they were little appreciated by their countrymen. The proof of his superior judgment is to be found in the fact that there was nothing in his house which was not valuable. In most other collections, however fine, I have always seen something that betrayed a want of taste—an indifferent picture, a copy passing for an original, or something vulgar in the way of ornament.' He was vain of his discrimination, and liked to detect merits which had escaped everybody else. In the exercise of this propensity he was occasionally betrayed into commending what he did not really admire. 'There
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are my old friends Sir George and Lady Beaumont,' said Wordsworth, pointing to their portraits, at Leslie's house. 'But not a bit like,' interposed Rogers. 'You look at them because they are a fine lady and gentleman, but you don't notice those sweet cottage children. Who painted that charming picture?' 'Constable,' replied Leslie, to the confusion of Rogers, who, strange to tell, was no admirer of Constable's productions. He had the same foible with respect to literature. 'I have known him,' says Mr. Leslie, 'when Lord Holland was quoting with praise something affecting in prose or poetry, take up a newspaper and read one of those anonymous appeals that daily appear among the advertisements—"If J. C. will return to the home which is made desolate by her absence, all will be forgotten." "There," he would exclaim, "is real pathos."' This intensity of egotism, and the desire to render every beauty subservient to his own credit, made him a far less interesting showman than if he had given himself up to the honest enjoyment of excellence.

'Those who are disposed,' says Mr. Leslie, 'to think the worst of Mr. Rogers, assert that by the severity of his remarks he delighted in giving pain. I know that by the kindness of his remarks, and still more by the kindness of his acts, he delighted in giving pleasure.' The second sentence, we presume, is designed to qualify and not to contradict the first; for though a sensitive man himself, he was not only careless of wounding the feelings of others, but evidently studied to be satirical. The symptoms of this prevailing humour are even apparent in Mr. Leslie's kindly narrative, which is intended to represent the favourable side of his character. A queer-looking old lady, as broad as she was high, and absurdly dressed, accosted him at a party. 'How do you do, Mr. Rogers? It is very long since I have seen you, and I don't think now you know who I am.' 'Could I ever forget you?' he replied, with a peculiar emphasis. The good lady could not be supposed to be conscious of the grotesqueness of her own appearance. She missed the sneer, mistook it for a compliment, and squeezed his hand with delight. On another occasion, Mr. Leslie heard him express his surprise that the most religious people were often loudest in their abuse of the weather. 'They forget,' he said, 'who sends it. And, when it is fine, if you remark how pleasant it is, they answer, "Yes; but we shall pay for it."' It is plain that the object of Rogers was less to justify the weather than to run down religious people, or he would not have imputed language to them as a peculiarity, which is a common mode of talking among all classes. Nor can we forbear to add that the religious people with whom Mr. Rogers was in the habit of associating must have been bad specimens

specimens of their order. The reflections we have been accustomed to hear from the more pious part of the world have been in the spirit of the reply which Archbishop Leighton gave to his sister when she observed 'that the season was extremely severe:' 'But thou, O God, hast made both winter and summer.' The friends of Rogers did not place implicit faith in the sincerity of his own effusions of sentiment. He pointed out to Mr. Leslie a village in the neighbourhood of Brighton that looked all peace and beauty in the tranquil sunset. 'Do you see,' he said, 'those three large tombstones close to the tower of the church? My father, my mother, and my grandfather, are buried there.' 'Really?' 'No,' said he—for he had been making these sacred associations the theme for a jesting remark—'but *I* should like to be buried there.' Mr. Leslie repeated the circumstance to another man of letters, who exclaimed, 'What a lying old rascal!'

Rogers was a frequent guest at Petworth, and according to Mr. Leslie 'the beaux had little chance of engaging the attention of the belles when he was in the room.' This was not always the case elsewhere. In his old age he was annoyed at a party because a couple of lovely young girls were the principal objects of admiration. As they went away he endeavoured to console himself for having been reduced to play a very secondary part by saying to Wordsworth—'There they go; in a few years they will have lost the beauty which is their only attraction, while we are nearly as good as ever we were.' 'As good as ever we were!' exclaimed Wordsworth: 'speak for yourself, Bard of Memory!' Sidney Smith, who was standing by, was delighted at the rebuke, and broke into one of his loud and hearty laughs. An acquiescent audience was necessary to Rogers, whose tranquil talent did not fit him to take the lead among animated and energetic minds. He had a budget of good stories, which he told with uncommon neatness and brevity. Mr. Leslie has preserved a few of them. 'A nervous gentleman kept a fire-escape—a kind of sack in which he could lower himself from his window. Being suddenly awakened, one night, by the sound, as he thought, of the wheels of a fire-engine, followed by a tremendous knocking at the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and reached the street just in time to hand his wife, who had been at the opera, out of her carriage.' Such anecdotes, though utterly incredible, amuse like the incidents in a farce. The next tale bears equally the stamp of fiction. The body of a malefactor who was hanged in chains disappeared in the night. Nearly a fortnight afterwards it was again dangling in the air, and looked as if fresh from the hands of the executioner. The man on the first occasion was not quite
dead.

dead. A farmer and his son passing by heard him groan, took him home and nursed him. When he recovered they were awoken by a noise, and found their guest at his old trade—packing up every article of value in the house. They agreed that he would be better returned to the place from whence he came, and restraining him they put him back into his iron case on the gibbet. A trait of Mr. Rogers' friend Maltby, the Librarian of the London Institution, has the advantage of being true as well as entertaining. He was extremely absent, and on the poet mentioning that he had met a lady who, after hearing him talk, inquired 'Isn't your name Rogers?' Maltby rejoined, with the air of a person interested in the result, 'And was it?' Many of the stories of the Bard of Memory related to children. The prettiest, says Mr. Leslie, was of a little girl who was asked 'Why does everybody love you so much?' 'I think it is,' she replied, 'because I love everybody so much.' The final sentence of the '*Recollections*' records an observation of Rogers: 'Those who go to heaven will be very much surprised at the people they find there, and very much surprised at those they do not find there.' This is clearly a mutilated version of a much older saying: 'There are three things that will astonish a Christian in heaven—he will be astonished to miss some whom he had expected to find there, he will be astonished to see others whom he had not expected to find there, and his greatest astonishment of all will be to find himself there.'

A dinner with the sister of the poet brought Mr. Leslie in contact with the Countess of Cork, whose vivacity in her early days had charmed Dr. Johnson. It was in 1834 that the artist met her. She was then, he says, 'old, infirm, and diminutive; dressed all in white, with a white bonnet, which she wore at table. No doubt she had been pretty in her youth, and notwithstanding her great age she was very animated. She was attended by a boy page in a fantastical green livery, with a cap and a high plume of black feathers.' She had been an inveterate lion-hunter from her girlhood, and when her juvenile time was past was glad to put up with comparatively ignoble prey. An American negro, who had kept a little school in Boston, and who afterwards made a good deal of money at Hayti, came to England somewhere about 1817. His christian name Prince was mistaken for his title, and he was believed to be a true specimen, freshly imported, of African royalty. He was the great man of the season, and the Countess of Cork 'could not have a party without his Highness Prince Saunders.' Once the Countess and his Highness having both of them assemblies on the same evening, she sent her carriage for him, and he was carried away in triumph
from

from his own guests. At a *conversazione*, at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, where there was a crowd of distinguished men, the general object of homage was the Boston negro schoolmaster, whose meagre talents were upon a par with his plebeian education. 'I got near,' says Mr. Leslie, 'to hear what passed in his circle, and a gentleman with a star and ribbon, said to him, "What surprises me is that you speak English so well." Saunders, who had never spoken any other language in his life, bowed and smiled acceptance of the compliment.' He called one morning in London upon an American lady, who had last seen him in his native city, and had sent him into her kitchen to have something to eat. He now found her at breakfast. 'With extreme condescension, as she thought, she offered him a cup of tea. "No thank you, ma'am," he said, "I am going to breakfast at Carlton House."'

Mr. Leslie saw much of Bannister the actor after he retired from his profession. 'When I first attracted notice on the stage,' said the benevolent old man to him, 'I was told of such and such people who were my enemies; but I never would listen to such reports, for I was determined to go through life without enemies.' Another piece of practical wisdom was related by him to Constable. 'They say it is my wife who has taken care of my money and made me comfortable in my old age; and so she has; but I think I deserve a little of the credit, for I *let* her do it.' Yet, though he allowed her to check his extravagance, he did not allow her to curb his generosity. He did good by stealth, and having cancelled a bond for a sum of money he had lent a friend, added 'Don't tell my wife.' He had a taste for art. He said he breathed the open air in Constable's delicious pictures, and begged to have one in which 'he could feel the wind blowing on his face.' When he called to give the commission a chimney sweeper was at the painter's door. 'What?' said he, 'Brother brush!'

Bannister mentioned some interesting traits of Garrick's acting. He said that 'it seemed invidious to speak of it in comparison with that of others, it was in general so superior. Kean had flashes of power equal to him, but could not sustain a character throughout as Garrick did.' This coincides with the verdict of Sir George Beaumont: 'He is before me at this instant, I see his quick eye, and hear the electric tones of his piercing and rapid utterance. Other actors are men of slow proceedings, but he was like the lightning. It is quite impossible to form an idea of the sensations he conveyed, whether he chilled you with horror, or convulsed you with laughter; other actors may be compared to Otway or Rowe, but Garrick alone was Shakspeare.' It appears from the valuable memoranda of Malone, which have
lately

lately been published by Sir James Prior, that the slowness of which Sir George Beaumont speaks was the traditional elocution of the stage. A stately pronunication interrupted by long pauses was the standard method. Great powers might be exhibited in this conventional kind of delivery, but nothing out of nature could compete with the same powers when exhibited according to nature. Lord Cobham, who had seen the famous Betterton, declared that Garrick was infinitely superior, and that no one before him had attempted the lively, rapid, truthful display of passion. Quin, trained in Betterton's school, and with every prejudice in favour of it, had yet the candour to say to George Selwyn, 'He would not do *now*.' Garrick as a player has thus a double claim to fame. He was the originator of the most perfect style of acting, and he was himself the finest master in this style that ever appeared. If a competitor prevailed for a while from the rage for novelty,—just as Opie at one time, and Romney at another, drew sitters from Reynolds,—no one could long sustain the contest with him. 'He instructed Barry in *Romeo*,' said Bannister, 'and afterwards, when Barry played it in rivalry with him, he was obliged to alter his own manner. A lady, who had performed *Juliet* with them both, said she thought she must have jumped out of the balcony to Barry, and that she thought Garrick would have jumped into the balcony to her.' This admirable distinction marks the superiority of Garrick in representing the lover's ardour, and bears out the assertion of Bannister that the pupil was eclipsed in spite of the disadvantage to which his teacher was put by having to compete in a newly assumed style with his own lessons. There was the same struggle for supremacy in '*Lear*,' and the contest was continued for fifty nights. It was decided by some verses in which the respective capabilities of the rivals were justly summed up in the line,—

'To Barry we give loud applause, to Garrick only tears.'

His playing in the scene with Cordelia and the Physician was considered by Bannister to be the most pathetic ever witnessed upon the stage. His very stick, he said, acted. Sir George Beaumont was present one night when the wig of the mimic Lear fell from his head, but so completely were the audience absorbed by the emotions created in them by the matchless performance that an accident passed unnoticed, which under ordinary circumstances would have convulsed the house with laughter. One touch of his genius is apparent in the mere description of his manner of delivering the passage in which Lear curses his daughter, and wishes, if she proves prolific, that her infant may grow up ungrateful,

'That

'That she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.'

The expression that 'she may feel' he repeated twice, and laying the strongest emphasis upon *feel* he first raised his voice in pronouncing the word to the highest key and the second time he sunk it to the deepest base. 'Let this,' adds Mr. Leslie, 'be tried, and the effect will be at once perceived.' In taking leave of the portion of the 'Recollections' which treat of the theatre, we must not omit the pleasantry of Lady Spencer when it was the fashion for the nobility to marry actresses: 'If my daughters don't go off this season, I shall bring them out on the stage.'

In 1833 Mr. Leslie emigrated to America, seduced by the tempting description of an appointment which was offered him as 'Teacher of Drawing in the Military Academy at West Point on the Hudson River.' The reality had scarcely more resemblance to the representation than the tumble-down house and neglected grounds of some long-deserted seat to the picturesque ruin and wild romantic scenery of Mr. Robins' advertisements. There was one characteristic republican regulation which must alone have driven any gentleman from the post. The teacher was bound every Saturday to send in an account of the conduct of the cadets. Those who were censured for misbehaviour appealed against the decision, and every Monday the master had to reply to these charges of injustice. He was suddenly converted from a judge into a criminal, and had to endure the perpetual ignominy of being put upon his trial by all the rebellious pupils of whom he had ventured to tell the truth in his compulsory report. If he was always acquitted the arrangement was useless; if he was found guilty his authority and self-respect were destroyed; and in any case he had to pass his days in perplexity, humiliation, and broils. In addition to this grievance the office proved toilsome, the locality unhealthy, the accommodation insufficient. He longed too for the society of his brother artists, and he was happy again to set sail for England in April 1834.

The life of Mr. Leslie, after his return, glided on tranquilly in the exercise of his delightful art, and the first event to arrest our attention is an incident which he witnessed in July 1836, and which is alike remarkable for the self-possession shown by the heroine of the story, and the gallantry displayed by her deliverer. The circumstances were recorded by Mr. Leslie in his journal at the time, and a more simple, vivid, thrilling narrative was hardly ever penned.

'In

'In the evening I took little Harriet and Caroline, with Rebecca and William Clark, to the gardens of the Eyre Arms Hotel, where there was an exhibition of fireworks, &c. A woman was to ascend a rope across the gardens, 300 feet in length, and 60 feet from the ground at its greatest height. She proceeded slowly, in consequence, as I afterwards learned, of the rope not being sufficiently tight; and when she was within a short distance of the end she stopped, being unable either to advance or to go back. The ascent had become so steep from the slackness of the rope, that she could not proceed a step higher, neither could she stoop to take hold of it without throwing away the balance-pole, and had she done that she must have fallen. For some minutes she continued stationary, her husband calling to her from below to go back. I was too far off to hear her reply; but it was evident she could not venture to turn round. Her situation became every instant more perilous; and I was about to leave the garden, fearing she would lose her presence of mind, and dreading to see her fall, and that my little girls should witness so horrid a sight. I should mention, that, as it was quite dark, she was only made visible by fireworks exploding around and below her. The top of a ladder now rose from the midst of a crowd; but when perpendicular it was not long enough to reach her feet; and there was another dreadful minute or two of suspense, with cries and screams from the crowd. A table was then brought from the inn, and the ladder placed on it, and kept in a perpendicular position by two men at the foot, while another ascended. There were loud cries of "don't let the ladder touch the rope!" as he went up. The top of it rose but a foot above the rope; and he could use but one arm in saving her, as with the other he had to keep hold of the ladder. It seemed, therefore, scarcely possible that he could help her. After a few moments' consultation, he called to the crowd to stand from below; and she threw the balance-pole, and in the same instant stooped towards the ladder, and, falling across the rope, remained suspended, with one leg over it, and her arms holding to the ladder. It was with some difficulty that her preserver managed to remove her to the ladder; but as soon as he did she descended rapidly, amidst the cheering of the crowd; while the gallant fellow who had saved her seemed in some danger himself, for he remained for a short time suspended by his hands to the rope, with only one foot on the step of the ladder. But he soon righted himself, and reached the ground. I asked her preserver if he was related to her; he said "No," and that he was only a servant. He was a fine-looking young man, and I was told had been a sailor. Having half-a-sovereign in my pocket, I put it into his hand.'

From this noble act of the preserver of the poor rope-dancer we pass to a very different scene—the coronation of the Queen. In order to witness the ceremony it was necessary to be at the Abbey about four in the morning, and to remain there till four in the afternoon. Imposing as was the spectacle, Mr. Leslie came to the conclusion that it was not worth the fatigue. The

day was productive of future results. He was commissioned by the Queen to paint a picture of her in the act of receiving the sacrament. He wrote to the Duke of Wellington to state that he was commanded to introduce his portrait. The Duke called upon the artist, and his first words were, 'You live a great way from my house; five miles I should say.' Mr. Leslie replied that he did not think it was more than three. 'Oh,' rejoined the Duke, 'you are mistaken, it's five miles!' The artist offered to save him the journey by taking the picture to Apsley House. A morning was fixed for the purpose, and the Duke greeted him with 'Well, don't you find it five miles?' Mr. Leslie again told him that it was only three, and again the Duke repeated, 'You are mistaken, it's five.' The artist spoke by the card, the Duke by guess, but the positiveness was characteristic. He made a still more venturous assertion, when Mr. Leslie showed him his figure sketched in: 'You have made my head too large, and this is what all the painters have done to whom I sat. Painters are not aware how very small a part of the human form the head is. Titian was the only painter who understood this, and by making his heads small he did wonders.' It would indeed have been strange if Titian had been the only painter who knew the size of the human head, or if the wonders he did had been due to his not exaggerating it. Reynolds was rather prone to represent it less than it is in nature. He often employed a person by the name of Toms, who was skilful in his way, to put in draperies for him, and he once complained that the dress did not accord with the head. 'That,' argued Toms, 'is because your heads are on a diminished scale.' Sir Joshua, from being deaf, mistook his meaning, and exclaimed with horror, 'What! do you say that I paint in a little manner? did you say mine was a little manner?' 'No,' explained Toms, 'but I say that your heads are less than the life.' These heads hung in half the houses that the Duke visited, and there are none that he must have looked at more frequently and earnestly, both from the extraordinary beauty of the works and the interest to an Englishman of most of the persons they represent. With examples daily before his eyes to show that the proportions of nature had not at least been exceeded, it is impossible to conjecture how he had arrived at his sweeping conclusion, and could lay it down to an artist as an indisputable fact.

Lord Melbourne was another of the personages introduced into the Coronation Picture, and the portrait which Mr. Leslie painted with his brush could not outvie in truth and individuality the portrait which he has delineated with his pen in the '*Recollections.*'

'His head was a truly noble one. I think, indeed, he was the
finest

finest specimen of manly beauty in the meridian of life I ever saw. Not only were his features eminently handsome, but his expression was in the highest degree intellectual. His laugh was frequent, and the most joyous possible, and his voice so deep and musical, that to hear him utter the most ordinary things was a pleasure. But his frankness, his freedom from affectation, and his peculiar humour, rendered almost everything he said, though it seemed perfectly natural, yet quite original. He asked me how it was that Raphael was employed by the Pope to paint the walls of the Vatican. I said, "Because of his great excellence." "But was not his uncle, Bramante, architect to the Pope?" I replied, "I believe Bramante was his uncle." "Then it was a job, you may be sure," he said, with his hearty laugh. I met him at Holland House a day or two after he ceased to be prime minister. He was as joyous as ever, and only took part in the conversation respecting the changes in the Royal household (which were not then completed) to make everybody laugh. "I hear," said a lady, "that —," naming a duke of not the most correct habits, "is quite scurrilous at not getting an appointment." "No," said Lady Holland, "he can't be scurrilous." "Well, then, he is very angry." "It serves him right," said Lord Melbourne, "for being a tory. None of these immoral men ought to be tories. If he had to come to me I would not have refused him."

'He abused women to Lady Holland, and called them "devils to each other." "But," said Lady Holland, "what nurses they are! What would you do without women in your illnesses?" "I would rather have men about me when I am ill; I think it requires very strong health to put up with women." "Oh!" said the lady, tapping him with her fan, "you have lived among such a rantipole set." With all his abilities, his good sense, and his scholarship, he did not value art, and seemed to have a bad opinion of mankind. Perhaps what Lady Holland said to him, when he expressed his opinion of women, may account for his small belief in human goodness. He had lived among a bad set.'

The circumstance that he had been premier had as much, we believe, to do with Lord Melbourne's estimate of mankind as the set in which he lived. He had witnessed hour by hour the fawning, effrontery, greediness, intrigue, duplicity, and hypocrisy which congregate round the possessors of power and the dispensers of patronage, and he fell into the same mistake that a physician would commit if he were to suppose that there were no healthy people in the world, because he was only consulted by the sick. A nature intrinsically kind counteracted the false conclusions he drew from his melancholy experience, and he never in practice became a misanthrope. In politics, as he confessed, he was sometimes forced by the pressure of his party into measures which he did not approve, and he has been heard to lament that the current of events had separated him from the

Duke, for whose wisdom in civil affairs he retained to the last the profoundest admiration. He called him the watch-dog of the state, and said that while he lived the house would be safe. In the ordinary business of life, where his own sense had undivided sway, nobody exhibited more sagacity than Lord Melbourne. His reply when he was asked to pension the sons of Tom Moore is a slight but characteristic example of his habitual quickness and clearness of perception: 'Making a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable; and is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is, and make no exertion. The young should never hear any language but this: You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.'

Mr. Leslie was employed by the Queen in 1841 to paint a picture of the christening of the Princess Royal. The child was three months old at the time, and he had never seen a finer infant. The public, who had not seen her at all, were of a different opinion.

'It was said everywhere that the Princess was born blind, and by many it was even believed that she was born without feet. The sketch was shown at a party at Mr. Moon's the evening after I made it, and the ladies all said "What a pity so fine a child should be entirely blind!" It was in vain I told them that her eyes were beautifully clear and bright, and that she took notice of everything about her. I was told that, though her eyes looked bright and though she might appear to turn them to every object, it was *certain* she was blind. I remembered that it had been said, two years before, that the Queen herself could scarcely walk, although I knew, from good authority, that she had danced out a pair of shoes at one of her own balls, and when the company thought she had retired for the evening, she reappeared with a new pair. It is by the ready credence given to such tales, that people balance the account between their own lot and the splendour of high station. When the marriage between the Queen and Prince Albert took place, bets were laid in the club-houses that in six months they would be living separately.'

Dr. Johnson was accustomed to say that any eminent man might know the enormous amount of misrepresentation in the world by the quantity of lies which were told of himself. The curious thing is, that, though people on most subjects become wiser by experience, they are never rendered less credulous by the fallaciousness of scandalous reports. Like London fogs, as fast as one invention is dispersed another rises.

Of the remaining eminent characters who have found a place in Mr. Leslie's charming gallery of portraits we can now say nothing, nor have we space to enter upon the skilful history of his

his pictures and artist life which Mr. Tom Taylor has drawn up; but we cannot forbear to give in an abridged form the general summary of his qualities as a painter, which are described by the Editor with his usual force and distinctness.

‘How keenly and genuinely he loved books is evident from his choice of subjects from first to last. When we recall his pictures, it is in connexion with Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Le Sage, Molière, Addison, Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett. These were the works his father loved: and on such strong and nutritious literary food young Leslie was reared. As an illustrator and pictorial embodier of other men’s conceptions, he ranks among the first—if not as the very first—of English painters. So entirely true and subtle is his rendering of character and expression, so fine his appreciation of his author’s sentiment, so thorough his relish for the subject in hand, that his pictures seem to me quite to escape the charge so justly brought against pictures taken from books, that they weaken instead of strengthen our conception and enjoyment of the scene represented. In his choice of subjects from his favourite authors I fancy one may trace the same hearty and intimate appreciation. He does not pick out his incidents only or mainly because they admit of picturesque costume, effective grouping, or stirring and varied action, but because they reflect the inner and more subtle sentiment of the play, or novel, or poem which furnishes them. It has always seemed to me that our liking and appreciation of the Duchess in “Don Quixote” must be permanently heightened after we have learned to enjoy her high-bred humour and courteous grace from Leslie’s picture of her, after we have caught that radiant but restrained half-smile, so exquisitely contrasted with the broad and boisterous merriment of the attendants—the mulatto girl, above all—and the bilious contempt on the starched vinegar face of the Duenna.

‘In selecting the most salient merits of this painter, I am only echoing the general verdict when I pitch first upon his power of rendering character, under the guidance of that chastening good taste which can treat even coarse subjects without vulgarity, and make even odious incidents tolerable by redeeming glimpses of humanity and good-feeling. In his “Reading of the Will,” from “Roderick Random” (1846), I would note, in illustration of the latter characteristic, the real grief of the little girl at the window—the one personage in that assemblage of sharking fortune-hunters who is thinking of the dead with regret. She is unnoticed by the rest of the characters, and might easily escape observation, so unobtrusively is she introduced. But, once seen, she leavens the whole scene with that salt of human kindness which without her would be wanting, even in presence of the bluff honesty of Lieutenant Bowling and the innocent unconcern of little Roderick. There are few of the painter’s pictures in which he does not contrive to introduce some such touch to make us love him and feel kindly towards our kind.

‘Another charm in Leslie’s work is the inborn and genuine—if
often

often homely—beauty and grace of his women. Speaking from my own feeling, I should find it difficult to parallel, for this quality, his *Perdita* in the *Sheepshanks'* picture, or his *Beatrice* in the *Collection* of Mrs. Gibbons. But all his women, even the humblest, have as much beauty as is compatible with their class, character, and occupation. This beauty never degenerates into the meretricious or the tawdry. It is eminently the real and work-day charm of human flesh and blood; whether it be refined and high-bred, as in the *Duchess* in "*Don Quixote*," or the ladies of "*The Rape of the Lock*;" or simple and naïve, as in the *Perdita*; or rustic and blowsy, as in the *Mopsa* and *Dorcas*; or ripe, melting, and provocative, as in the *Widow Wadman*. Closely akin to this sentiment of genuine womanly loveliness is Leslie's intense feeling for the domesticities. No mother, I should think, can see that little picture of his in which a lovely young woman nestles her face in the chubby neck of the crowing baby on her knee, without a thrill of maternal love at her heart. But whatever he has done in this way is free from all mawkishness; there is no trading in the "deep domestic," as a good saleable article for the market. In this, as in all he did, good taste has chastened and checked Leslie's pencil.

How genuine all these qualities were in Leslie is best shown by his life and by his character, as indicated in his conversation and his writing. How could he be other than truthful, lovely, charitable, and tasteful in his pictures, who, in his home, as in society, in his teaching as in his conduct, was habitually sincere, affectionate, equable, thoughtful of others, tolerant, loving to dwell rather on the good than on the bad about him? It would be well if there were more lives that should show so exact a parallel of good attributes in the workman and his works.

I am very imperfectly qualified to pronounce on the technical merits and demerits of Leslie as a painter. I venture what I say on this point, subject to the correction of better-informed judges. It seems to me clear that he had not by nature the gift of colour, and never quite made up for this want by self-culture. The colour of his earlier works is mellow and richer than that of his later ones. Failing sight may have had something to do with this; but it may also be partly due to a natural relaxation of effort after alien perfections in one who has succeeded in winning public favour by the qualities which are natural to him. From about 1819 to 1838, judging from the pictures I have had opportunities of examining, Leslie seems to me to have been at his best as a colourist. His pictures painted after 1838 exhibit an increasing tendency to opacity and chalkiness, though he ever and anon escapes from these besetting sins; and, as in his *Beatrice* (1850), paints a head as perfect in the softness of its texture and the pearliness of its tone as the most exacting critic could require.

But making every allowance for such occasional felicities, I fear it must be admitted that Leslie was not a great colourist; whether one considers the quality of his tints, in themselves, or the choice and arrangement of them in combination. This was not for want of honest

honest effort, for no man ever laboured more strenuously, by observation and practice, to reproduce the true effects of light, or knew better what these ought to be, or more enjoyed them in the works of other masters.

‘And if Leslie’s pictures lack the peculiar charm of colour, so they are not marked by any special dexterity of manipulation. There is none of what Hazlitt called “the sword-play” of the pencil about them. But against these technical defects we must, I think, set off a rare feeling for all of atmospheric effect that is independent of colour: Leslie’s pictures are full of air; we can breathe in them, and walk about among his groups, and retire into his distances.

‘Of composition he seems to me a master, quite as happy in the disposition of his personages, and in their combination with the still life of his scene, as in the rendering of character by face and action. As a draughtsman, too, his merit seems to me of a very high order. Very few painters have made so good a use of the model—getting reality and life from the living sitter, without any sacrifice of the ideal intention of the painter. His pictures are quite free from all suggestion of the masquerade warehouse or the old furniture shop. He is a thorough master of perspective, and has seldom been exceeded in the taste with which he selects his accessories, and the well-considered degree of finish with which he paints them. In this, as in his conceptions of incident and character, guiding good taste is everywhere apparent.

‘His choice of materials and his modes of work, I learn from high professional authority, were of the honestest. There is no fear of Leslie’s pictures falling into ruin from the resort to ill-considered or reckless means of immediate effect. His method of painting was eminently solid, simple, and straightforward.

‘I sincerely believe that, when the pictorial art of our time comes to be classed with that which preceded and that which will follow it, Leslie’s name will stand honoured, for the prevailing presence in his works of good taste, truth, character, humour, grace, and kindliness, and for the entire absence of that vulgarity, bravado, self-seeking, trick, and excess, which are by no means inseparable from great attainments in painting, and which the conditions of modern art are but too apt to engender and to foster.’

In every word of this discriminating character we heartily concur. The painter and the man were truly of a piece, inasmuch that those who were attracted to him by their admiration of his art were sure to contract an equal admiration of himself. He did not win favour by seeking it, for he never appeared to speak a word or perform an action for a selfish or personal end. He prevailed by the genuine force of his upright and benignant nature, of his refined and unaffected manners, his polished and intelligent conversation. He had a keen appreciation of excellence of every kind. His delightful ‘*Handbook for Painters*’

shows

shows how catholic were his tastes in his own calling, and how far removed he was from the presumptuous narrowness of critics like Mr. Ruskin, who can only see a few of the beauties of art, and who deny the merits which their own deficiencies of mind and eye do not permit them to understand. To anything like envy Mr. Leslie was a total stranger. His high enjoyment of the pictures of his contemporaries rather led him to over-praise than underrate them. It was the same with respect to persons. He valued them for what was good in them instead of disliking them for what was bad—was very kind to their virtues, and more than a little blind to their defects. It is as a painter that he will live, but it will add to the enjoyment with which generations to come will gaze at his charming works to know that they are a true reflection of the man, and that the amiability, tenderness, grace, simplicity, and mind which look out from his canvas were the habitual characteristics of Charles Robert Leslie.

ART. VIII.—*Practical Results of the Reform Act of 1832.*
By Sir John Walsh, Bart. London, 1860.

IT is a favourite observation that the halcyon days of parliamentary eloquence are gone by, and that speeches have lost their power of influencing a division. The popular belief is, that the most splendid oratory falls in vain upon minds not only prejudiced but pledged against persuasion, and that, therefore, debates are a vain waste of words. Like many of our self-criticisms, this is more than half delusion. This generation is very fond of telling itself, with a sort of cynical complacency, that its feelings are all dead, and that a material stoicism, not free from selfishness, but wholly devoid of nobler emotions, is the mainspring of its acts. If one were to judge from the current language, one would imagine that the nineteenth century was the absolute essence of prose—that its atmosphere was a sort of moral azote, in which neither romance, nor poetry, nor enthusiasm can live. And yet it is an age in which, for the sake of the shadowy sentiment of nationality, Europe forgets the solid blessings of peace—in which band after band of heroes is found to brave the perils of Arctic exploration, merely that they may give expression to a chivalrous sympathy—in which the greatest financier of the day spends his rare and scanty leisure in maintaining against all comers the spotless purity of Homer's Helen. It is not a bit more true that oratory has lost its spell even over the indurated heart of a Member of Parliament. If speakers of very considerable note often fail of any appreciable effect upon
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their audience, an abundant explanation of the fact may be found in the quality of the speeches which will now-a-days justify the newspapers in conferring the title of 'eminent debater.' The success of the present Budget supplies an ample proof that when a real orator appears there is no reason to complain that his genius is thrown away. There is more reason for complaining that unassisted common sense has very little chance against it. Well might Sir Francis Baring be amazed and terrified at the acquiescence with which so daring a project was received. He well knew that if he had ever ventured upon half Mr. Gladstone's temerity he would have been hooted down by his own junior Lords of the Treasury.

Undoubtedly such an opportunity for display has seldom fallen to an orator's lot, and has still more seldom been so skilfully improved. The stage effects were so admirably arranged, the circumstances that led up to the great speech were so happily combined, that there were not wanting malicious tongues to suggest that that convenient impressive bronchitis was nothing but an ingenious *ruse*. Certainly never was cold timed so opportunely. If it had lasted longer, Sir G. C. Lewis must have brought the Budget forward; and then the House of Commons would have been unquestionably able to give to it a most dispassionate consideration. If it had not come at all, the orator would not have found his audience predisposed in his favour by the high-wrought tension of their expectations, as well as by their sympathy for the heroic will that mastered even a rebellious uvula in a cause of duty. The very doubt that prevailed whether he could do it enhanced the amiability of his audience. Down to the very moment before he began, nay, down to the close of his glorious peroration, criticism and censure were hushed by a feeling of anxious uncertainty whether huskiness or heroism would have the mastery at last. The House was very crowded that night. The benches were full for a good hour before public business began; for the rules of the House piously provide that no Member shall secure a seat who does not present himself at the preliminary prayers. The result is that this ceremonial is graced by a congregation considerably larger than, perhaps, its own unaided attractions would be able to draw together. The bribe is tempting enough, and the religion of the proceeding is sufficiently unobtrusive, even to occasionally lure in a Jew to take part in what professes to be the worship of the Nazarene. After a while the dreary private business and drearier petitions were exhausted; and Ministers began to assemble on the Treasury Bench to undergo their daily ordeal of questions. But no Mr. Gladstone appeared.

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The Treasury Bench grew fuller and fuller; but still no Mr. Gladstone was to be seen. An anxious murmur began to circulate through the excited, expectant House. He was known to have been in bed on Tuesday, and the doctor was said to have talked of congestion on the lungs. Was it possible that he should attempt a budget speech on the Friday? At last a general cheer arose, as the long-looked-for orator, with his usual stealthy, almost timid, step, noiselessly slid into his place. A few minutes of other business, and he rose to speak. It was impossible for the most embittered opponent to avoid scanning his features with something of sympathy, or anxiously trying to trace in his tones whether it was possible that sheer determination and mental vigour would really carry him through. His face was pale, and he occasionally leant against the table with an appearance of fatigue, as though standing was an effort; but his tones were as melodious, his play of features and of gesture was as dramatic as ever. Throughout the whole four hours of intricate argument neither voice nor mind faltered for an instant. Of the success of the speech there is no need to tell. Looked at from a distance, there does not seem much in a Chancellor of the Exchequer having a bad cold; but, at the time, this vulgar accessory added marvellously to the effect of what was in itself one of the finest combinations of reasoning and declamation that has ever been heard within the walls of the House of Commons.

The best witness to the merits of the speech is to be found in the demerits of the Budget. Nothing but eloquence of the highest order could have procured a reception so enthusiastic for a project, which, together undoubtedly with great recommendations, presented so many points open to attack. In a scheme so complex it could hardly be that there should not be much to praise and much to blame. The prospect of unshackled commerce with France might well intoxicate even the sluggish imaginations of the City of London, and a dozen Chambers of Commerce throughout the country besides. Scarcely any sacrifice seems too costly for the peaceful triumph of breaching those walls of prohibition, which still maintain a 'Continental system' scarcely less fatal to commercial progress than that of the first Napoleon. And above and beyond the mere commercial gain, there rose under Mr. Gladstone's magic wand the vista of an age of security and peace—disbanded armaments, forgotten jealousies, immunity not only from the scourge but from the panic of war; pleasant dreams, constantly belied by experience, constantly renewed by theorists, but too closely linked to the hopes of all who believe either in material progress or in the promises of religion ever to be abandoned as chimeras. But to these advantages, or
promises

promises of advantage, the drawbacks are very formidable. The treaty dealt with high political as well as great commercial aims. It might have erred in this or that particular, according to each critic's judgment; it might have yielded too much to France in one point or other of the many bargains it contains; but it was obviously the work of men who reason as other men do, and whose intellects were neither above nor below the average intellect of English statesmen. When we get outside the treaty into that part of the Budget which is external to the treaty, we leave this safe prosaic ground. We find ourselves in the enchanted region of pure Gladstonism—that terrible combination of relentless logic and dauntless imagination. We bid good-bye to the simple City virtues of slow security, of safe investments and well-balanced ledgers. We soar into the empyrean of finance. Mighty schemes, huge revolutions, vast comprehensive systems whirl bewilderingly about us. Everything is on a colossal scale of grandeur—all-embracing Free Trade, abysses of deficit, mountains of income-tax, remissions too numerous to count. No wonder the senatorial minds, accustomed to the *sermo pedestris* of Sir Cornewall Lewis' budgets, stood half spell-bound, half aghast. No wonder it seemed to the timid agriculturist as if, amid the rolling thunder of Mr. Gladstone's periods, some universal convulsion of the fiscal elements was overwhelming Customs and Excise in a common ruin, to make way for a tranquil millennium of all-pervading Income-tax.

Mr. Gladstone, however, is not satisfied with the praise of having produced a great financial epic. If there is a point upon which he prides himself, it is the modesty of his predictions and the caution of his measures; and to refute the charge of recklessness and improvidence he quotes the honoured precedent of Sir Robert Peel. We should be very glad if the analogy were close enough entirely to reassure us. It is impossible to resist the suspicion that these accomplished pupils of the great Free Trade minister are following the letter rather than the spirit of their master's policy, and that by running one or two of his isolated formulas to their logical extreme, they are rather showing a slavish deference to his authority than any real portion of his large and calm sagacity. The Budget is charged with improvidence on two grounds. Its remissions waste the revenue of the country for all years, without any adequate prospect of a return; and for next year especially it leaves no better prospect than a wider and deeper chasm of deficiency. The first charge is rather a question of financial theory than of account. There is no doubt that the first effect of Mr. Gladstone's remissions of Customs and Excise will be to destroy about four millions worth of revenue:

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and nearly as much as three millions without including what is involved by the treaty with France. As the taxes so remitted press much upon the rich and little upon the poor, there is no urgent social call for their remission. But Mr. Gladstone maintains that these remissions are no waste, but only a judicious investment: and that all that he now sacrifices will recoup itself in virtue of the financial laws demonstrated and acted on by Sir Robert Peel. That minister proved by actual experiment that you may reduce the duty upon any article—say coffee—and yet that your receipts upon that article will ultimately rise and not fall in consequence of that reduction. Not only will the buyers of coffee increase when the coffee is made cheaper, but they will increase so enormously that the small duty will bring in a greater revenue than the large duty brought in before. But Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cardwell go further, and claim him as the demonstrator of a still bolder principle. Not only will each individual duty be improved by pruning it, but the whole tariff will be made to yield more richly by pruning off integral parts of it. Of course when Sir Robert Peel struck off the duty upon Swedish iron, the import of iron became profitless to the revenue; but yet the Customs revenue as a whole did not lose, but gained. For the free import of iron engendered an increase of iron manufactures: more workmen were employed at good wages than had been employed before; and therefore more families found themselves in a position to indulge in tea, sugar, spirits, and tobacco, on each of which articles they indirectly paid a customs duty to the Exchequer. That the commercial legislation of recent years has firmly established these two principles can hardly be denied; but the question that was fiercely debated on Mr. Du Cane's motion was, whether they were fairly available in defence of Mr. Gladstone's Budget. In the first place it must be remembered that these are principles which from their very nature must not be carried out with relentless consistency. It is obvious that though you may have too many taxes for the purposes of the revenue, it is also very easy to have too few. It is obvious that there must be a point in the onward process of reduction at which all benefit to the Exchequer will cease.* There must be an intersecting point at which the gain by increased consumption, and the loss by reduction, neutralize each other; and when that point is once passed the commercial reformer becomes the improvident financier. The reductions will still be profitable to

* It was pointed out by Sir Stafford Northcote, in a very sound and closely-reasoned speech, that the present condition of the duty upon tea is an illustration of this danger. That duty never has recovered, and does not seem likely to recover, the fierce assaults that have been made on it of late years.

trade—for taxation is trade's most formidable enemy; but they will be fatal to the revenue. By pruning your vines you will increase both the size and quality of your grapes; but it will hardly answer to proceed with logical consistency and cut down your vines altogether.

There is a general ground, therefore, for distrusting an appeal to the precedent of Sir Robert Peel. It is no disrespect to his memory to say, that the course which he recommended us to steer up to a certain point, may become dangerous when that point is passed. No one recognised more readily than he did that the 'miraculous elasticity' of the revenue has its limits. Even, therefore, if Mr. Gladstone could prove that he was rigorously following the path which his master had first opened out, he would still be bound to move along it circumspectly and slowly, waiting for experience to confirm one step before he ventured upon another. But the path is not the same. There is a vital difference between Mr. Gladstone's budget and the budgets of Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert Peel's principle was to reduce duty upon every sort of article, so that he might reap increased revenue from the increased consumption of the article itself. But he suppressed the duty absolutely only upon raw materials, such as iron, silk, cotton, and wool. And his reason for making this distinction was very obvious. It is only raw materials that in any considerable degree stimulate industry; and the increased expenditure consequent on the increased wages of the workman, from which alone the financier who abolishes duties looks to be recouped, can only result from a stimulus to industry. Now is there any noteworthy stimulus to industry in Mr. Gladstone's Custom House abolitions? With the exception of tallow, there is not a single raw material used in this country for manufacture in the whole of the long list. The few cases in which he merely reduces duty may undoubtedly be defended by an appeal to the precedent of Sir Robert Peel. But in respect to abolitions of duty he has deserted his master's rule. He has selected for exemption from a just contribution to the revenue precisely that which Sir Robert Peel always refused to exempt—the class of manufactured articles. He has given no reason for thus abandoning the precedent to which he so confidently appeals; he does not even seem to be conscious that he has done so. It is obvious that the reason which induced Sir Robert Peel to admit iron and wool free of duty, in Mr. Gladstone's case wholly fails. Gloves and *objets de Paris* will give no stimulus to English industry. Of course more labour must be employed in carrying two bales of goods than in carrying one; and if more gloves are sold, there must be more young gentlemen with white neckcloths
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and engaging manners to sell them. To that extent free trade in gloves will stimulate British industry; but we suspect that it will be a long time before the extra railway officials employed in carrying the stimulated importation of gloves, or the extra shopmen employed in disposing of it, will drink enough beer and smoke enough tobacco to make up to the Exchequer the 53,000*l.* of Customs' duty which the remission throws away. What is true of gloves is true of nearly all the new 'reliefs to industry.' All these abolitions are money absolutely thrown away. The difference between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone is, that the one sows in a grateful soil, and the other sows on the sea-shore. The duties sacrificed by Sir Robert Peel were remissions well selected, which brought forth fruit abundantly to the revenue, either in the increased consumption of the commodity whose burden was lightened, or of other articles in the tariff. The duties swept away by Mr. Gladstone are remissions for mere remissions' sake, blindly made in obedience to a formula of financial reform supposed to be extracted from the measures of Sir Robert Peel, but stimulating no consumption and no industry that can in any way repay their loss to the Exchequer.

Besieged as the Treasury continually is by the remonstrances of trades whose operations are cramped and clogged by the pressure of indispensable taxation, purposeless remissions must always be unjust. So long as the land, on which our imposts press with unequal weight, is fettered by the malt-tax; so long as the shipowner, on whose prosperity our empire depends, is hampered by the timber duty, a minister of finance who is lucky enough to have superfluous revenue to dispose of, can never be at a loss for deserving recipients of his bounty. But superfluous revenue is very far at present from forming an element in our calculations. For the coming year it is but barely that the two ends are made to meet by the imposition of an outrageous income-tax, and by scraping together every kind of temporary and exceptional resource. To hunt out exceptional resources, and treat them as if they were legitimate income, is a favourite refuge of financiers in distress. A celebrated railway potentate, who, by the help of his ingenious finance, shone a few years ago like a bright meteor in the firmament of polite society, and has since disappeared into the blackness of darkness for ever, was very great in this line. He used to buy locomotives out of capital, sell them again immediately, and use up the proceeds as income; and thus his accounts, even in the most troublous times, always wore a cheerful aspect. Mr. Gladstone's proceedings, though much more honest, are not much more legitimate. It is scarcely safe to eke out your year's expenditure
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by the help of a mere godsend like the Spanish repayments; and the use of the malt credits is a simple anticipation of ordinary income. Now anticipating income, in household finance, at least, is not a much more satisfactory resource than putting off your Christmas bills. To found the adjustment of your prospective balance-sheet on 1,650,000*l.* of mere windfall, is a device that would receive a very hard name indeed if it were found in the proposals of a joint-stock direction. The practical inconvenience of it is, that it conceals for a moment the darkness of the future from our view. If next year's prospects were likely to be more favourable, of course there would be no objection to the operation; but if the prospects of 1860 are discouraging, those of 1861 are absolute despair. There will be no million and a half of windfalls for us then. Crumbs and leavings of abolished duties, with which we may put off our difficulties for the present, will be exhausted then. The wine duties will fall still lower; and the glove and straw-plat duties will be finally swept away. A shilling income-tax will hardly fill the chasm that will yawn before us then. And without taking into the account the prognostics of European disturbance, to which Mr. Gladstone cannot be blind, this diminished revenue will certainly have to encounter many millions of charge for the powerful expedition, which, as he sanguinely phrases it, is bearing proposals of peace to the mouth of the Peiho.

Is it a judicial blindness, or only the irrepressible enterprise of the daring pilot in extremity who steers, too nigh the sand to show his wit, that has induced Mr. Gladstone to select a conjuncture so strangely inopportune for his projects of remission? The reasoning which he assigns as his motive for the Budget is almost stranger than the Budget itself. It appears, according to his own account, that he entertains a special view of the covenants conveyed by a Ministerial speech in the House of Commons. Arguing from *data*, which at the time seemed unimpeachable, he told the House of Commons in 1853, that there would be a surplus in 1860; and that with that surplus he should make great financial reforms. Therefore, in his view, the House of Commons is a debtor to the people of England to satisfy the expectations that have been raised and make these promised reforms. But he also in the same year promised to sweep away the income-tax in 1860; and therefore the House of Commons is equally a debtor to effect that most desirable consummation. But having spent all its money, it cannot pay either of these debts. In this dilemma the ordinary morality of the Bankruptcy Court would suggest the duty of attempting to pay something in the pound to each of its creditors. Mr. Gladstone is strong upon

upon the obligation of keeping promises, but he takes no such half-hearted view of this department of ethics. He has a way of paying creditors altogether peculiar to himself. His plan is to pay one creditor in full, and to obtain the money for doing so by plundering the other. He makes his commercial reforms according to covenant, but he not only does not carry out the promised abolition of the income-tax, but he reimposes it twice as heavily as before. This is Mr. Gladstone's own account of the process by which he arrived at the conviction that the present was an opportune year for reductions in the tariff. We do not doubt that this statement is his own sincere estimate of the motives by which he has been ruled; but we have too much admiration for his intellect to believe that that estimate was correct. Perhaps there were motives which he hardly liked to confess even to himself, much less to the House of Commons. He must be conscious that there is no financier but himself bold or talented enough to do as he has done; and possibly the constant contemplation of a powerful Opposition and a divided Cabinet has reminded him of the adage, 'To-day is thine own—trust not to the morrow.'

But there are far weightier objections to be taken to the Budget than those which rest upon the alarms of a prudent and sound economy. It is not merely a thriftless disregard of future needs, it is not merely a pedantic and lifeless copy of the mere formulæ of Sir Robert Peel. It has the far graver fault of being deeply tainted with the Manchester manias, with which that long exile from office, passed upon the same bench with Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, have unfortunately infected the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The two cardinal doctrines of the creed of Manchester are that armaments are wasteful, and that no worker with his hands ought to contribute to the expenses of the State. Both these doctrines have obviously sunk deep into the mind by which the financial project was arranged. It contemplates disarmament; and it paves the way for the transfer of all burdens from the classes that live by manual labour to the classes above them.

The last of these two grave defects lies upon the surface of the scheme. It was brought out by Mr. Horsman with such a vigour of sarcastic eloquence, as not only to compromise the equanimity of the Finance Minister, but also to spoil the speech in which he attempted to reply. Either he did not dare trust himself to give his tongue the rein in that reply, or he misdoubted the success of his own eloquence when applied to a merely defensive purpose; but for one reason or the other, he thought it better to stigmatize his opponent's warnings as 'wild dreams,' and pass them by
unanswered.

unanswered. But they were, in sober truth, no wild dreams, but the indication of plain and solid dangers. The substitution of the extra penny for the Paper Duty is in itself a petty change; but it is pregnant with a principle of vast and dangerous application. Once admitted that a direct tax may be laid on for the purpose of taking off an indirect tax which presses hard, or which is much complained of, and there is no reason that the process should not be repeated *ad infinitum*. Inasmuch as all classes alike pay indirect taxation, while only those who do not receive weekly wages pay the income-tax, this change is a direct and simple transfer of taxes from one class of the community to another. We have now entered upon the descent of the smooth, easy, sloping path of popular finance, on which there is no halting-place to check our career short of confiscation. This question of the incidence of taxation is in truth the vital question of modern politics. It is the field upon which the contending classes of this generation will do battle. We have no feudalism to sweep away, no privileges, worth the naming, to contest. Till very lately there have been bitter and protracted struggles for political enfranchisement, but the spell of that chimæra to excite enthusiasm has passed away. The proletariat will not now fight for a barren share in the business of legislation, unless it is to bear to each one of them a substantial and palpable fruit. The issue between the conflicting forces of society is becoming narrower and more distinct. The mists of mere political theory are clearing away, and the true character of the battle-ground, and the real nature of the prize that is at stake, are standing out more and more distinctly every year. It galls the classes who barely sustain themselves by their labour that others should sit by and enjoy more than they do, and yet work little or not at all. Benighted enthusiasts in other lands, or other times, may have struggled for idle theories of liberty, or impalpable phantoms of nationality, but the 'enlightened selfishness' of the modern artisan now fully understands that political power, like everything else, is to be taken to the dearest market. He cares little enough for democracy unless it will adjust the inequalities of wealth. The struggle between the English constitution on the one hand, and the democratic forces that are labouring to subvert it on the other, is now, in reality, when reduced to its simplest elements and stated in its most prosaic form, a struggle between those who have, to keep what they have got, and those who have not, to get it. Across the water the succinct formula, '*La propriété c'est le vol*,' expresses in its most naked form this goal of democratic aspirations. In England we are not fond of general principles, and, therefore, we have not got so far. Mr. Ernest Jones did, we believe, once propose

pose something like an agrarian law for England; and Mr. Bright's celebrated letter to the weavers of Glasgow seems to intimate that a similar measure applied to the Scottish deer forests would be the true remedy for manufacturing distress. But, generally, the champions of democracy are content with smaller instalments of confiscation. They are profoundly impressed with the philosophy of plucking the horse's tail, not in handfuls, but hair by hair. They prefer to operate by means of changes in taxation; for they know that the taxation of the State is an engine which may be used almost without limit for the transfer of property from one class to another. This is what is meant by Mr. Bright's frequent declaration, that a Reform Bill will be worthless unless it shall produce a change in our fiscal system, and by the Liverpool Budget which he proposed in connexion with his projects of Reform. The first consequences, in his mind, of a measure that shall confer all political power on the poor, is the transfer of all taxation to the shoulders of the rich. Of course, when that is once done, when one class supplies the revenues of the State, and another class disposes of them, no difficulty will be found in applying freely the expenditure of the Exchequer to the benefit of the working man. A hundred different conduits will be devised for diffusing among the many the beneficent stream inexhaustibly flowing from the inherited or acquired property of the few. But how will this be done? On what principle will the first great step, the exemption of the manual labourer from taxation, be carried out? By the very process, of which the substitution of the income-tax for the paper duty is the first example. The working man pays his share of indirect taxation like the rest of the community. All efforts to bring him within the pale of direct taxation have hitherto broken down. Substitute the one for the other, replace each item of Customs and Excise by larger and even larger income-tax, and the transference of taxation, the first great step of democratic confiscation, will be complete. Wherever democracy has prevailed, the power of the State has been used in some form or other to plunder the well-to-do classes for the benefit of the poor. In America it has taken, and takes to this day, the form of repudiation. In France, twelve years ago, it took the form of nominal workshops, in which whole multitudes were paid for doing nothing out of the taxes of the State. But it is instructive to note, that, in the Great Revolution, in which the type of the democracy was the worst, and in which the results of its excesses were the most hideous, one of the first measures that was forced on the Assembly by the mobs in the pay of Bailly was the substitution of direct for indirect taxation. Mr. Gladstone's change of paper duty into income-tax may seem paltry and innocent

innocent enough; but we naturally shrink from even the first easy unsuspecting steps along a path which has led previous travellers into so fearful an abyss.

As one of Mr. Gladstone's loans from the Manchester treasury of crotchets points to internal convulsions, so the other is rife with dangers from without. He has intimated not obscurely that our present large expenditure in armaments is distasteful to him, and that he hopes speedily to curtail it. In Cabinet it had to contend, if rumour speaks truly, with his most stubborn opposition, and he has let no occasion pass of discouraging it in public. When his wiser colleagues had forced him to provide the necessary outlay for the defence of our shores, all that remained to him was to make it as odious to the taxpayer as he could. He has piled up the income-tax to its present height, almost avowedly in the hope that its growing pressure will bend and break the martial spirit of the people. If he is asked when it will abate, he replies, 'Reduce your estimates.' If he is pressed for some assurance that next year it will not grow, still his only answer is, 'Reduce your estimates.' And in order that next year, when a chasm of fourteen millions deficit yawns beneath our feet, we may have nothing but an increased income-tax to cast in, he has carefully swept away the other taxes to which, in an emergency, we might have recurred, so that in a short time not a vestige will survive of the machinery by which they were raised. And an increased income-tax, he doubts not, will do his work. If tenpence in the pound does not damp the nation's ardour, a shilling will; or if a shilling fails, the desired effect will be produced by fifteen pence. It is due to Mr. Gladstone's colleagues that the financial project provides the defences for which the people call; it is due to Mr. Gladstone's own ingenuity that it provides also the future instruments for wringing out of the people an acquiescence in that disarmament, which at present no one, except the Peace Society, would condescend even to discuss.

Is this a time for soft Arcadian dreams of peace, and boundless confidence in our brother men? Time was when we fondly loved to fancy that war was a worn-out barbarism, and that civilization was a defence stouter than a shield of steel. Men who, living for a theory, see only through its spectacles and reason only from its assumptions, are found to use this language still. They have commonplaces in abundance at command. Has not the panic of a French war been periodical since Waterloo? Has not your great ally literally showered on you the pledges of his love? Was there not the Crimean war, when he might have deserted you, or the Indian mutiny, when he might have crushed you? Can you forget his frankness in asking the Queen to Cherbourg,

or his condescension in answering the frolicsome clerks of Liverpool? Can you doubt this last token of his regard, when, in order to admit your produce into France, he has disgusted the whole *bourgeoisie* of his own country, and made no friend in yours but 'M. Milnes'? Such consolations might be collected by the bushel; nor are we careful to answer whatever of argument they may contain. Far be it from us who live on the plain surface of an honest diplomacy, and in the open air of free discussion, to profess to trace the windings of the mole. He who made his way to a throne through the caverns and crypts of a conspirator's life, is not to be credited with the motives and methods of men who have never left the light of day. A short but eventful experience has given us an obscure and doubtful insight into some few of the secrets of his restless policy. We know that he is never so silent as when he means to act. We know that he fawns up to the last moment before he springs. We know, from the example of Austria, that there is no prognostic of his future aims so dark and ominous as an unusual display of cordiality. But we do not need to formulate or to explain the distrust which pervades the whole atmosphere around us, like the still, heavy foreboding of a storm. If there are men who still trust the assurances of peace that flow so glibly from his lips, let them not ask politicians who may be interested, nor writers who may be prejudiced, but let them inquire of the staggering trade and the benumbed and terror-struck enterprise of every mart in Europe, whether or no this that we are entering on is likely to prove a golden age of peace.

Yet it so happens that just now we are less than usual left to our suspicions, and have more of solid inference to rest upon than his caution commonly permits. The mask of the most adroit conspirator will occasionally slip aside. That word '*revendication*' has disclosed the whole. It has given an authoritative sanction to the worst of the suspicions that Orleanists and Liberals have been struggling, during the eight last years, to instil into England's unwilling ear. It has disastrously proved the prescience of the Congress of Vienna when they placed their ban on the dynasty of Buonaparte. We now know—what before we could only guess—that a Napoleonic throne must drag with it Napoleonic traditions. *L'Empire c'est la paix* was not only an improbable prophecy, but a sheer contradiction in terms. Every form of Government has some special feeling in the human heart on which it relies for its existence. The ancient monarchy can appeal to hereditary loyalty and men's natural respect for undisturbed possession; the republic can appeal to the vanity which is flattered by a dead level of rank and power; but the military
adventurer

adventurer and those who hold from him can lean only on the sword. To the passion for glory they owe their rise, and when they cease to feed that passion they must fall. The present Emperor was lifted to power by no deeds or merits of his own, but simply because he bore a name associated in the hearts of the French peasantry with a fame which they cherished and a policy they would gladly see revived. He has profited by his uncle's glory: he cannot renounce his uncle's system. He has nothing save the one gewgaw of military distinction to offer as a bribe to the fierce political passions which his bayonets hold in check. It is ridiculous to speak of a sentiment of loyalty to the conspirator of yesterday, who is the Emperor of to-day; and no one but Mr. Bright would talk of social liberties in a land where those blessings are illustrated by a mute tribune and a shackled press and drawing-rooms swarming with spies. He has nothing to give his people in exchange for all he has taken from them, except that martial intoxication for the sake of which they will readily pawn alike their prosperity and their freedom. So long as he heaps triumph on triumph and adds conquest to conquest, so long it is probable his subjects will not murmur at the weight of their well-gilded chain. But, unfortunately, this system of distracting attention from domestic suffering by the glitter of military success, adds to its own exigencies by its own action. Wars, and, still more, rumours of wars, are the deadliest enemies of trade. The Emperor's chief claim on the adhesion of the middle classes was the hope that a strong, stern Government would be able to repress the ever-heaving forces of Revolution, by which all other Governments had been overthrown. But a chronic alarm of war is almost as fatal to the operations of trade as the panic of Revolution. When the operations of trade are materially slackened, and the accumulations of idle capital are mounting higher and higher in the coffers of the Bank of France, it means diminished employment and narrowing sustenance for thousands and thousands of working men. There is but one device, old as the origin of statecraft, for charming away their discontent; its fury must be turned upon some foreign foe. Thus the Emperor is driven into a vicious circle. The more Europe is disturbed, the more trade will slacken and suffering increase in France; and the more suffering increases at home, the more restlessly must he prosecute his aggressive plans in order to avert the danger with which it menaces his throne. He may have struggled hard against the necessity; he may have earnestly desired to pursue a milder policy and enjoy a less troubled term of power; but the imperious exigencies of an usurped dominion, the relentless logic of a false position, are driving

driving him to try again the fatal but fascinating career, in which all his uncle's matchless genius could only secure for him a splendid fall. He follows his precedent faithfully, almost tamely. It belongs to the character of the man, and to the fatalist superstition with which it is notoriously tinged, that he should think to win the favour of Fortune by imitating, in the commencement of his military career, the very details of his uncle's earlier exploits. The great Emperor's first command was on the soil of Italy; his first victory was in Piedmont; the first enemy with whom he tried his strength was Austrian, and Nice was his first territorial acquisition. Up to this point—the last is being accomplished as we write—the second Emperor, with something less of talent and something more of opportunity, has carefully picked out the footsteps of his great exemplar. The anxious, momentous question for Europe and England is, how far will this model be copied—how far will this path be followed out?

There are old men living still to whom the proclamations and the despatches, the sophistries and the falsehoods of the last fifteen months must sound like the echo of a long-forgotten tale. They have heard all about 'geographical frontiers' and 'natural boundaries' before. When they are told that there are populations burning to be annexed to the empire of France, they remember that they have often heard of the same phenomenon in days gone by, and they know precisely what it means. It must seem strange to them now again to hear the first notes of the old song which in youth was so familiar to their ears; stranger still to find that with it have been reproduced the clique of well-meaning simpletons who are deluded by its burden of hypocrisy and fraud. It is indeed a gloomy prospect if we are fated to go again through the same experiences before we shall have learned the lesson which we had only too well by heart some fifty years ago. Savoy first—what next? Is the process of '*revendication*' to stop there? Has France no other expansible frontiers? Will not a river serve as a natural boundary quite as appropriately as an Alpine range? And what is the policy of England to be, when next the Empire gives a practical proof that it 'is peace' and 'fights only for an idea'? If we are to predict the probable course of England from what it has been in recent years, the prospect does not promise much either to our safety or our honour. England had once a traditional policy which was not very difficult to fathom or to apply. She did not meddle with other nations' doings when they concerned her not. But she recognised the necessity of an equilibrium and the value of a public law among the states of Europe. When a great power abused its superiority
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by encroaching on the frontier of its weaker neighbours, she looked on their cause as her cause, and on their danger as the forerunner of her own. But a change has come over the spirit of our policy in recent years. It is no longer dictated by any single principle, but it is the confused and heterogeneous resultant of two conflicting elements. The traditions and the habits of the old far-sighted and manly doctrines, which admitted the duties that England owes to the European commonwealth of which she is a citizen, still linger among our leading statesmen. But they have been sadly modified by the maxims of a very different philosophy. The gambling and reckless spirit of trade, which never cares to count up distant possibilities and lives only for the chances and profits of the morrow, has bred a school of politicians whose chief claim to attention is that they cast out as barbarous all the precautions on which our ancestors relied. They have selected an age in which steam has infinitely multiplied our intercourse with Europe and has provided facilities for an invader which none of us are as yet able accurately to estimate, to proclaim, as a new discovery, that we ought to be as completely disconnected from the politics of Europe by the Channel as the Americans are by the Atlantic. They would realize the old Roman taunt and make us more than '*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*.' Just as they ridicule all perils of invasion as an old wife's tale, so they inveigh against all active efforts to maintain the peace and public law of Europe as a piece of wasteful Quixotism and an act of treason against trade. They can understand the right of one man to employ force to restrain another man from violence or theft; they admit that in the interests of the community the burglar or the highwayman must be hunted down; but when the argument is raised from the man to the people, from the community of individuals to the community of nations, their logic fails them and refuses to go further. No statesman has as yet professed this creed in its simple and pure absurdity; but it has, nevertheless, from time to time, exercised some influence in the House of Commons, and, through the House of Commons, on the Cabinet. If its pusillanimity was repulsive to the high spirit of the English people, its remissions of taxation were not the less grateful to their commercial instincts, and to this part of the Manchester faith the House of Commons has occasionally listened. The inevitable result, little as Parliament may have intended it, was to tinge with this miserly and blind philosophy the spirit of English policy abroad; but the statesmen who had been brought up in wider views could not at once narrow their intellects to the measure of their new instructors. The tone of their diplomacy remained

remained as bold and plainspoken as of old. Too often it was not until they came to put their grand professions into action that they felt the effect upon their position of the clipped and starved establishments which the new philosophy had imposed. They dared not lift up their arm to strike, lest its nervelessness should be betrayed. This is the origin of that mixture of brave words and craven acts that has disgraced our foreign policy since the Reform Bill, and on which foreigners have so often commented with scorn. In dealing with smaller nations the fatal weakness was not necessarily exposed—we could still act with vigour and hold our own; but, in dealing with a stronger power, the certainty that bold language was an idle vaunt and that immediate war was inevitable destruction forced us into a tone of concession and humility so marked in its contrast, that it could not escape the host of detractors to whom our former triumphs and present freedom have given birth. They justly hold us up to scorn as reversing the ancient Roman maxim—as subjugating the weak and sparing the proud alone. Lord Macaulay's description of the hated Claudian house, who—

‘yelping with currish spite,
Still snap and bark at those that run, and run from those that bite’—

aptly represents the estimate of our degeneracy which, soon after the influence of the new school came into play, began to prevail, and still prevails, at most of the Chancelleries of Europe. The cheese-parings of a few years have almost wholly lost us the *prestige* which it had cost four hundred millions to acquire.

So long as the same poisonous element is suffered to infect our policy, so long the same dishonour will be its result. National ignominy is the logical consequence of Manchester finance. So long as our armaments are weak, the more we meddle the more we shall be disgraced. If Mr. Gladstone's aspirations for a return to the estimates of 1852 are to be realised, we had better renounce at once and for ever our position as an European power. If we are to take Mr. Bright's view of war, we had better take his view of diplomacy as well. Anything is better than feeble and impotent braggadocio. To try and secure by vapouring a position which we will not or cannot attain by fighting, is a policy worthy of no potentate above the calibre of the Emperor of China. We must abandon all dreams of watching over and protecting the infant growth of Italian liberty; we must forget the glorious part we have borne in curbing the unscrupulous and desolating ambition of France; we must publicly renounce, as beyond our strength, the guarantees that we have given to Switzerland and Belgium. We must stand calmly, nay humbly,
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by, while the frontier of the Rhine is added to the frontier of the Alps, and Antwerp becomes, under French auspices, a standing menace to the Thames. This is the only safe and consistent policy, if we are to return to the skeleton army and mouldering navy of Lord John Russell's administration. It is the inevitable corollary of a renewal of that 'thrift' to which Mr. Gladstone is so fond of pointing with applause, unless we are willing that our diplomacy should become a systematic game at brag. Though it might be ignominious in the eyes of those who set their heart on historical traditions, yet, for a time at least, it would be cheap. But no self-delusion, however resolute, can really convert the Channel into an Atlantic. Once at Antwerp the Emperor might possibly remember his solemn promise that Waterloo should be avenged. Whether his appearance on the coast of Sussex would be held, on sound financial principles, to justify an increase of the estimates, is a point on which the Manchester school have never distinctly made up their minds. Mr. Bright would no doubt impartially balance the profit and the loss. He would have an opportunity of deciding in his own case whether 'social' or 'political liberties' were to be preferred. On the one hand, the 'Morning Star' would assuredly receive an *avertissement*; on the other, Mr. Bright, as *Préfet de la Tamise*, would walk out to dinner before the premier Duke. He would probably set himself to learn French with the consolatory reflection, that an annexation to the Empire of France would be a greater boon even than a commercial treaty, inasmuch as it would imply absolute Free Trade.

That an invasion is no absolute impossibility, this Review has already demonstrated in a paper that will not speedily be forgotten. Few persons will be of opinion that such an event is probable, so long as the people and government of England are on their guard. But everything turns on this condition. It will not be attempted so long as our defences are efficient: if they be neglected, the attraction of such a pillage may prove too strong for the most virtuous ally. The responsibility of so appalling a calamity, if ever it should occur, will be exclusively on those who shall have persuaded the tempting prey to lay aside her armour as too burdensome to wear. Much of the guilt will rest, no doubt, on the heads of the fanatic school who for mere greed of gain have forced themselves to believe that the age of Saturn has returned. But a far heavier share will be the portion of that Minister who, with deeper and more successful art, shall have schemed, by a finance ingeniously galling and unjust, to make England fret and revolt against the cost of those defences which are the very charter of her national existence.

All these objections, and more also, were urged against the Budget; and their cogency was rather ignored than disproved. But their weight was as nothing against the bribes which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had adroitly offered to the most active interests in the country. For the purpose of passing a budget, a Minister cannot afford to wait till the genuine and solid public opinion of the nation is expressed. True national opinion is a vast, unwieldy machine, which it takes a long time to set in motion. It is slow of thought, and slower still of speech; and weeks and months must pass before it can be irritated to that point of excitement at which it finds vent in words and actions. A genuine national approval of the Budget could not be elicited until the time for deciding on the Budget had passed by; and a Minister who should frame his scheme with a view to that approval would probably, by the time it came to solace him, be safely installed on the front Opposition bench. A Chancellor of the Exchequer who wishes to drive his Budget through by force of external pressure must rely, not on the most substantial and most numerous interests, but on those which are the most glib and the most alert. Mr. Gladstone has always been fully alive to this maxim of political wisdom. The landed interest of this country is probably the most important of any, both from the magnitude and the specially national character of its wealth; but, though tough and strong, it is unquestionably slow. Mr. Gladstone has long known better than to ally himself with the landed gentry; he fearlessly digs his malt-taxes, and succession duties, and hop adjustments into their unresisting carcasses, knowing well that the quick stream of political events will have carried him and his measures far ahead long before the assailed land-owners have collected their wits sufficiently to return the blow. He knows it is the wise part to throw himself in full confidence upon the manufacturers and the journalists, who are bred up to agitation, and who are well practised in simulating, by dint of monster meetings and fierce leading articles, the accents and the power of the real public voice. They have answered his confidence and carried him in triumph through his difficulties. Possibly, by the time that Members go back to their constituents next winter, the nation may have found out that an active section has stolen a march upon them in their sleep, and that a promising young income-tax, which is likely to grow bigger year by year, was a nuisance worth averting after all.

Political apathy is so much the prevailing temper of the times, that it was probably only by a direct appeal to their purses that the Budget was able to rouse the earnest attention even of

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one section of the community. The other great measure of the year—the Reform Bill—certainly has not been so fortunate. Many persons have been interested in creating something like a feeling on the subject; but they have applied the strongest and most approved irritants in vain. Mr. Bright has starred it for two seasons in the provinces, and has done all that could be done by the most splendid fictions encased in the most commanding eloquence to stir up an agitation. The first season he preached democracy, the second season he preached confiscation; but in neither did he find that happy mood of discontent which was necessary to prepare the surface of the artisan mind for the exercise of his art. It was to no purpose that in one year he told his audience that all the wars since the Revolution had been got up to provide out-door relief to the aristocracy: it was in vain that the next year he proclaimed that a ten per cent. tax ought to be laid upon fixed incomes, in order to exempt absolutely all earnings from taxation. As one of his school is said to have expressed it, it was ‘like whipping a dead horse.’ The material prosperity of the country was too much for him. The mechanic sensibly reflected that time spent in agitation was lost for working; and that the possibility of political advantage was not worth the sacrifice of good wages certain. The apathy of the public has naturally been reflected in the House of Commons. While Savoy, whose exchange of liberty for bondage we may pity, but cannot prevent, will at a day’s notice fill the benches to overflowing, Lord John could scarcely collect a decorously full house to hear his proposals for transferring the government of England to a new and untried body of men. And the heavy indifference under which the question was introduced seems to linger still about its path as it advances. Most people, if they are pressed, will acknowledge that the change may be dangerous, and that its results cannot be predicted: but the subject has been agitated so long without any practical result that people seem incapable of looking at it as one of practical importance. It has so long been the football of the political game that men find it difficult to persuade themselves that it implies a new form of government. The House of Commons has become not so much calm as callous on this question. The warnings of those who have learned from history the certain issue of democratic change, and look upon the unreal liberty of America and the open slavery of France as danger-signals to England, are not less valuable than they were twelve years ago; but the ear has become dulled to their power by constant repetition. Both to one side and the other the controversy has lost its savour. While the Budget was being discussed, as each debater sat down, some
dozen

dozen candidates for the Speaker's choice jumped up to contest the privilege of succeeding him. The second reading of the Reform Bill was discussed in a thin House, rarely more than two members rising at the same time; and the second night of the debate was actually postponed by one count out and very nearly terminated by another. This condition of the public and the parliamentary mind has been urged as a ground for dealing with the question without delay. Thin houses and dull debates give an opportunity, it is said, for a calmer consideration than was possible while Bristol and Nottingham were in flames. We are inclined to doubt this plausible reasoning. More fortresses have been lost by heedlessness than by panic. An Englishman half asleep may be coaxed into giving away what the same man threatened and aroused would rather die than yield. The year 1832 was a year of great peril for the constitution. It was menaced by a half-starved and maddened populace, a weak king, and the contagion of neighbouring revolutions; and undoubtedly its danger was enhanced by the undue stubbornness of the ruling class. But yet we greatly fear that it will fare worse in the hands of the mild and honey-tongued languor that ushers in the second Reform Bill, than it did in the gripe of the terrible convulsions that heralded the first. The present Reform Bill is so simple that it leaves little room for discussion. It is exquisitely free from all the complexities and compensations, which were such a stumbling-block to the last. So far as it goes it is a pure and simple approximation to democracy. If this be an improvement, it is the Bill's only recommendation; if it be an evil, the Bill has no counterbalancing advantage. All discussion of this measure therefore must be restricted to the degree of its progression, and to the general question whether progression of that kind is dangerous or safe. There are two ways in which it will give an accession to the democratic party in the House of Commons; it will create new constituencies, and it will metamorphose old ones. It is in the latter respect, undoubtedly, that it will operate with the most effect, for, in point of the destruction of boroughs, Lord John's natural tastes have been put under restraint. Scheduling boroughs is a very fascinating amusement to the arithmetical race of politicians, who believe in the inalienable right of eight beggars to govern seven Rothschilds, and, what is more, to tax them. Small boroughs must stink in the nostrils of those whose ideal of politics is a rule-of-three representation. But a trifling obstacle has hitherto hindered the consummation of these scientific aspirations: the ducks have absolutely declined to come and be killed. The small boroughs cannot be persuaded that the Tower Hamlets, which is the largest borough, is so obviously

obviously the wisest, that they are bound in patriotism to immolate themselves, in order that its like may be multiplied in the land. Lord John therefore has been content with a very moderate massacre. He has confined himself to five-and-twenty seats; and, relying on one of the evil precedents of the Bill of last year, he has disarmed half the hostility of his victims, as well as rescued a whole batch of Whig boroughs by dispensing altogether with a schedule A. So far Lord John Russell has made a good bargain for his party. But setting aside the consideration of what he might have been forced to do, and confining our view to what he has actually done, the schedules of the Bill, taken by themselves, will not effect any great change in the balance of parties. Looking at the re-distribution of the seats apart from the question of the lowered suffrage, and estimating the political future of each constituency entirely from its present conduct, the result will be as follows. The five-and-twenty boroughs that are partially disfranchised may be divided under these three heads:—

7 Wholly Conservative.

Devizes.
Marlow.
Huntingdon.
Knaresborough.
Ludlow.
Leominster.
Honiton.

6 Wholly Liberal.

Bodmin.
Ripon.
Marlborough.
Richmond.
Totnes.
Thetford.

12 Split Boroughs.

Guildford.
Hertford.
Dorchester.
Chippenham.
Cirencester.
Maldon.
Tewkesbury.
Andover.
Lymington.
Wells.
Evesham.
Harwich.

Seven Conservative and six Liberal seats, therefore, are lost for certain; and assuming that the losses in the split boroughs will be equally divided, the disfranchisement will mulct the Conservative party of thirteen seats, and the Liberal party of twelve. Now let us see in what proportion the enfranchisement will restore them. Thirteen seats go to counties which—still assuming that the tone of the constituencies remains the same—will be divided thus:—

7 Wholly Conservative.

South Lancashire.
West Kent.
South Devonshire.
North Yorkshire.
South Essex.
East Somerset.
North Essex.

5 Wholly Liberal.

Middlesex.
South Staffordshire.
West Cornwall.
West York (2 seats).

3 Split Counties.

North Lancashire.
North Lincolnshire.
West Norfolk.

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This would give a gain of, at most, nine Conservative to six Liberal seats. Of the four boroughs that are to receive additional members, Manchester and Birmingham are purely Liberal, Liverpool and Leeds are split boroughs. With these the proportion stands at ten new Conservative and nine new Liberal seats. The course of the perfectly new constituencies it is naturally more difficult to predict. But we fear that the probabilities lean in every case towards the Liberal side. There can be very little doubt that Chelsea and Kensington will become a metropolitan borough of the purest water, and will return two members, well worthy in point of talent and sagacity to rank with the rest of their compeers. Considering the origin and traditions of the University of London, we shall be pleasantly disappointed if it returns anything more Conservative in politics and religion than Professor Francis Newman. The decision of the newly fledged constituencies of Burnley, Staleybridge, and Birkenhead, is in the womb of fate; but if they do return Conservatives, we fear that they will be selected from that hybrid class of politicians of whom the last election produced not a few, who voraciously swallowed the plumpest Radical pledges, and the Alpha and Omega of whose Conservatism consisted in voting with Mr. Disraeli on a confidence division. Adding these six votes to the Liberal side, it will appear that, whereas the Conservatives lose thirteen seats, they only regain ten; while the Liberals, losing twelve, receive fifteen. The upshot of the schedules, therefore, is a transfer of three seats. If any sanguine politician should flatter himself that Birkenhead will return a Conservative member, the transfer of seats will be reduced to two.

Unhappily this consoling calculation is nothing but a pleasing dream. Every element on which it is founded becomes worthless under the action of the suffrage clauses. After the democratic addition, which is to be made to the constituencies, but little of their political identity will remain. Of the exact extent and direction of this change nobody can form more than a distant estimate. Even the numerical statistics on the subject are wretchedly superficial. It is a curious proof of the unconcern of the political *pococuranti* by whom we are governed, that they have not even thought it worth while to ascertain the number of the new electors into whose hands the wealth and respectability of each constituency are to be delivered. There is some glimmer of information with respect to the increase which is likely to take place in the Boroughs; but with respect to the Counties we are still absolutely in the dark. Returns have appeared of the number of ratepayers whose annual payments lie within the limits of ten and fifty pounds, and who are, therefore, nominally

nominally enfranchised by this Bill. But we have no returns whatever to show how many of them are already on the register by virtue of other qualifications—such as freehold, copyhold, &c. The future condition of the county constituencies, as it appears upon the face of the return, may be summed up in the following manner. Eighteen counties in England and Wales, including divisions of counties in that term, will have their constituencies more than doubled, viz. :—

South Chester.	Middlesex.	Brecon.
North Derby.	Monmouth.	Cardigan.
South Essex.	North Shropshire.	Carmarthen.
Herts.	East Surrey.	Carnarvon.
West Kent.	West Surrey.	Merioneth.
North Lancashire.	South Warwick.	Montgomery.

Ten occupy the other extreme of the list, and will have less than half their present numbers added to the existing register, viz. :—

North Durham.	South Leicester.
Dorset.	South Northampton.
East Gloucester.	South Northumberland.
West Gloucester.	North Wilts.
North Leicester.	South Wilts.

The remaining fifty-three lie between these two extremes, and will be increased by more than fifty and less than a hundred per cent. Happily the probable addition, though formidable enough according to the lowest estimate, is not so bad as it looks on this return. In the Counties, as in the Boroughs, one-fifth or one-fourth must be deducted for females, incapacitated persons, and absentees. But the varied suffrage of the Counties furnishes another ground of uncertainty. The interval between ten and fifty pound rating is a region in which small freeholders may be expected to abound: and these men cannot, of course, be qualified twice over, though they may figure in this return among the number of new electors. The case of the West Riding will furnish an illustration. The electors for this division number 36,000, but the fifty-pounders only amount to 10,400. The 26,200, who make the difference between these two sums, are in the main freeholders, copyholders, or leaseholders. Now the number of electors added to the constituency, as being rated at ten pounds and less than fifty pounds, is 27,400. But this will not be pure addition. The list of ten-pounders will contain to a great extent names that are already on the register among the 26,200 freeholders, &c. No doubt a great number of the freeholders will be residents in Sheffield, Leeds, and other represented towns, and will not, therefore, be included in the ten-pound list. But still a deduction, the exact proportion of which nothing but experience can ascertain, must be made on account

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of the freeholders from the apparent addition to each County constituency. Of the Boroughs we have more certain information. After the twenty or twenty-five per cent. for incapacitated persons has been subtracted, the returns may be taken as an absolute evidence of the impending increase. The following list, taken from an exulting Radical organ, of the thirty-four Boroughs in which the Bill will leave the register twice, or more than twice as bulky as it is now, will give an idea of the character of the Boroughs on whom its operation will chiefly fall. We have marked with asterisks the Boroughs which now return each one Conservative member (Yarmouth alone returning two), and in which, therefore, Conservative seats will probably be lost:—

Boroughs.	Registered Electors.	Additional Houses.	Per Cent. Increase.
*Liverpool	18,779	18,835	100
Manchester	18,834	22,592	122
Birmingham	9,222	24,500	254
*Lodds	5,945	5,979	100
Sheffield	7,881	12,752	172
Wolverhampton	4,025	9,346	232
Bradford	3,599	3,991	108
Salford	4,875	6,050	138
*Stoke	2,221	3,646	164
*Portsmouth	3,821	6,082	159
*Preston	2,657	6,609	248
*Bolton	2,050	3,039	148
Leicester	4,307	4,248	101
Stockport	1,420	2,282	160
*Blackburn	1,524	2,302	150
Derby	2,505	3,776	150
*Macclesfield	1,073	2,910	271
Dudley	992	1,353	137
*Ipswich	1,926	2,498	129
*Wigan	858	922	106
Bury	1,246	1,598	128
*Yarmouth	1,888	2,247	141
Richdale	1,346	1,552	115
South Shields	1,156	1,322	115
*Chatham	1,544	1,771	115
Walsall	1,682	1,921	114
Greenwich	1,513	1,771	117
Warrington	1,118	1,271	114
*Wrexham	1,111	1,222	110
Kidderminster	1,071	1,171	110
*Penny	1,071	1,171	110
Preston	1,071	1,171	110
Northampton	1,071	1,171	110
Manchester	1,071	1,171	110

It is evident, therefore, that the main increase will be in manufacturing places. But beyond this one result the figures furnish no definite rule. Neither locality nor size furnishes any criterion of the prevalence of the race of six-pounders whom Lord John Russell delights to honour. Of the remaining 165 Boroughs of England and Wales, 53 will enjoy an increase of between fifty and a hundred per cent., while the increase of the remaining 112 will be less than fifty per cent. The smallest Borough, Arundel, is in the first list; the Tower Hamlets, the largest Borough, is in the second. It is not very consoling to find that three metropolitan constituencies have an increase of less than four per cent. :—

Boroughs.	Registered Electors.	Additional Houses.	Per Cent. Increase.
Marylebone	21,031	511	2½
Finsbury	20,951	698	3
London (City)	19,026	319	2

Is the inference to be drawn that in London we have already sunk as low as we can sink, and that, therefore, the Bill is powerless here; and that the effect of its more energetic operation upon other Boroughs will only be to introduce to supreme political power new batches of the class who have so long ruled us in the metropolis, and have given us so many proofs of their sagacity and enlightenment?

The character of these new depositaries of power it is naturally still more difficult to ascertain. We have no means of knowing anything of them as a whole. Individuals may retail the narrow results of their personal experience; but the means of forming a comprehensive estimate or of predicting the combined result of conflicting tendencies are utterly wanting. The leap which the House of Commons is taking with such philosophic calmness is a leap absolutely in the dark. We are humbly carrying our homage to some new king, but we know neither his name nor character. When the transfer is effected, when the new reign is opened, when the old rulers are irrevocably dethroned, then the veil will be drawn aside, and we shall see the form and lineaments of the now unknown Power which will thenceforth dispose of the fortunes of England. Until this interesting revelation is made, it is scarcely worth while to speculate. Some say that the publicans will be our masters; others declare that it will be the trades' unions. It is a blessed choice between debauchery and crime. On the whole, we pray for King Publican and his merry rule. If the sceptre is to be wielded for the benefit of one, and that the hungry, class, the weaker the hands that it falls into the better. Any-

how Elagabalus is more tolerable than Caligula. All the evils that we inveigh against in the constituencies where freemen prevail, the chronic corruption, the sickening debauchery, the wide-spreading fraud and wholesale perjury that adorn the working of our representative system in such places as Berwick and Norwich, would be ill exchanged for the strong, steady, deadly gripe of the trades' unions. These bodies have shown a tenacity of purpose, a vigour, and a pliability of organisation which would make them redoubtable antagonists if they were actuated by the purest morality and guided by the most enlightened wisdom. But the stupid barbarism of their economical creed, the ferocity with which their secret conclaves pronounce the doom of a horrible death against all who thwart their projects, the readiness with which they find instruments to execute their murderous decrees, warn us that, if ever England should really pass under their power, we should welcome the military despotism that should relieve us. The mass of readers pass over with unconcern the paragraphs that from time to time record some mysterious outrage in a manufacturing district. It does not occur to them to notice that the house was blown up, or the man was shot for refusing to obey the rules of this or that trades' union. Perhaps these crimes will attract more attention when the supreme power in England has been surrendered to the class at the bidding of whose elected chiefs they are planned and perpetrated. ¶

Whatever may be the special character of our new constitution, it is, at all events, clear that it will be more democratic than before. Whether its advance be great or small, it will, at all events, be great enough to destroy the power of the only element that can staunchly resist any further movement. Mr. Bright has assured us, and we do not doubt him, that this bill will not be a settlement of the question, but only the preliminary to further change. If resistance be apparently difficult now, it will be utterly impossible with a Reformed Parliament two sessions hence. The bill, therefore, will bring democracy to us, if not at once, at least by stages. Mr. Rolt truly described the peril that is hidden under the word Democracy when he said that the severance between property and representation is increased by this bill and will increase still more. Mr. Bright, while threatening a further agitation, tries to lull us with the assurance that the class he seeks to enfranchise cannot band together for a political purpose, because their differences are as wide as the differences of those above them. On many points it may be so; nay, possibly, on all points but one. But that one, the question of taxation, is the cardinal question

question of our day. The object of shifting taxation from their own shoulders to the shoulders of their betters is an object for which poor men will not long scruple to band together. The question whether, in a country where there are few rich and many poor, the poor shall use the power that theorists have given them to bleed the rich, is a question that the very first Reformed Parliament will be called upon to decide. We have already pointed out how Mr. Gladstone, foreseeing, no doubt, that this is the battle-field on which the classes of modern society must fight out their hostile claims, has obligingly rolled and levelled it in readiness. He has provided both the hour and the man. By his Budget he has supplied the opportunity for the conflict; by his Reform Bill he has taken care that there shall be champions to fight it. Next year there will be a colossal deficit, which will cast even the deficit of the present year into the shade. How is that deficit to be met? Democracies, in spite of Mr. Bright, are generally combative, and will not care, for the first year or two at least, to reduce the estimates. There will be nothing for it but more and yet more income-tax. But the traders will not long endure—they scarcely endure now—the income-tax as it stands. How easy it will be to silence all clamours, except those of the rich who will be practically unrepresented, by suppressing Schedule D., and allowing the income-tax to slide into a property-tax. Is there not the Liverpool budget and the word of the great prophet Bright to justify it? And then, when the property-tax has been fairly set to work, what a ‘mighty financial engine,’ as Mr. Gladstone would say, it will prove? It will be a great occasion for a new set of reforms in the tariff. The precedent of the paper-duty will come most appositely to hand. The tea, sugar, coffee, and corn duties have already been condemned by the financiers of the future. Talk not of the state of the exchequer or the difficulties of filling the void. Was the great financier of 1860 deterred by the state of his exchequer? The property-tax is at your elbow, ready and able for any burden you may lay upon it. You have nothing to do but to relieve industry—*i.e.* the six-pound voter; and you may safely burden property—*i.e.* the swamped and out-voted landowner. It will be a halcyon era for Chancellors of the Exchequer. It will be a day of simple and straightforward budgets, free from financial difficulties or the claims of jostling interests. Every deficiency can be filled up, every difficulty made straight, by a single application to the one fathomless resource. Until such a policy shall have lasted long enough to scare capital from our shores, property will always be within reach, rich enough to yield abundantly to pressure,

too helplessly overborne by numbers to raise a voice or an arm in self-defence. It will, no doubt, be a consolation to the gentlemen of property, who are now conveying away their political independence with such refined indifference, to feel that they extended a 'generous confidence' to their countrymen, and that, if they sacrificed themselves, they at least redeemed the pledges of their leaders.

It seems as if a mysterious fatality attended on this question of Reform. Nobody wishes for it, and nobody dares resist it. A malign and inexplicable influence appears to have mastered the wills of our politicians, so that they vie with each other in professing objects which they do not seek, and forwarding changes whose consequences they dread. '*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*,' might with truth be said, not now by one frail heroine, but by a whole class of sagacious and practised rulers. Some dark spell, like the spell of a nightmare, seems to be on their tongues, and they are all engaged in promoting and praising an undertaking of which in heart their only wish is that it should utterly miscarry. Lord John notoriously dislikes the change to which he is pledged. His colleagues reluctantly accept it, because they cannot do without him. His adversaries hardly dare resist it, for fear he should outbid them with the Radicals; Parliament sullenly submits to it, because it cannot dispense with the Ministry; and the Conservative majority of the nation wonderingly acquiesce, because every man of eminence is committed to it. The rise and progress of this Reform question—how it was sown, and how it grew and spread, and how every statesman successively was entangled in its withes—is one of the saddest tales in the history of modern Parliamentary intrigues. It brings to light, more than any other question, the famine of principle that desolates the land. One firm will, one fixed political belief, one hearty preference of conviction before place, among the leaders of parties, would have broken the fatal charm which is now compelling Parliament to march on to its own destruction, with a perfect consciousness of the goal that lies before it. Like bankrupt governments, they have created political capital by an unlimited issue of pledges, and for a time their trade has flourished gaily; but the day of reckoning has come at last, and now the holders want gold for their notes. Perhaps the opposing leaders now see, when it is too late, that insincerity is never profitable but when it is practised only on one side. An antagonism of truth and uprightness, instead of an antagonism of false professions, would have produced exactly the same results on the relative strength of parties.

The origin of the evil is no doubt due to Lord John Russell.
Among

Among many qualities which have procured for him a high position, both in the political and religious world, scrupulousness in his mode of obtaining office has never been conspicuous; and he has never observed much ceremony in wafting himself over to the Treasury Bench by the help of a delusive cry. No one suffered from his indifference on the subject of political identity more acutely than Sir Robert Peel. Lord John, in the character of a patron of Catholics, ejected Sir Robert Peel from office in 1835; and in the character of patron of Tipperary Whiteboys, he ejected Sir Robert from office in 1846. But when once the object was attained, and the soft benches of office were pressed again by his congenial form, all allusion to the question that had brought him there was as impertinent in his eyes as an allusion to masks would be when the Carnival was over. Sir Robert Peel's views were in both cases exactly carried out. The Catholics got no Church plunder, and the Tipperary Boys were coerced—the only departure from the original programme being that the Minister who carried out this policy was named Russell, and not Peel. Sir Robert had a great insight into his rival's character. Perhaps it was derived from his actual experience in these cases of the tendencies of that character, or perhaps from Lord John's unequalled solution of that difficult problem which most statesmen have tried their hands at, but in which all the rest have sadly broken down, of finding the exact moment at which a conversion on the subject of the Corn Laws could be profitably effected. From whatever source he derived his foresight, certain it is that in 1846 Sir Robert made a very remarkable prophecy with respect to Lord John's future career. Among other speculations as to the measures that the new Ministry might bring in, he was asked if he thought Lord John Russell would have recourse to another Reform Bill. 'No,' was the answer, 'he will not dream of it now; it is his last card—he will not play it yet: but whenever his Ministry shall be on the point of falling to pieces, then he will introduce a Reform Bill.' It is needless to say that the prediction was verified to the letter. So long as there was some sort of majority at his back, so long as the magnanimity of his ousted rival guarded him from his own followers and his own blunders, Lord John Russell was abundantly satisfied with the constitution of 1832. But from the moment that his nominal adversary was snatched away in the prime of a statesman's energies, at the culmination of his great career, from that moment Lord John's fortunes began to wane. He floundered from one blunder into another. The Durham letter and the quarrel with Lord Palmerston

ston laid the foundation of the feuds that have most embarrassed his subsequent course. Since that time the Irish Catholics have never ceased to revile him, and Lord Palmerston has missed no chance of tripping him up. But in proportion as his popularity decayed, his heart warmed again to the friend of his youth. Reform had made a great man of him once, and might possibly save him from sinking back into a small one. At all events, it would be an effective thorn in the side of his successor. Accordingly, when his Ministry was at its last gasp, he launched another Reform Bill. Probably he never attached any serious idea to the proposal; it was only a pastime of debate, a little statesman-like flirtation with a question which he never dreamt of really undertaking.

The Whigs had collapsed, not in consequence of any external blow, but from absolute inanition of ability. It was reasonable to suppose that a grateful country, bearing in mind their superhuman efforts to govern the State for the last five years, without a spark of statesmanship, would abstain from laying again upon their shoulders the unequal burden of office for at least five or six years to come. Nothing could be safer, therefore, than a pledge that would act as a convenient missile against his opponents, but could not, for many years at least, rebound upon himself. But he argued hastily from what he remembered of the strength of Conservatives in the days of Sir Robert Peel. He then little knew Mr. Disraeli's unrivalled powers of conducting his party into the ditch. That favourite of misfortune was then only known as a debater, who had risen into eminence by his intense Protectionism and by the virtuous indignation with which he proscribed all statesmen who changed their minds; and his advent to power was looked for more with curiosity than with dread. No sooner, however, was the object of his ambition attained, than he went forth, blundering and to blunder, on that career of disastrous leadership of which the recent majorities on the Budget are the latest fruit; and from that time it became evident that the Conservatives would have a long tenure of opposition, and that Lord John's return to power was inevitable. Perhaps, when Lord John saw the calibre of the adversary with whom he had to deal, it occurred to him to wish that he had not said quite so much about Reform. But the pledge was passed, and could not be revoked. He felt bound at least to propose another bill, like the conjuror who, having in a moment of excitement told his audience that he could cut off his own head without feeling it, felt bound for very shame to give himself a little gash. Unluckily, this liability extended itself to all
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who might be his colleagues. With them, as with him, the delusion was still strong that Reform was a popular cry. Neither he nor those of his followers who still believed in the divinity that doth hedge about a Russell were to be had without Reform; and, if the leaders of the Liberal party had constructed their political position in opposition to Lord John, on the basis of a distinct repudiation of that unpalatable clap-trap, their chance of a majority was very small. Accordingly, pursuant to the ethical maxim now dominant among the mass of statesmen, that conscious virtue is cold comfort for political ostracism, the Coalition of 1853 made up their minds to swallow Lord John and his pledges in a lump. There were other motives probably that actuated one portion at least of that Coalition. It is difficult to believe that the auxiliaries borrowed from the Conservative camp could really have believed in the wisdom of a Reform Bill. But, considering how minute was the point upon which, two years later, they threw up their places, it is equally difficult to conceive that they were actuated by mere adhesiveness to office. No historian will be successful in unravelling the political complications of the last fourteen years who imputes their varied vicissitudes exclusively to the convictions or the greediness of the actors, and does not take into account the remarkable influence that has been exercised by mere vindictiveness. The successful counterfeit of Christian forgiveness, which is produced by considerations of personal advancement, and usually makes politicians the most placable race in the world, wholly fails to compose the feud between Protectionists and Peelites. Though Protection is as dead as Peel, the bitterness of the strife survives them both, just as a Chancery suit will last long after the estate that provoked it is exhausted. A succession of injuries inflicted by each upon the other, far from satiating, only renews the rancour of their hatred. So far as successful retaliation can be considered an advantage, the Peelites have hitherto had the best of it. Each party has twice driven the other from office; but beyond that the Peelites have handled murderous weapons, such as Budgets and Reform Bills, while the wrath of the Protectionists has evaporated in words. One would have thought that by this time by-gones might be by-gones, and that all parties having become politically bankrupt of their old opinions on this matter of Free Trade, might be whitewashed, and start afresh. Lord Palmerston has been abused, as no other man since the days of Catiline, by a third of the colleagues who now sit with him in the Cabinet. The only inference that he drew from their abuse was that the sooner they were his friends the better. If
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the same tact and wisdom had prevailed two years ago with the Conservative leaders, it is possible that some of the followers of Sir Robert Peel might have returned to the party from which they had been divided by the question of the Corn Laws. All hopes of such a junction are over now. The schism, which represents little real antagonism of conviction, is wider than ever, and the old resentment is kindled anew between Peelites and Agriculturists. Mr. Bentinck still, on the part of the country members, denounces a Peelite as a worse enemy than a Whig; and Mr. Gladstone replies by levying his deadly Budgets and deadlier Reform Bills against the land.

The Peelites would have been more than men if something of this feeling had not influenced them in consenting to a Reform Bill in 1853. To sweep away with the besom of destruction those who were perpetually crossing their path and baulking their career was a temptation too strong to be resisted. Mr. Bright has openly professed in the House of Commons that the main recommendation of a Reform Bill in his eyes is the extirpation of the territorial element in that assembly. Mr. Gladstone's words, perhaps his thoughts, have never gone so far. But a Reform Bill will deluge the House of Commons with minds revolting to his own in point of intellect, of refinement, of religious and political belief, in fact, of every quality that can recommend one mind to another. The prospect of it can have but this one charm for him—that, by thinning the agricultural ranks, it will in some degree clear his path towards the attainment of that financial ideal on which his whole soul is now bent, and in which all the aims of his past life are merged.

If, however, the adoption of a Reform policy by the whole Liberal party—new recruits and all—had been the whole of the evil, we should still be far enough from a Reform Bill. It was a pity that Lord John Russell, thoughtlessly or mischievously, should have accepted two revolutions in a lifetime as the fitting rate of a nation's progress towards democracy. It was a pity that his colleagues should have followed their leader, after the fashion of an electoral club at Gloucester or St. Albans, and have put on what cockade he bid them on account of a contract, which, for due consideration, he, and not they, had made. But the Liberal party have often made foolish pledges before this, without any damage accruing from them to the State. A quarter of a century ago they bound themselves to plunder the Irish Church; but to this day the Irish Church remains intact. Lord John was not much less mischievous then than he is now, and the Whig party
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was much stronger. The only difference was that in the one case the Conservatives helped him to recede from his ill-advised engagements; in the other case they outbid him. Or, in other words, Sir Robert Peel was the Conservative leader on the first occasion, and Mr. Disraeli on the second. The Liberal leaders may have committed many errors; but, at all events, it is no fault of theirs that *both* sides of the House are committed to Reform. Lord John's heedless ambition may have been the *fons et origo mali*; but his little stream has been replenished by copious tributaries from a totally different quarter.

When Lord Derby, some two years ago, was explaining to the House of Lords the future policy of his then infant Government, and, among other things, announced in language technically vague, but practically binding, that he intended to consider the question of Reform, a wary old Whig Minister who was looking on, at once the most sagacious and the most upright of his party, muttered in disgust, 'That's a mistake.' He foresaw in it not only the certain fall of Lord Derby's Ministry, for which he probably might have been easily consoled, but a new and ominous aspect of the momentous question on which it bore. Going down a steep hill with a strong drag on is pleasant travelling enough; but the boldest driver may well be alarmed at seeing his drag-chain suddenly convert itself, by some strange metamorphosis, into a propelling power. An organic change proposed by Conservatives, with no one to check it except those who were by profession bound to aggravate it, was a phenomenon hitherto unknown to the Constitution.

The severest censure that could be passed upon this promise was the motive that was currently assigned to it. It was not for nothing that Lord Derby called upon his party to resign their traditional functions, and with their own hands to open, no matter how narrowly, the floodgates of the Constitution to the torrent of democracy. The temporary support of the Radicals was the precious guerdon for which Conservatism was to expose itself to ridicule by masquerading for a season in the motley of Reform. The ill-advised pledge was delivered with Lord Derby's accustomed eloquence and off-hand manliness of tone; but there was no difficulty in divining the real parentage of a scheme that had little in common either with his combativeness of temper or proud impatience of restraint. It was of a piece with a policy which had long misguided and discredited the Conservative party in the House of Commons. To crush the Whigs by combining with the Radicals was the first and last maxim of Mr. Disraeli's Parliamentary tactics. He had never led the Conservatives to victory, as Sir Robert Peel had led them to victory. He had
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never procured the triumphant assertion of any Conservative principle, or shielded from imminent ruin any ancient institution. But he had been a successful leader to this extent, that he had made any Government, while he was in opposition, next to an impossibility. His tactics were so various, so flexible, so shameless—the net by which his combinations were gathered in was so wide—he had so admirable a knack of enticing into the same lobby a happy family of proud old Tories and foaming Radicals, martial squires jealous for their country's honour, and manufacturers who had written it off their books as an unmarketable commodity—that so long as his party backed him, no Government was strong enough to hold out against his attacks. They might succeed in repelling this sally or that; but sooner or later their watchful and untiring enemy, perfectly reckless from what quarter or in what uniform he assaulted, was sure to find out the weak point at which the fortress could be scaled. For mere partisans no doubt this was exciting work. They were never reduced, as under the Fabian guidance of Sir Robert Peel, to look for their sole hope of office in the slowly swelling aggregate of votes, that indicated year by year the gradual growth of the Conservative reaction. Their new chief kept up their spirit by a less scrupulous and more venturesome game. They did not need to bide their time till their principles had slowly wound themselves into the convictions of the people. For their hopes of success they only waited upon that Providence that maketh Radicals to rebel. Any breeze of Fortune that brought them allies would also bring them place. It was a policy well fitted to the capacities and the temper of the mere professional politician. Watching the turn of every passing incident at home or abroad, and extracting from it the precise blister best fitted to goad to madness the irritable Radical cuticle, was as exciting a trial of ingenuity and skill as a scientific experiment; and it was likely to lead to great results much more rapidly than the mere laborious and honest maintenance of principles and pledges. It was true that the mass of Mr. Disraeli's followers were not professional politicians. In every party, most of all in a party made up chiefly of country gentlemen, the great proportion will consist of men for whom office has no attractions, who would refuse it if it was offered to them, and to whom the chance of refusing it is never likely to be given. These men were far from relishing the political sleight-of-hand of their ingenious leader. They did not enter into the game with any zest. Each time the Whigs were outwitted or outflanked by the help of the Radicals, it was impossible that they should forget that it was chiefly to resist these very Radicals that they came into Parliament, and that approximation to Radicalism

calism was the head and front of the offending which they imputed to their opponents. They naturally protested that this fraternization with Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Milner Gibson might be a very amiable exhibition of Christian feeling; that these smart invectives and clever manœuvres might be a very pretty display of ingenuity; but that these things did not advance Conservatism. Such ominous forebodings were silenced with the assurance that it was all for the good of the party. Only a Conservative Government could carry Conservative measures, and in the divided and apathetic temper of the times it was only by tact and address that a Conservative Government could be restored to office. Mr. Disraeli might fraternize with the Radicals now, for no harm could come of it. He might be all things to all men now; but let them wait and see what he would do when he was once leader of the House of Commons.

His party submitted, waited, and saw. What they beheld during the sixteen months of official servitude which rewarded his restless manœuvres of five years, was not calculated to convince them of the wisdom of trying to base a Conservative triumph on a Radical alliance. It was not a reassuring spectacle at the time, it is not a pleasing retrospect now, for those who wish well to the Constitution, and to the party that should be its chief support. Opponents were wont to speak almost with envy of the laudable discipline of the Tory party. They little knew the deep and bitter humiliation that was masked by the outward loyalty of its votes. The Conservatives could not blind themselves to the fact that their leaders held office not because Conservatism was preferred by the House of Commons, but because the Radicals wished to punish the Whigs for not being Radical enough. Mr. Disraeli owed it to these Radical allies that he was leader of the House of Commons; he knew that he must vacate his position at the first breath of Radical displeasure. Tenants-at-will are not usually proof against political intimidation. It was painfully obvious throughout the short career of the Conservative administration that they were conscious of the tenure on which their power was held, and that the instinctive Conservatism of their course was checked and distorted by a kind of sidelong homage to the kingmaker to whom their transient victory was due. It is needless to dwell on the special instances of an error, which, in spite of Mr. Disraeli's natural inclinations, the Conservative party are not likely to repeat. Many of the concessions were of small practical effect, because they could not long have been delayed. In some cases, as in that of the Jews, the position was already half stormed; in others,
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as in that of the qualification of members, it had long been turned. It was more the moment and the manner of yielding what, when concession was profitless, had been stoutly contested, that damaged the Conservative party in the opinion of earnest and thinking men. But there was one concession of which we are now bitterly rueing the results. The English Constitution is likely to feel, as long as it shall endure, the consequences of Lord Derby's resolution to produce a Conservative Reform Bill. We will not stop to discuss the merits of a proposal whose term of existence was so short. It bore, impressed on every feature, the parentage of the ingenious counsellor into whose hands for these many years past Lord Derby's political conscience has been confided. Two of the staunchest, ablest, and most respected representatives of true Conservatism in the House of Commons broke away from the administration rather than give to such a measure the weight of their approval. And, in spite of the immediate party advantage which the success of the measure might possibly have produced, they could hardly have done otherwise. Its various provisions were nicely balanced, so that the landed interest on the whole would perhaps have profited by the change. But it had that fatal and damning defect for a proposal that was to appear before an English tribunal, that the complication of its details exposed it to the suspicion of stratagem and finesse. It was not statesmanlike—it was only ingenious. The result which followed was so inevitable that it might easily have been foreseen. The measure itself was rejected; but the various concessions it contained were picked out from among the restrictions that were intended to countervail them, and used by the Radicals to force larger promises out of the Whigs. The Bill of 1860 is the logical and necessary corollary of the Bill of 1859. The aversion to Reform, common to both Conservatives and Whigs, has been paralysed and struck dumb by this fatal precedent. It was impossible, when the Conservatives had proposed a ten-pound county franchise, for the Whigs to refuse to go as far. When the Conservatives had consented to begin the disfranchisement of boroughs, it was no longer open for Lord John Russell to do as he had done in 1852, and omit the schedules altogether. And the Conservative Opposition is fretting in vain against the shackles with which its leaders have embarrassed it. By these fatal admissions, every chance of resistance, every outlet of escape, is cut off. It has been no longer possible to resist the Bill on the second reading on the ground that Reform is needless, for the necessity of Reform has been admitted. It is no longer possible to fight for the rights of old
constituencies,

constituencies, for the legitimacy of schedules has been admitted. It is no longer easy to struggle against the ten-pound franchise in the counties, for the ten-pound franchise has been admitted. There remains nothing to which we have not committed ourselves, except the lowered franchise in the boroughs. Is there a chance of a successful effort being made in favour of some franchise that shall not admit the trades-unions in a body? It is impossible to predict what may be done in the committee, or what improvements the Bill may receive from the House of Lords. It is impossible to guess at what late hour the pressing imminence of danger may dissolve the spell which seals the lips and stifles the consciences of those who, if they would only face the facts, know perfectly what the facts imply. There are Whigs as well as Tories who know what this Reform Bill means, and look forward to the consequences with a terror which no party opiates can appease. It means that the whole community shall be governed by an ignorant multitude, the creatures of a vast and powerful organisation, of which a few half-taught and cunning agitators are the head; it means a realisation of Mr. Bright's and Mr. Gladstone's fiscal views—the taxation of the affluent and the educated alone; it means, in short, that the rich shall pay all the taxes, and the poor shall make all the laws. If the votes of the House of Commons could be taken by way of ballot, very little indeed of the Reform Bill would be left. But yet no one member may be bold enough by himself to bell the cat. It is very difficult indeed to induce a House of Commons to resist the details of a Reform Bill. In voting against the reduction of a suffrage whether in county or in town, members feel that if that reduction should be carried they have converted into opponents all whom it enfranchises. No six-pounder in a borough, or ten-pounder in a county, whatever his politics may be, will ever forgive the man who has sought to exclude him from the franchise. With this certainty before their eyes, those who support a higher franchise than the Government has proposed feel that they are voting with a halter round their necks. In the present day such a consideration is quite enough to decide their course. Public feeling is not extravagantly Quixotic with us just now. The tale of Quintus Curtius is not likely to have any counterpart in modern politics. Of course, they will regret that the British Constitution should be undermined. They will deplore that the selfish competition of public men should have brought matters to such a pass, that they are obliged to confide the terrible power of taxation into the hands of the hungriest and rudest. But they will not the less decline to give a vote that
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shall convert into a certainty the already probable enmity of their new constituents. Something of the same self-seeking dalliance with a momentous crisis is traceable in the attitude of the two parties. The Whigs abominate the Reform Bill, and see in it, not unreasonably, their own political annihilation. But they hope, and have contrived to persuade themselves, that their opponents will pull the chesnuts out of the fire. Thus they count on being completely hedged. In case of success, they will reap the benefit and escape the odium; in the case of failure, their rivals will be even more discredited than themselves. The Tories see through this shabby policy, and resent it; and, by way of revenging themselves, seem inclined to sit still and let their adversaries choose at their leisure between unpopularity and destruction. Each side seems to be persuaded that the other will come forward to avert the measures which, if carried, will be the common ruin of both. The probable result of this sagacious strife will be, that each will have the dying satisfaction of seeing the other fall a prey to the Radical allies, whom both have for so many years been emulously courting.

It is indeed time—if there be yet time—that the Conservatives should abandon the policy of mere antagonism, which has brought them so much of failure and disgrace. If they would save their party, weakened, menaced, disunited as it is, it must be by looking to their principles alone as the prize for which they are to contend. Their cause is too noble, their struggle is too momentous to be degraded into a mere tout for office. It has worn too much of this character during the latest phase of their political history. An unconcerned spectator might reasonably have inferred from what has passed during the last few years, that the mission and function of Conservatism was fulfilled when twenty new faces replaced twenty old vices on the right of the Speaker's chair. Some improvement of tone, the effect, we will hope, of increasing moderation, is traceable in Mr. Disraeli's conduct during this spring; but the Liverpool speech of last autumn, and the seven years' tactics of which it was the explanation and the defence, are still fresh in the memory of all. The reasoning of that speech, and the spirit of those tactics, might well induce the nation to believe that the 'Great Party' which he led cared for no 'great political principles' to justify its existence; that special political convictions had no more to do with its party struggles than with the contests of the Hippodrome; and that Conservatives registered and organised, and lavishly spent their money and their labour, merely that the ambition of a few, or of one, might be contented. And yet there
must

must be among the party still many whose conservatism is older than Mr. Disraeli's, and will probably last longer, and who look back regretfully to the old days when the fight was for real principles, real blessings, real truths. They must feel that there are objects higher than party victories, the loss of which no success in an election or a division will replace. If the religion, which is the keystone of our social existence is slighted; if the Church is given over to her enemies to be stripped and buffeted; if the main beams of the ancient fabric of our Constitution are being sawn through, it is cold comfort to be told that the party is one step or two steps nearer to the enjoyment of nominal power. If our aristocratic system is being discredited and undermined; if the Radicals, by the alternate aid of Tory and Whig complicity, are able to dictate their policy to each in turn; if Democracy creeps on apace, less by its own inherent strength, than by the treachery of its opponents, we shall not be consoled even though Mr. Disraeli be again gazetted Chancellor of the Exchequer. We cannot look with complacency at the distant but rising storm of Democratic spoliation, even though we see it across a long vista of Tory victories gained and Tory Administrations upheld by Radical assistance. Party loyalty is good when paid to a worthy object, and paid without misgiving. Party discipline is a means to a great end; but in some emergencies, and under some leaders, it may be made to frustrate the end at which it aims. The future before the Conservative party is not a cloudless one, for the full penalty of many a past error must be paid. The nation leans strongly to the Conservative creed, but has little confidence in those by whom it is professed. The party can only regain their position in the nation's trust by practically belying the slur which recent faults have cast upon them. If they jealously shun all crooked paths to power, if, with their leaders, or without their leaders, they resolutely refuse the fellowship of those who abhor their creed, and rely for final triumph on the strength of their own true principles alone, they may yet do as noble services to their country as any of those by which their traditions are adorned. They may promote, more efficiently perhaps in opposition than in office, the great work of arresting the march of Democracy, until the lessons which America and France are teaching every year with increased force shall have exploded the delusion that, in the minds of so many, confounds Democracy with Freedom. But if the past has no warning and no meaning for them, and fidelity to a leader who has been tried and has been found wanting is to be preferred to all other considerations, they will expiate

piate their error in the irretrievable loss of that national confidence, without which no party can exist. If the old strategy is to be renewed, and, during five more years of opposition, momentary success is to be schemed for by all arts and at all hazards,—if triumphs are to be purchased by the sacrifice of all that makes a triumph precious,—the certain punishment of a trust knowingly and wilfully misplaced will not delay to overtake them. There is a curse that cleaves to parties as to individuals—Woe to the blind that lead ; woe to the blind that follow !



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END OF THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH VOLUME.

